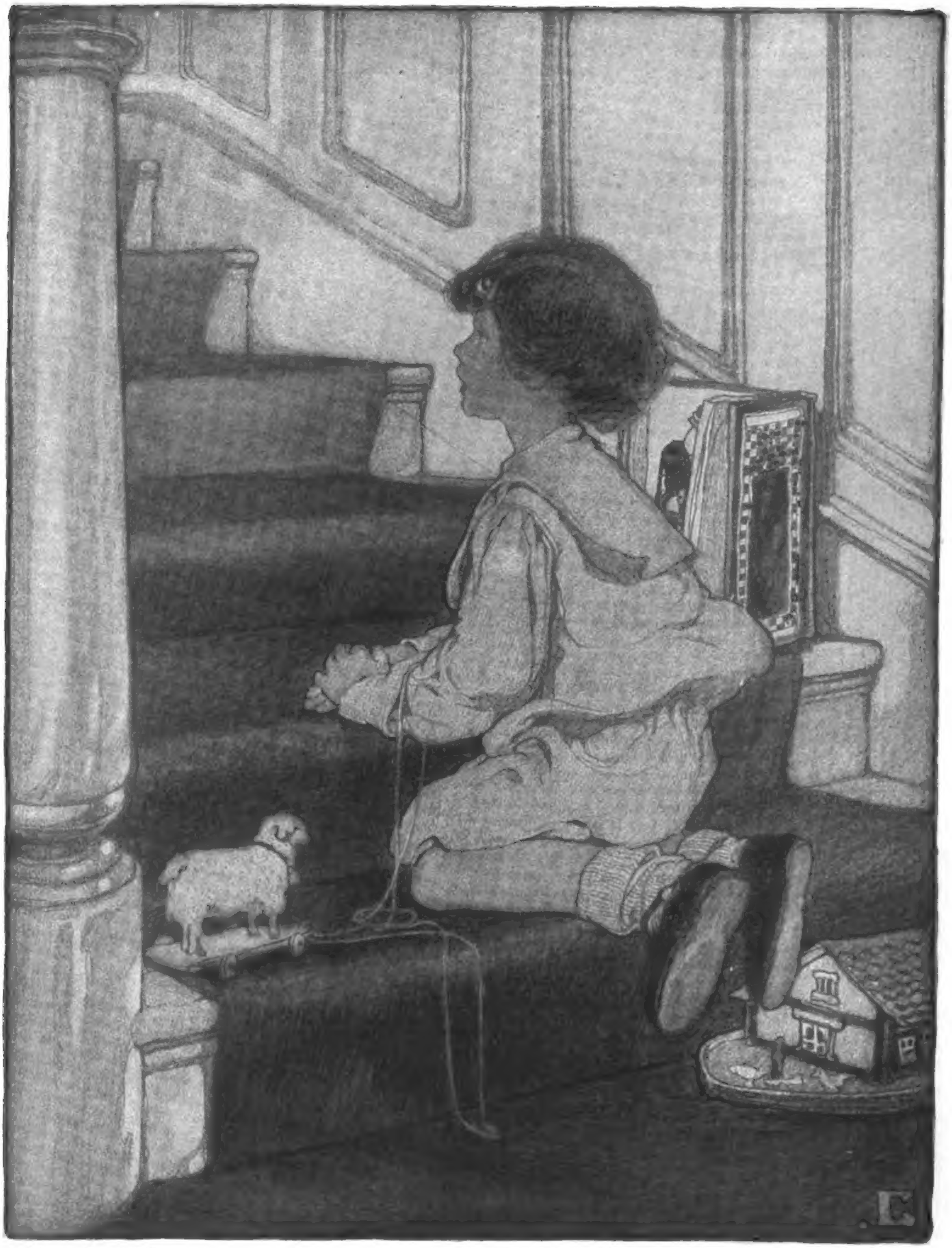
Christmas 1906



And he would say in a great, deep voice—'My great big Mother'—

—"The Heart of the House."

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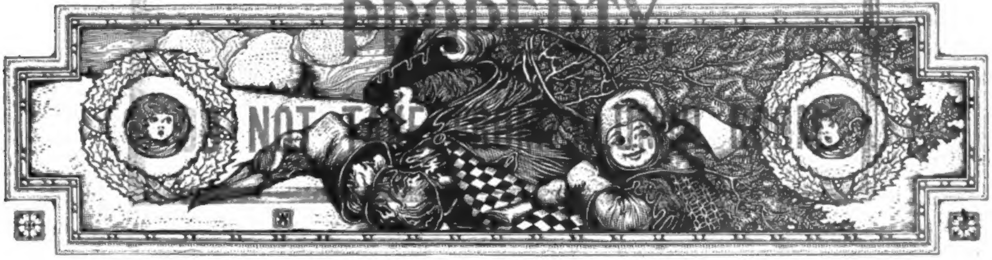

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The Heart of the House

By **MARY HEATON VORSE**

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

WHEN Eden came home from a visit and asked for his mother, they told him that she had gone away—they weren't the sort that try to make excuses about heaven and angels, and it was better so. He took it as a matter of course, for a wise child doesn't question fate as we foolishly learn to question it later on.

He didn't understand why his father held him so close, kissing him in a way that frightened him and made him want to cry too. So he struggled away and went over to where his aunt sat swallowing down her tears (you couldn't fool him; he knew that when you cry inside it's just as much crying as when you cry outside, only you needn't be so much ashamed), and asked her:

"Where does it hurt you?" Then he climbed upon her knees. "Does it hurt you here?" he asked, touching her head, "or here?" and he touched her throat. "Nor your tummy?—a little bit your tummy?" But instead of telling him where it hurt, his aunt swallowed down her tears as hard as ever, and one or two would even have got outside if she hadn't dabbed at them cleverly with her handkerchief. So Eden was really alarmed about the state of her health, and begged anxiously:

"Let me see your tongue." Then his aunt hugged him tight in the same scary way his father had, and though she didn't laugh, Eden saw that he had done something clever and felt as proud of it as if he knew what it was. But if a thing is clever once, any child knows that it's just twice as clever the second time; so he got down from his aunt's lap, and went over to his father and asked to see his tongue too. And just as he had known they would, they found him twice as clever, and he strutted out of the room meaning to go and find his mother and ask to see her tongue. Then he remembered that she had gone away on a visit, so he strolled into the kitchen; and at the sight of him Norah burst out sobbing. She didn't politely try to swallow her tears at all.

"Ain't he the living image of his ma?"

Now, Norah had often said that before. Indeed, that he looked like his mother was one of the things that people always said to him, but no one had ever cried about it before. You can imagine that all these tears, together

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with his mother's absence, had darkened his home-coming; and he wandered forlornly upstairs again.

He had a feeling that the house had changed a great deal since he left it. Then it had been dark, and there was no need of people hushing him and telling him to walk quietly, for who would want to run and make a noise in an unnatural place that was darker at noon than after the lamps were lighted? Eden had hated the thin streaks of sunlight, like long, white fingers, that pushed their way in through the cracks of the blinds, as if the sun were trying in spite of everybody to sneak in; they made the house look still more unnatural.

Now windows and doors stood open wide, there were flowers everywhere, and yet there was a disturbing, put-away, cleaned-up look to everything—the way your room looks after sweeping day (it takes, as you know, a long time for your room to get a lived-in feeling after a severe cleaning; it is as if part of yourself had been swept out with the dirt). Nevertheless it seemed good to Eden to have the house open, as it had been before his mother was sick, and he almost expected that she would run to the top of the stairs to meet him, calling: "Lovely Eden!"

Then he would answer, "Lovely mother!"

And she would say, "Darling Eden!"

And he, "Darling mother!"

Then it would be her turn: "Sweetie Eden!"

And of course he would answer, "Sweetie mother."

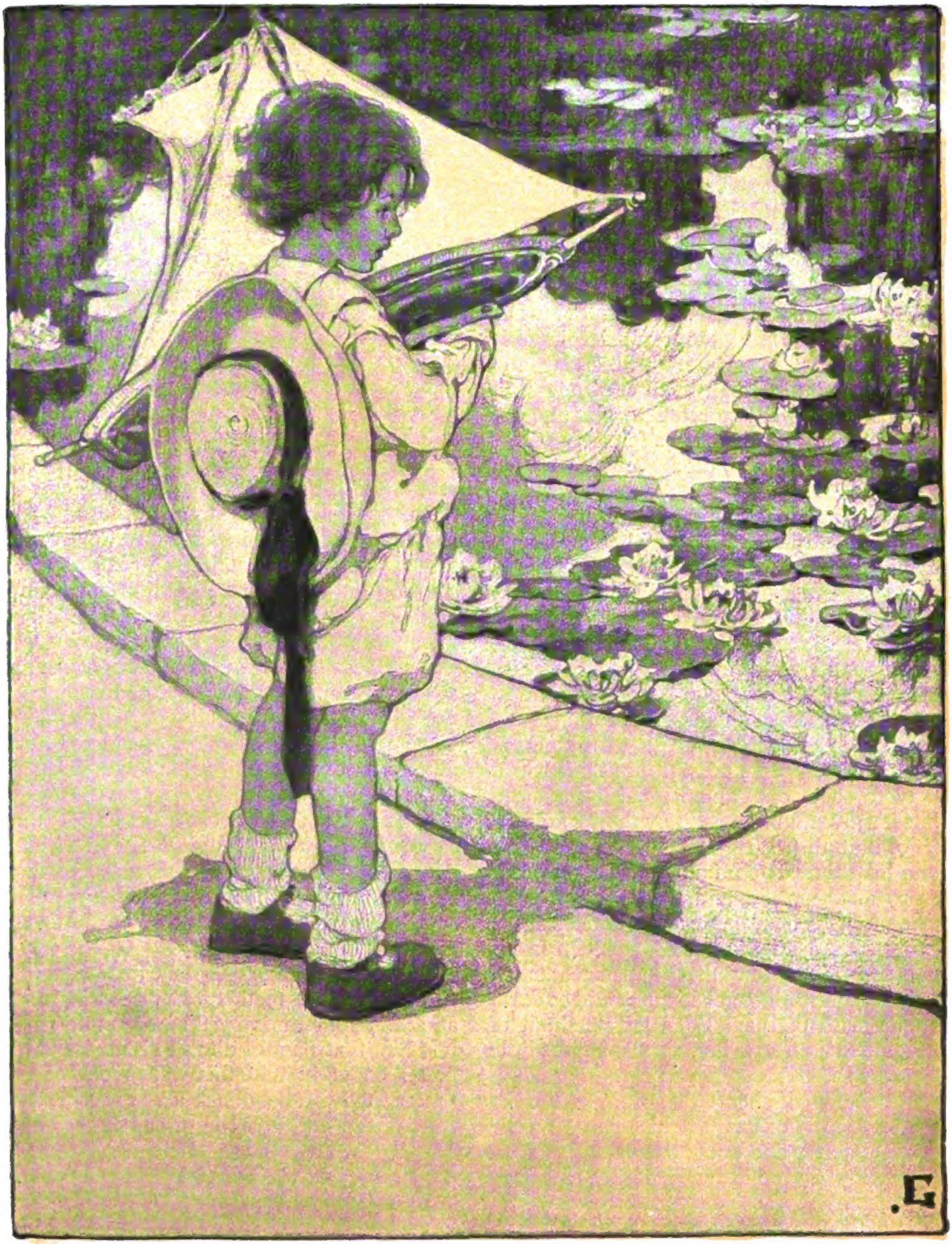
By that time they would both be laughing, and she would growl in a great, big voice, "My great, big Eden."

And he would say in a great, deep voice, "My great, big mother," and so it would go on, one name after another, dear, lovely little names, foolish names that nobody but a mother would think of calling any one. It was, you can see, a very silly game, and if Eden had been more than a little over four he would have seen how silly it was, and wouldn't have played it any more, in spite of his mother. Somehow mothers are glad to keep on the silly old games; they never grow up. But Eden, as I say, was very little; he hadn't even learned to be ashamed of kissing, and now he wanted dreadfully to hear his mother say "Lovely Eden."

His mouth was all ready to answer "Lovely mother," and he would, no doubt, have run up to her and hugged her knees and buried his face in her skirts, which was what he liked to do. He didn't exactly know in words what he wanted, as you or I would know; he felt a tugging inside him and a queer, empty place, which, he knew, he must presently fill with tears. He didn't know in words, either, what made the house so different, as if it were ready for his mother to come and play; and he didn't know what it was that had frightened him so before, when the house had been all dark but for the long, greedy fingers that the sun kept poking in. But what frightened him now was the stillness; it slid up his legs in a cold shiver, it laid its heavy hand on his little shoulders, it made him glance fearfully behind him, to see if it weren't by chance following him. For there wasn't a sound in the whole great house except the tickings of the clocks and the outside noises that came in through the window. Now, a house has a great many noises of its own, and it ought to have. There should be the noise of people talking, the noise of Maggie and Norah at work, a little laughter, the rustling of papers, the occasional ringing of the front-door bell; but now everything was quiet, and Eden was afraid. You see, the heart of the house had stopped; it was for the time quite dead, and Eden couldn't know that the house was waiting for him to be its heart and start all the cheerful noises going again.

He drifted miserably into his mother's room; it looked as he hadn't seen it look for a long time; and it hadn't nearly as much of the dreadfully put-away feeling as the rest of the house. His mother's work and her work-basket were on the table, and her needle and thimble, as if she had been using them. It was a dear work-basket; Eden got all its empty spools for his very own, and was even allowed to play with the full ones; but as for the pins and scissors—well, about them, his mother had always been as unreasonable as Maggie.

The desk was open, and there was a book upside down on a little wicker table, and a favorite pair of slippers peeped out from under the bed. It almost looked as if his mother had only just gone out of the room, and would be back in a moment. Eden didn't know that between that *almost* and the way it had looked when his mother was really there, there was all the difference between life and death, but he felt it. It was as though the air of the room were full of the tears his aunt had shed when, for his sake,



Eden might go anywhere except to the pond — but this was very hard to remember.

she arranged the room, for then she hadn't even made a pretense of being brave and swallowing her tears; she had let them go sliding down her cheeks as they would. So the silence and the tears and everything all together overcame him, and he threw himself into his mother's chair and wept.

It was then that the first wonderful thing happened. He had cried only a moment—and, mind you, he had begun with the idea of crying a long time, for he was lonely and frightened, and, after all, only a little past four—well, he had just begun to cry when there came over him the most unaccountable comforted feeling. He stopped crying and looked up, and, though he didn't know it, it was his mother he expected to see, and the strange part of it was that he felt as happy as if she had been there, though nobody was in the room.

Eden wasn't lonely any more nor frightened; how he felt I can't explain any better than by saying that he felt comforted all through. It was then that he smiled for the first time, a dear, funny little smile, as if he had a nice secret that he was just on the point of telling—as if it were too nice to keep, and still so nice that he couldn't let it go. For the saddest part about a secret is that you can't tell it and have it a secret. You give it to the person you tell it to, and he keeps it until he gives it away to some one, and it gets littler every time it's given, until by and by there's nothing left of it at all. Well, Eden sat there smiling for a long time, two minutes, perhaps, feeling happy all the while, and then his eyes happened to light on a basket of toys over in the corner, the toys that were always kept in his mother's room, but that had been taken away when the place got so queer and so dark. At the sight of them Eden gave a shout of recognition, and soon he was pushing the little iron cars across the room, saying:

"Choog-choof-choof! Too-too!" For he was very proud of the natural steam-car noise he could make; and at the sound of his cheerful playing, all the little noises that had been scared away by the silence of the house came out of their hiding-places. Norah in the kitchen heard him through the open window, and before she knew it she was crooning over her work; Maggie remembered something to be done up-stairs and actually ran up the steps; then Eden's aunt came from her room where she had been crying, and his father from his where he had been looking straight ahead of him at nothing, and they opened Eden's door and looked in. And Eden's aunt felt comforted because she had thought of the basket of toys; every one, indeed, felt better, for Eden had set the heart of the house beating again.

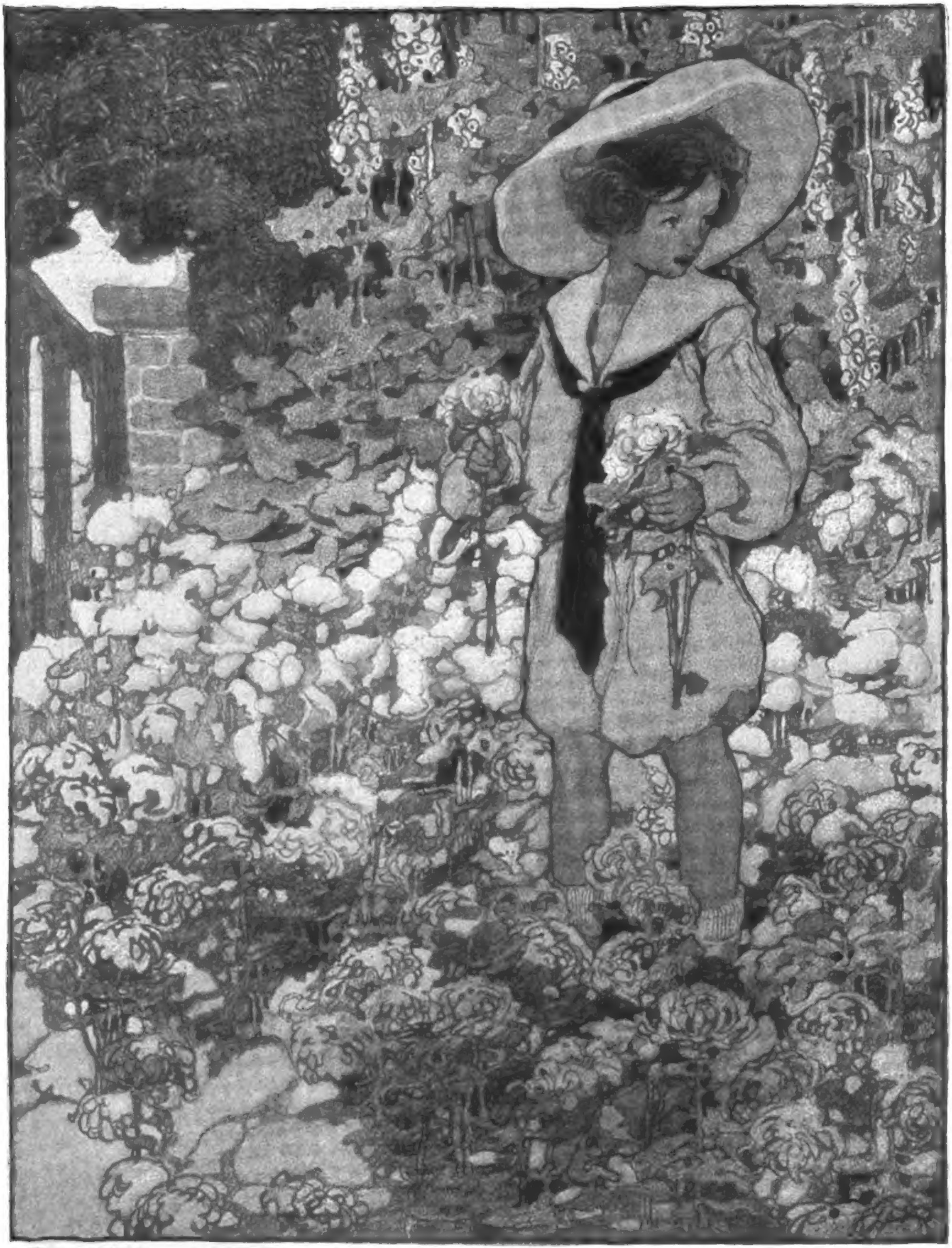
II

HE had always been what Norah and Maggie called "an old-fashioned child," and now he grew more old-fashioned than ever. It was, his aunt thought, as though he realized what had happened, and were trying to be good to make up to them a little. For instance, he no longer waked up in the night and cried for a light; he didn't make people walk through the dark hall with him any more; but though they didn't know it, this wasn't because he was trying to be good; it was because he had forgotten that he had ever been afraid of the dark. When he went into it, instead of its seeming big and lonely and full of uncanny animals, he felt as if he were going into a warm, cozy room. He never had a more taken-care-of feeling than when he woke up at night; and instead of covering his hand up tight, for fear that if he left it out a wolf would come from under the bed and get a nip at it, he slept now with one little hand hanging conveniently out of bed, for he had sometimes a comforting feeling, just before he went to sleep, of another kind hand holding his. And the reason, again, that he was so good when he woke up in the morning was the memory of his happy dreams, though he never remembered them in words.

It would be hard to tell just when he realized that his mother wasn't coming back at all. From the very first, something had told him that he mustn't ask his aunt and his father about it; that this wasn't one of the times when you could ask if she was coming this afternoon. "Well, then, to-morrow? To-morrow night, late? When?"

So his father was not right when he looked sadly at Eden and said to Eden's aunt, "How soon they forget!"

It may have been that Eden realized what it all meant one day when the washerwoman kissed him, exclaiming, "Poor motherless lamb!" and Maggie hissed at her, "Whist! Will ye be quiet!" If he did understand, he didn't show it; but he smiled at them both his mysterious little smile as if he were on the point of telling his dear secret, and that



She was there—just as he was there—only in a different way . .

made Maggie kiss him and say, "Ain't he the darlin'!"

But the reason Eden smiled was that just as the washerwoman called him a "poor motherless lamb," there came over him the taken-care-of feeling. It had never come before when there had been any one else with him. That was why he liked to go off by himself, for he never felt lonely except when he was with other people.

By and by his father and his aunt began to talk a great deal to him about his mother. They told him how lovely and good she had always been, and how dearly she had loved him, and Eden got lonelier and lonelier every minute and he felt as though his heart would burst if he couldn't get out to the garden where he knew the taken-care-of feeling was waiting for him.

His father's eyes grew kind and he said to Eden's aunt, "He does remember. Poor little chap."

But Eden wasn't crying because he remembered; he was crying because they seemed to be taking something from him, when they talked so of his mother.

When his father followed him into the garden to comfort him, he found Eden playing by himself and singing a song without any beginning or any end, the kind of song you make up yourself and sing only when you think no one is around. But Eden had the sociable air of a boy who wasn't playing by himself at all.

Both his father and his aunt noticed that when they talked about his mother he grew restless, and his eyes pleaded with them, as if he were trying to say "Please stop." They put it down to his great sensibility, though they didn't really understand how it could be that, for when they would say to him, "Do you remember this?" or "Do you remember that?" he would shake his head and look very embarrassed and a little ashamed. For he knew well enough that he was disappointing them, and not being the clever boy that he liked to be; but a long time had gone by and he didn't remember much about his mother to put into words. The kind of things he remembered were not the sort anybody ever talked about, and so he, naturally, little as he was, couldn't know how to say them. He remembered how comfortable her lap was, and the way she had of putting her cheek against his, and the touch of her hands, and more than anything else the glad, safe feeling one had when one was with her, and how she smiled and cried "Eden, Eden!" when he came into the room, so that he felt himself a very fine fellow just to have come in at all. You see all those things were so much a part of him that he didn't really know about them any more than he knew why one is happier when it is a nice day. And he missed them all most whenever they talked about her, which they did more and more often; for his father said:

"It's after all the only thing we can do for him, not to let him forget her."

He always listened to what they said, though it made him feel confused and uncomfortable, because, as he discovered presently, they were talking about a different person from the mother he remembered—and yet older people knew everything, and since they said it was his mother, that must be so, for of course no one can have two mothers.

After a time, Eden got so he could tell when they had been talking about her as soon as he came into the room, for it had a cold feeling to him, somewhat the feeling that the dark used to have. Perhaps it was that his father always looked so sad and lonely at those times; at any rate, Eden was always in a hurry to escape out of doors or to his mother's room, and he would scurry away as if he were running from the dark. For another wonderful thing had happened to Eden.

He had only to go by himself, and the most delightful ideas for games would come to him. He knew well enough that he didn't make them up himself, for they popped out of his head just as unexpectedly as ever a toy popped out of his father's pocket. He felt toward these games very much as he did toward the toys—as if some one had given them to him. And this wasn't all; at night when he was going to sleep, stories would tell themselves to him; he didn't have the trouble of thinking them up.

So you see what a happy little boy Eden was, though Maggie often shook her head and said:

"It scalds me heart! There he's nobody to play wid him, an' him alone the livelong day."

When Eden was nearly six, something happened that no one has ever been able to account for. His house was away from the village and stood quite alone on a hill, for his father and mother had loved each other so much that they hadn't cared whether they had neighbors or not.

You could see away for miles and miles,

and in the distance were humpy hills, which looked like processions of blue camels walking along the edge of the sky, Eden thought, and there was a curly silver river, and fields brown and green and red. Near the house were terraces, which led down to the rose garden, and beyond that were woods with big trees, and a pond with lilies; and Eden might go anywhere except to the pond. It was very hard to remember that one mightn't go to the pond. So one day when he had forgotten, his aunt talked to him about his mother and how good she had always been, and said that because Eden looked like her he must try to be like her. She ended with:

"It would grieve your mother very much if you were not an obedient boy."

And then the thing happened that neither of them ever understood. He was not a little boy who had bad tempers; the worst of him was, he forgot the things that he was told to do, and he would smile in an ashamed, puzzled little way when taxed with his fault, as if he had really forgotten for good and all or else had never heard.

"Didn't I know he was the smart one, I'd think he was a wee bit innocent," Maggie said.

So you see what an amazing thing it was that at his aunt's words he flew into a dreadful rage.

"I don't want to be like her, I don't want to be told!" he screamed. "I hate her! I'm not her little boy! I'm not her little boy!" It seemed to him that beside his aunt there was in the room a calm, white woman. He knew, all the time, that he was saying a dreadful thing, and that no one would ever love a boy who could act in that way, and his head knew all the time that he was talking nonsense. For like it or not, you are your mother's little boy forever and ever.

He was so angry that his aunt was frightened; she never punished him—she was too gentle to punish any one—but she went out of the room, and the calm, shadowy woman went with her. Frightened at himself and miserably feeling that no one would ever forgive him, Eden ran out to the garden.

When he came back his face had the smiling look it wore when the game had gone very well, for Eden was, I think, gayer than most boys. There was a gladness about him that made tears almost come to one's eyes, and now it fairly shone out of him, for while he was out in the garden he had found that only the outside of him had been wicked and that it didn't matter, strange as it seemed, whether he said he didn't like the mother his aunt had talked about or not.

III

AFTER this, the calm white woman was always in the house. Eden didn't mind her, for though he guessed that she was the mother his aunt and his father talked about, he knew that she hadn't anything to do with him. She didn't seem even to realize that he was there. He knew that he might have gone up to her and said "Boo," and that she wouldn't have winked. Indeed she seldom stayed long after Eden came into a room. Usually he forgot about her, and when next he looked up she would be gone. It was she, he guessed, who had made the room feel cold and dark, but since he could see her, he wasn't afraid any more. She was rather beautiful in a cold, tiresome sort of way, but she didn't know how to look with kind eyes at a boy, and as for her having a soft lap or calling "Eden"—that would have been impossible. So after he had looked her over curiously for a while, Eden thought no more about her. He treated her just as he might have treated a grown-up who wasn't interested in boys—the kind that made him feel little and never like a fine fellow.

He noticed two things, however: that his father and his aunt were very fond of her, and that though they were fond of her, they couldn't see her.

Meantime the games in the garden went better and better, and it was exactly as if he had some one to play with. Especially when he was very happy, he could hear inside himself some one else laughing, and Eden would try and try to think whom he had ever heard laughing like that. For a long time he had lived on the edge of a new, wonderful happening, and when at last it came, it came in the most natural way in the world, as wonderful things always do.

One morning when Maggie was dressing him, he found himself saying, "She's coming to-day."

"Who's that that's comin', darlin'?" asked Maggie. She was soaping his neck and the part behind his ears that even a boy as old as past six can't do himself.

"Who's comin'?" asked Maggie.

"I don't know," Eden had to confess. He knew he'd been silly and that his head hadn't said those words at all; they had just slipped out, and though before they had said themselves they had seemed to have some sense, now they didn't mean anything at all.

"I don't know," he said again.

"Well, if you ain't the quare one," said Maggie, rubbing his brown neck until bits of white foam flew; and he caught some on his finger and dabbed it on his nose, and then wiggled his nose up and down, and both of them laughed. So Eden knew he had made up for the silly thing he had said.

Then he went out into the morning and ran down his favorite path, with his heart beating hard, because he felt so glad; and his aunt, who watched him from the terrace, thought to herself:

"He runs as if he were going to meet some one."

And the wonderful thing about it was that Eden was running to meet some one, and the deep-down part of him knew it, though his head didn't; so that is why it didn't seem strange at all when he saw her walking toward him along the path. He wasn't surprised or frightened. He ran toward her, calling:

"Dear, dear," and she answered, "Oh, Eden!" and then what happened Eden never could have told you, for he hadn't any words for it. Nor could he have said what she looked like, for try as he might he could never see her face when he shut his eyes, as he could see his aunt's or his father's. He could only feel how she looked. In the same way, he could only remember that, after she said "Eden" to him, he felt the same sort of gladness that he had felt when he hid his face in his mother's skirts and hugged her knees. But you mustn't think they behaved as if they hadn't met for a long time. It was only saying good morning in the right sort of way.

You can imagine that a boy like Eden and any one with the kind, gay face of his friend wouldn't waste time as grown-up people do; they went right to playing, and she had even more fascinating games for him now than those she had sent him—for Eden realized now where his games came from—and though she was a grown-up she could play better than he.

They were having such a good time that it was a long while before Eden noticed an interesting thing that made him feel quite puffed up with pride; and this was that, though they had been talking right along, they didn't use any words. Eden knew that this kind of talk was a very fine thing to know how to do, and he stuck out his chest like one of his own pigeons, as he thought, "Auntie couldn't do that."

His friend laughed at him again, and there were tears in her eyes, she was so happy.

The next day he noticed another interesting thing, and this was that she had lost her shadow. Now Eden could run fast, but his shadow ran as fast as he, and at night it grew and grew so that in the old days it had used to frighten him. Especially in the dark it had been a fearsome thing, for he knew that it must be near him all the time, because as soon as they brought in a light, there it would be larger than ever; and it's the things you can't see but know are there, that you are afraid of.

"What did you do to lose your shadow?" he asked her.

But she smiled at him a young, little smile very much like his own.

"I wish I could lose mine," Eden went on. "They're no good."

At that she gasped a little and put her hands to her heart. Eden wondered whom he had seen do that.

"Dear," she said, "you will keep your shadow a long time yet. Shadows are kind and good. It's your shadow, you see, that holds you down to the earth. You couldn't stay here if you didn't have your shadow."

Eden was glad that there was some use in a shadow, and he looked at his with more respect. His aunt had told him some confusing things about the sun making shadows. He had seen through that, though he had been too polite to say so: although Eden wasn't very old, he was old enough to know how grown people wriggle out of answering your questions. No matter where he and his aunt started, they generally ended that he must be a good little boy.

He saw at once how reasonable was the idea that your shadow holds you down to the ground, and now that he thought of it, he couldn't remember ever seeing a flying bird with a shadow.

"But you're here without your shadow," he objected.

"I came back to find something," she smiled at him. "It was a long way to come. I thought I could never find my way back."

"And how did you find it?" Eden asked.

"I heard you crying," she answered him,

and a funny lump came in his throat, and for a moment neither of them spoke.

"Why didn't you come back before?" It was out now, what he'd been waiting to ask from the first minute.

"I did come back. I'm only a little more here than I have been all the time." Then Eden knew what he'd suspected; that it was she who warmed the dark up for him, and who made him feel so comforted.

He knew, of course, that she was different from the others, a thousand times dearer and sweeter, but different, so he never spoke about her to any one. You don't have to be very old to know that one doesn't talk about the things one feels gladdest or saddest about. And it made Eden so happy to be with her that he couldn't have talked about her, even if he hadn't been afraid that they would laugh at him if he said:

"There's a lady in the garden who has lost her shadow." He knew that would sound silly if he said it out loud—he knew the queer things grown people laugh about. That was one of the most confusing things about them—the way they laughed always in the wrong places. Then, too, they would be sure to ask him where she came from. How could he make them understand that she wasn't the kind that came from places? For she hadn't come from anywhere, neither was she going anywhere. She was there, that was all, just as he was there, only in a different way.

She was in the house too. He could hear her laugh and catch glimpses of her; she was all over the house, and when he played indoors she played with him. He wondered why it was that his aunt didn't say something about her. Very soon he found out why. It was because his aunt couldn't see her. Once his aunt came upon them so quietly that Eden hadn't heard her come; they were talking together in the delightful way that didn't need any words, when he heard his aunt close behind him. She bent over him and kissed him.

"How nicely you play by yourself," she said. "Are you having a good time?"

Eden almost answered, "But I'm not playing by myself." He looked from his friend to his aunt and back again; and he saw that his aunt couldn't see her, while she, with her kind look that dropped peace into one's heart, was looking at his aunt. The sadness went out of his aunt's face; then she sighed:

"I can't believe sometimes that she's gone."

And Eden had hard work not to cry out, "But she's not gone, she's here!" But something kept his mouth closed, and he sat there with a toy in his hand, smiling his quaint little smile.

This incident gave him a great many questions to ask of his friend.

"Do you know auntie?" was the first one.

"I did long ago," his friend answered, and she sighed. "I thought she had forgotten me."

"Why," he asked next, "don't you ever come into the room when my father's there? Why don't you come where my aunt is?"

At that she wrung her hands and said:

"I don't know. I can't tell you. They don't let me."

Now Eden hadn't asked why it was that his aunt couldn't see her when he could, for that, somehow, seemed natural enough; but he didn't understand how they could keep her out when they couldn't see her, and he said so.

But there was a look on her face that made Eden say, "Don't cry," and she answered so faintly that he could hardly hear the words:

"They've forgotten me!"

Then Eden comforted her and coaxed her, just how he couldn't tell, and soon she looked at him in her glad way that made him feel warm all through.

It all gave him a great deal to think of, and when he went to find her in the garden next day he had his little explanation ready.

"You see," he told her, "they are so busy remembering about my mother that I suppose they haven't time to remember you."

She repeated after him: "They talk about your mother?"

"Yes," he said, "all the time. My mother," he explained proudly, "is dead." For although it is, of course, a very sad thing to have your mother die, it has its compensations, if you were only a very little boy when it happened. Having your mother dead makes ladies give you extra large pieces of cake when your aunt takes you to call on them, and makes everybody specially nice to you. So little by little, Eden had grown rather proud of having his mother dead. He began to behave about it as if it were something clever he had done himself.

He went on in a rather important tone: "She was very good, but not like you a bit. I don't think you'd like her."

"You don't think I'd like her?" she asked, and there was a look in her eyes that Eden had never seen there before.

"No," he said, "you're not a bit alike, and *I* don't like her at all."

She gave a queer little gasp of an "Oh!" and put her hand to her heart again.

"Why, dear, don't you like your mother? And how do you know we're not alike? Do you remember her?" It was her turn for questions.

"Before she died, you mean?" Eden asked. "No. I used to, but I don't any more."

"Then how do you know what she's like?" she pressed him.

That was an easy one.

"Oh, I've heard them talking so much that I know just what she's like."

"They like her, then?" she asked, and Eden knew that something was hurting her very much, though he couldn't think what it could be.

"Oh, they like her more than anything," and to comfort her he came close to her. "But I love you lots the most," he said. "I never have liked her. She makes the room cold, and she doesn't like me." He let slip out what he hadn't meant to tell, that he had seen his mother. He wanted, you see, to justify himself, for he knew that every right-minded person would be shocked at the idea of his not liking his mother, and he looked at his friend anxiously to see what she thought of him. But she didn't seem shocked. He knew she wasn't even thinking of him at all.

"I never understood," she moaned to herself. "I never understood." Then she cried out, "Oh, poor, poor people!" Eden waited patiently until she should get back to him again. This she did suddenly, with:

"How do you know she doesn't like you?"

"I can tell by the way she acts," Eden confessed, his finger in his mouth, much afraid of being called silly, for he knew that his mother wasn't really there, not as his father and his aunt were.

But his friend didn't think he was silly, and the tone in which she asked, "Do you mean you see her as you see me?" almost frightened him. She seemed quite a different person from the one he had known all along; sad and angry and hurt. Eden faltered out:

"Yes, I see her, but generally she goes out when I come in."

"What does she look like?" his friend asked eagerly.

"She's very beautiful, they say, and very, very good. She gets grieved when I'm bad, auntie says, but I don't think she cares what I do. They can't see her," he added proudly, for now that she didn't think he was silly to see people that weren't there, he thought himself clever to see things his aunt and his father couldn't.

"Could you see her?" he asked.

"I *must* see her," she answered seriously. "I must try and try till I see her. I thought they had forgotten. I couldn't know they'd forget this way."

"You don't think it's bad for me not to like my mother very much?" he questioned.

A great many wonderful things had happened to Eden without his being surprised—for nobody had told him they were wonderful, so of course he couldn't be expected to know—but what happened now did surprise him, for with her sweet face full of anger she cried to him:

"She's not your mother! Don't believe them! She's not your mother!" Then she called in such a dear, appealing way, "Eden, Eden!" that Eden's heart almost burst, for he knew there was something she wanted him to say to her, and he didn't know what it could be. All he could do was to whisper "Dear, dear," in his soft, little voice, and again she cried to him, with a very anguish of appeal, "Darling Eden!" and all he could answer was "Darling," and when he saw how sad she looked, and how all the gladness was gone from her eyes, he almost sobbed himself, as he said:

"Please don't cry! You mustn't cry!" He felt so sorry for her that he spent the next few minutes swallowing his tears, while she sat there pale and silent beside him. It seemed to Eden that though she was beside him she was a long way off, as grown-up people so often are, when they are thinking about the unsociable things that a little boy can't understand. He brought her back to him with:

"Who is my mother, if she isn't?" For though he felt inside him that somehow she knew more about things than his father and his aunt did, yet he was used, on the other hand, to believing that his father and his aunt knew everything, as is very proper for a little boy to believe.

"And if she's not my mother, who is she?" he asked quite triumphantly.

At this his friend sprang to her feet, and her face was full of anger and jealousy.

"She's not anybody," she cried. "She's stolen your mother's place. She's made them forget your mother. She's not real. She isn't any one."

There are moments when the simplicity of children makes them wise, and Eden was wise when he answered:

"They think she's real, 'cause they talk about her."

She wrung her hands in her pain.

"They've made her real," she cried. "If I'd only known before!"

Presently as Eden started slowly for the house, she called after him, "My Eden," and though her voice was low and soft, the way she said it quivered all through him, and for the next few days when he didn't see her he tried and tried to think who it was that had ever said to him "My Eden" in just that way.

If he didn't see her, he felt her in the house more than ever before. He felt her in the room even where his father and his aunt sat, and he realized vaguely that something strange was happening, something that he couldn't at all understand. So he stayed out in the garden as much as he could, though it was lonely without her. He wondered if she had seen the calm, white-faced woman he had thought was his mother, and presently he remembered that he hadn't seen her himself since the day he and his friend had talked about her in the garden. And, indeed, since then the white woman had seemed less real, and Eden found himself wondering if he had really seen her after all.

That there was something unusual going on under the calm surface of things every one felt.

"I don't know what ails me, but I feel as if some one was comin'," Maggie said.

"This house ain't right," Norah agreed, and without saying anything to each other, Maggie took her sewing out of doors, and Norah fixed her vegetables on the steps.

Grown people, too, are sometimes afraid of the things that are there but that they can't see, and there was a sense of strain, a sense of waiting in the house, that one couldn't disregard. Perhaps more than any one, Eden's father and Eden's aunt felt it, but since they knew more than any one else in the house, they took less notice of it, for how can you talk reasonably about things you can only feel?

But once Eden found his father smiling in the way one does when one remembers something very dear and very pleasant, and he drew Eden to him and kissed him, and Eden felt more taken care of than he had since the afternoon he had talked last with his friend.

It was as if they all were listening to something that none of them could hear, as if the house were listening to itself, and a spirit of expectancy were floating within it. This it was that drove the simple ones out of the house, and that made the other two talk shyly and about commonplace things. It was almost as if the hands of time had been turned back to the day when the heart of the house stopped beating; there was renewed something like the waiting hush that houses have when some one within their walls is fighting for life. And again it was Eden who broke the magic quiet and set the heart going again. It all happened out of doors, for there was something in the quiet of the house that drove his father and his aunt outside, though they said it was the beauty of the evening that drew them. Eden had been thinking a great deal, you may imagine, about the strange things his friend had told him, and at last he asked shyly:

"Was my mother always good?"

And then it was that the house stopped waiting.

For with a little hug for Eden his aunt said:

"No, but she was lovely, even when she was naughty."

"Do you remember," his father said, "how she used to call to Eden?" He hadn't thought about it for a long time; at first it had hurt him too much to remember, and in time he had ended by almost forgetting.

Then Eden saw his friend, standing near them, dropping her kind, glad look into his eyes, and as she looked at him, the most wonderful thing of all happened to him, for in one brightest moment he remembered.

And in their language that didn't need any words he shouted:

"Darling mother!" and though his aunt and his father didn't know it, they heard him.

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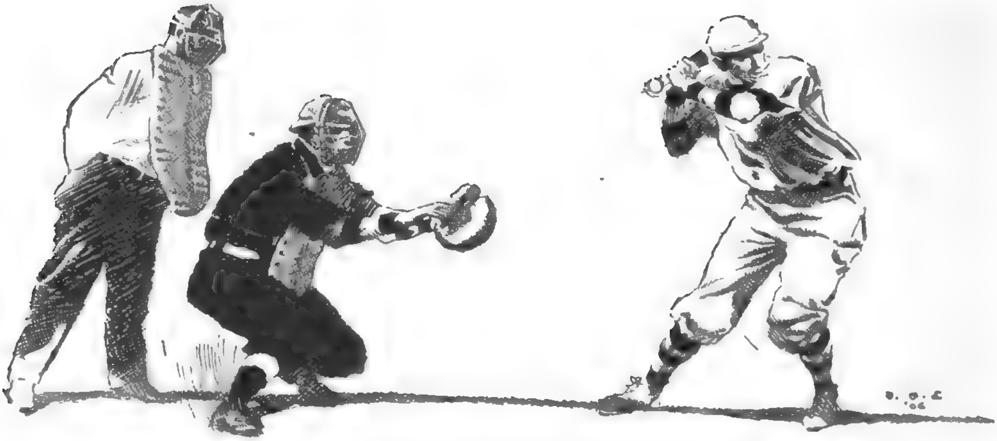


WITH ALL HIS MIGHT HE SMOTE IT FULL—OR THOUGHT HE DID SO.

The Stolen Bridegroom

A Story of Tainted Baseball on the Far Frontier

By **EMERSON HOUGH**

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "Heart's Desire," etc., etc.

Illustrations by F. Foster Lincoln

WHEN Frederick William Ware, better known as Runt Ware, left Princeton, he faced life with his usual blithe resignation to fate. Gathering his mandolin under his arm, he pulled his five feet six of affable manhood together, wired for the price of a ticket, and so departed for the ancestral halls, where, luckily for him, fatted calf was daily on the menu.

"What can you do?" asked his father.

"Pitch four curves," said the Runt, "and stand for even Lon Byron's delivery. And oh, Pater, you ought to see that fellow pitch! Say—" and he bent over the ancestral desk until Pater forgot to sign his dictation.

There seemed nothing particular for Runt Ware to do in a business concern where everything was already doing, so there was a paternal sigh of relief, albeit a few maternal tears, when once more the Runt with his customary happy smile placed his mandolin under his arm, about a hundred thousand dollars in his pocket, and artlessly announced that he thought of going west.

"Just as bad there as here," said Pater. "Better not."

"O Frederick!" said Mater.

"But," said the Runt, "Billy Hardy is going, and he's no end a good sort. He plays the banjo. We have to go together or the glee business would be busted"; and other collegiate speech, at the end convincing.

Whereupon the Runt ere long turned up, in company with Billy Hardy, at Barth, on the edge of the booming Canadian west, and they two on the second day of their arrival bought up a grocery and outfitting business, of which they knew nothing in the world and to which they paid no attention whatever, but which, to the great surprise of their families, though not in the least of themselves, began to pay thirty-five per cent. from the start.

"My observation of tourists, Pater," said the Runt in one of his letters home, "is that they are three-fourths cash and the other one-fourth easy. You'd better come out."

Since the mountain views were magnificent, and sport was on every side, and the air like champagne, and life in the newly builded bungalow (christened "Stumbleholme" by these twain) was very bachelorish and delectable, the Runt, who ever swam with the passing tide, casually took out naturalization papers, was elected lieutenant of Light Horse in the local troop, assumed an ultra-English speech, and took to wearing fierce clothes of all manner, sorts, and varieties, including mauve puttees and eight kinds of leggings with straps, not to mention a Northwest Mounted Police hat, which in combination with his mandolin, made him altogether irresistible to the summer femininity at the big tourist hotel.

Previous to the arrival of the Runt, all western Alberta was largely under the dominion of King Edward VII of Great Britain. Young men wore caps and knickers and other things during business hours, and went out collecting or soliciting with tennis-racket or cricket-bat in hand. This industrial and social system did not please the Runt.

"Just look at them," he would say to Billy Hardy. "Not a baseball game in the whole time we've been here. This is what I call the hardship of the frontier life. I'll tell you—let's start baseball!"

At this speech the two sat up straight upon their couches at the bungalow and stared at each other in the solemnity of a large inspiration.

"Why, of course," said Billy.

So they started baseball; and such was the personal popularity of the Runt over three hundred miles of ranch lands where his check was very usual and very good, that in the second season there was bitterness of soul between Alberta and Saskatchewan. As for British Columbia, her name was anathema; for lo! the team of Vancouver had manicured the earth with everything except the team of Barth, the latter, of course, captained by no less a person than the Runt himself.

In the Barth team were two Royal Northwest Mounted Policemen, Ramsay and O'Brien; one saloon-keeper by the name of Deakin; the local telegraph-operator, Williams; a negro porter by name of Sam, who lay over at Barth between runs to the coast; a highly intelligent Japanese curio-dealer called Itche Ban (though the Runt said it was a shame); a rancher by name of Billings, who once lived in Montana, and a "rawncher" of English extraction bearing the name of Jennings. Also there was Mr. Frederick William Ware.

It was in its way a gladsome sight to see the Barth baseball team take the field and deploy into action. Only in the heart of their captain did any doubt exist that the Barth team was utterly invincible. To Billy Hardy the Runt confided his own bitter conviction that they were a bunch of the most abject dubs ever assembled under the protecting ægis of any nation of the globe.

"Look at 'em!" he hissed between his teeth, as he and Billy approached the field and cast their gaze upon the mixed multitude. "Look at 'em! O Gawd!"

News came to Barth of the standing of all the clubs on the provincial circuit, and always the name of Vancouver led the rest. "Listen to me," said the Runt to Billy Hardy. "Something is going on over there in Vancouver, I tell you, or they couldn't have cleaned up Spokane 12 to 0. I'll bet a dollar they've got a man in from Seattle; that's what I'll bet. Tainted baseball in these new lands of King Edward! Oh, what an age!"

As he said these words, the Runt was mixing something for himself at the sliding shelf of the bungalow's cellaret. All at once his educated and artistic spoon grew more deliberate in its motion. It slackened, stopped. A gentle smile overspread his features. He fumbled in his pockets, and presently spread out upon his knee a crumpled telegram.

"That's from Byron. Don't you see?" he remarked. "From Byron."

"Yes?" said Billy. "Awfully good fellow, Byron, too. I'm glad he's comin' through. We'll meet him at the train, as he says. Haven't heard from him in two years, but s'pose he's deep in business like you and me and too busy to write."

"Yes," said the Runt, "he's doin' law or somethin'. Now here he is comin' through on the gallop, headed for Victoria. Goin' to intercept the boat from Vancouver up coast to Alaska. Awful hurry, of course; but we'll meet him at the train—yes, we'll do that all right."

"Why's he in such a rush?" asked Billy.

"Oh, I believe he's goin' to get married or somethin' of the sort. He always was doin' some impractical thing or other."

"Oh, I remember," said Billy reminiscently. "He was awf'ly gone on Georgie Dinwiddie, that Virginia girl he met at Wilson's house party that summer, you know."

"I suppose that's who it is. She's been out at Seattle and 'Frisco and Victoria and places—her uncle is stopping at Victoria right now trying to keep her away from By. You see, poor fellow, By didn't have a lot of start in the world."

"Of course we'll meet him at the train," resumed Billy, reaching out for the glass that the Runt had forgotten.

"I should say we would," said the Runt, putting the glass behind his back. "I should just *say* we would!"

"Help him on, if it's an elopement," said Billy. "Uncles don't always have the best judgment in the world. But, say, what are you thinkin' about, you expatriated little cuss?"

"Oh, nothin'," said the Runt. "Nothin' at all in the whole wide world—only that Byron was absolutely the best pitcher ever put on the black and orange—only that he whitewashed Yale and set the world crazy, and won me twenty-five hundred dollars, which I lost the same night on something else! Only—oh Lord, Billy, I don't see why you were made in the image of a man!"

"Well," insisted Billy, "I don't see what Byron has got to do with it, if he is goin' through on the jump for his weddin', and that two days before the game. He might like to stop, but how could he? I know *I* wouldn't."

"You would, under the circumstances," said the Runt grimly.

II

The reports by wire from the coast were ominous. Odds at the Barth Hotel wavered, drew up, and stood even; nay, they even broke against the home team. Sporting judgment overbalanced loyalty. Every face in Barth was long except that of the Runt, who whistled and was inscrutable.

"But I tell you, Runt, it's his weddin' trip," began Billy Hardy, once more.

"What is a weddin' here or there, I'd like to know?" asked the Runt.

Billy sighed. He did not like to see his friend disappointed, and, besides, he had five hundred up on the game with Vancouver, which bid fair to be the hottest ever played in west Canada. As for the Runt, he wavered not, but spoke apart in whispers to O'Brien of the Mounted Police.

The Runt and Billy were upon the platform to meet Byron's train, the former in spick-and-span business garb, with bright new yellow gloves, and puttees so tight they made his legs ache. His clean-shaven bronze young face shone with health, and confidence sat upon his brow. As the Imperial Flier rolled in and spread a thick scum of strange and wonderfully clad folk over the platform, Billy and the Runt made for the rear end, where the sleepers were attached. Sergeant O'Brien might have been seen to pause at the step where a pompous porter descended, and to engage in brief and imperious conversation with that person. A bill passed from a brown hand to one somewhat browner. The porter ran back into the car, hurriedly picked up two suit-cases, a hand-bag, a stick, and an umbrella and hurried out again. O'Brien took charge of them. The Runt and Billy meantime were conversing with a lean, hard young man with a wide chin and a soft voice, who had swung off the car and caught them both in a great embrace—Byron, '03, the Man with the Braided Arm.

Byron beamed and gulped and gasped and blushed and admitted. "Oh, by George, fellows," he said, "I'm glad to see you both. I'll stop here comin' back. I will, for a fact. She—I know she— Why, why—" He blushed some more, for Byron was always shy, except when there were three on bases and a good batter up.

"Lucky boy, lucky boy!" murmured the Runt.

(The conductor, afar up the platform: "*B-o-o-o-or-r-rd!*")

"I'm the happiest beggar in the world!" glowed Byron. "I say, I thought you were such asses to come up here, but it's great, great! Just look at those mountains. Ain't they bully? Just bully!"

(The conductor, afar off: "*O-o-o-o-or-r-r-t-t-t!*")

"Here, you," cried Byron suddenly, "I'm off! There she blows. Leggo, you! Dang it, Runt! Wait! quit! stop! Leggo! I tell you!"

"Grab him, Billy!" gasped the Runt, his head between Byron's legs, his hands gripping Byron's ankles like iron.

And Billy, a great light dawning upon him, grabbed him. Hard climbing after bighorn sheep, long hours in the saddle at polo, hours at tennis, at cricket, at baseball, had kept these two malefactors hard as nails. Byron struggled in vain against their combined jiu jitsu.

(The engine: "*Tchoo-choo-oo-o—ooo-ooo-ooo-oooo!*")

"You low-down fiends!" cried Byron, sobbing, as he stood over his now vanquished assailants, his fists doubled, his eyes flashing, his face red with anger. "You low-down fiends! Look! look!— Last train— Married to-morrow!— Steamer— Oh, what will she do? What will she do? What *will* she *do?*" He sat down on the edge of the platform, his rumpled head in his hands.

"What's wrong here?" asked Sergeant O'Brien of the Northwest Mounted Police, stepping up briskly.

Byron sprang again to his feet. But the Runt felled him before he could make a start.

"I'll never forgive you—I'll never—" said Byron.

"Besides," said the Runt, "the telegraph-office is up-town. Let's go! By Jove, old man, I'm awf'ly sorry if I've caused you any inconvenience. But just let's run over to our place, and have a drink, and talk it all over!"

"You treacherous brute!" said Byron, his eyes wet. "She—she— Oh, what will Georgie think of *me?*"

III

"At any rate," said Byron, after the Runt had stirred something for him in a glass, "I didn't really mean to bang you fellows up so much. Your nose is all swelled."

"Don't mention it," said the Runt. "Jolly well glad to see you in such good shape. Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll make a joint message to Georgie."

"You mean Miss Dinwiddie," said Byron frigidly. "No, I think I can take care of that part alone. When does the next train go west?"

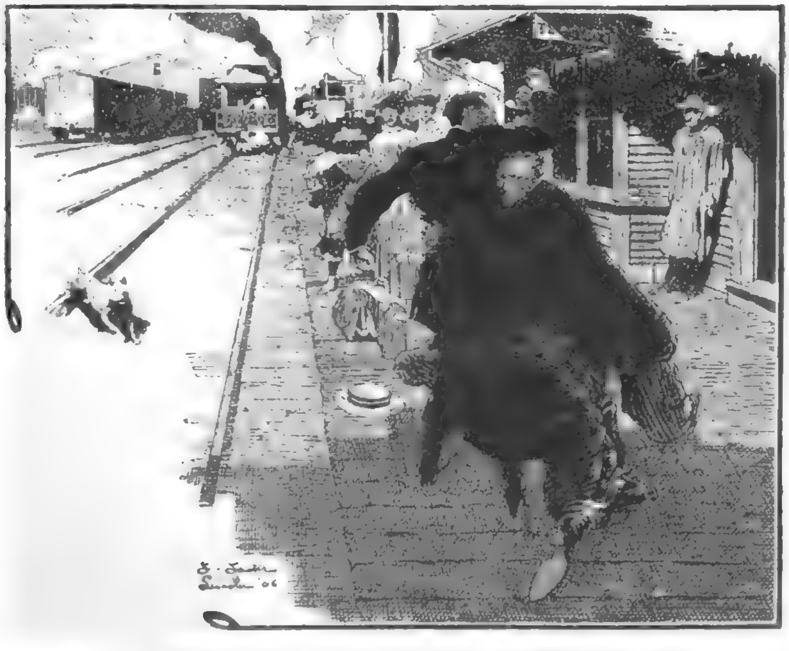
"Emigrant at 2 A.M.," said the Runt, sighing, "but of course you couldn't go on that."

"Oh, I suppose I couldn't," said Byron, with sarcasm.

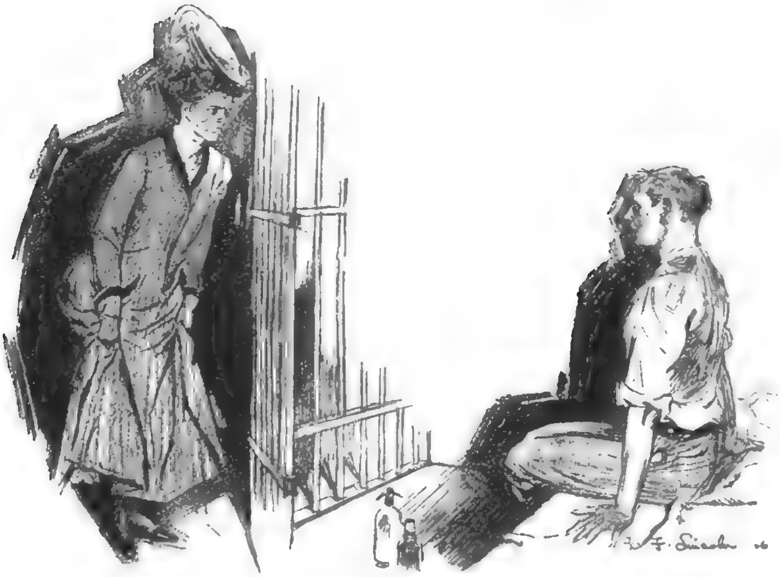
"Well, at any rate, we can't hurry the Canadian Pacific," said the Runt. "Nothing can. It made these mountains and regulates the rising and setting of the sun. No use crowding the Canadian Pacific Railroad, for it's like givin' the elbow to divine Providence. We'll get you on the train all right in due time. In the meantime we'll just go out and have a little horseback ride. Say, you ought to see how that Vancouver gang is playin' ball. Why, they've got into the game as if 'twas the only thing they ever did in all their livin' lives. Spokane, 12 to 0; Walla Walla, 18 to 0; Seattle, 9 to 0; Victoria, 21 to 0! When they played over at Revelstoke the game was never finished at all. They kept on runnin' around till midnight, and then they had to stop to catch their train. But there's the horses."

It was a joyous little canter around through the hills, under the pine-trees, past the corner of the summer hotel, along the Spray brook, and so back to the main street of the little mountain village. "We'll just go a bit down the street," called back the Runt; and Byron, exulting in the air and the speed, clattered behind him over the little bridge, with thunderous hoofs; to meet O'Brien, sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police, in full uniform.

O'Brien lifted a solemn but efficient hand. The Runt and Byron pulled up hard.



BYRON STRUGGLED IN VAIN AGAINST THEIR COMBINED JIU JITSU.



"ALONZO BYRON, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? WHAT IS THAT BOTTLE?"

he pleaded, shaking the bars of his prison.

The Runt looked at him implacably. "You will get to Vancouver after we've beat the suffering tar out of that Vancouver ball-team, and not before. Why, man, what's a weddin' against a real emergency like this? Haven't you got any *heart?*"

The unfortunate Byron could do no more than groan and sink down upon his narrow cot in outraged and astonished anger.

"Sorry, sir," said O'Brien, "but this is against the law. Furious ridin'. Have to take you in charge, sir."

"Well, I'm d——d!" said Byron wonderingly. "Well, now I *am* d——d!"

"I wouldn't talk, sir," said O'Brien. "You might incriminate yourself."

"You are right," said Byron; "I *might.*"

After that he rode in silence beside O'Brien to the door of the little lockup, all Barth crowding there for to see and to admire.

"I say, fellows," began Byron again, as the strong arm of O'Brien thrust him through the iron-barred gate, "this is too much. We won't stand for it. No trial; no desk-book! Why, where is the bail-bond?"

The Runt winked at O'Brien. The latter suddenly locked the door.

"What's up?" cried Byron. "Why, ain't you fellows in it? You started it! Why, you treacherous, murdering, lying little beast, this is a great joke, ain't it? Now, say, how long will I be in here?"

"Till you promise to be good," said the Runt sweetly.

"What's that?"

"Till you promise to pitch for Barth at the game day after to-morrow," said the Runt sternly.

"Day after to-morrow? Why, that's *too late,*" wailed Byron. "I've got to get to Vancouver to-morrow. Can't you see?" he pleaded, shaking the bars of his prison.

The Runt and Billy, excusing themselves, departed, and sent the following message:

"MISS GEORGIE DINWIDDIE, care COL. JAMES S. DINWIDDIE, Victoria, B. C.

"Mr. Byron slightly injured. Detained in hospital here. Accident. Not serious. No occasion alarm. Sleeping quietly. Asks you come on at once. Answer. FREDERICK WILLIAM WARE."

Before bedtime messages began to arrive, all addressed to Frederick William Ware, all signed "Georgie Weston Dinwiddie." No. 1 said: "Much alarmed. Send details at once." Ten minutes later No. 2 asked: "Why no details? Situation urgent. Impossible to come." In five minutes No. 3 stated: "Cannot stand suspense. Must know." No. 4, apparently three minutes later, said: "Start east ten-thirty. Give him my love. Tell him bear up until I arrive."

"Confound it!" said the Runt, turning out of bed at 3 A.M. to read the last message. "I don't see why that girl can't keep calm. She'll come on now sheddin' tears and telegrams all down the road; and, by Jove! I'll bet she'll be here on the same train with the Vancouver nine. Think of that!"

It was as the Runt had said. When the east-bound Imperial Flier rolled into town, it bore a shouting, stalwart, piratical band of youths, whose bosoms disported a large red lettered V. B. C. and who carried at their head a broom and eke thereto a spotted bull pup. It bore also a somewhat disheveled and tearful but undeniably desperately handsome girl with big eyes and hair in thick brown coils, and a frock that evidently had come from somewhere.

The Runt gasped. "We're in, Billy!" he hissed. "I'm scared now." Then he stretched out his hand. "My dear Miss Dinwiddie!" he exclaimed. "How glad we are! This suspense! Knew how you'd feel. Not the least occasion in the world for anxiety. Wants to see you, of course. You see, I've sort of heard about it, and, by Jove, don't I congratulate him, though! This is Mr. Hardy, also a friend of Mr. Byron. We both knew him years back."

When he finished speaking, they had stepped into a waiting carriage, and a few moments later they were in front of a building wherein lay a situation of perplexity to any one but a man truly fit for leadership.

"This doesn't look like a hospital," said Miss Dinwiddie. "But tell me, is he much hurt? Will he know me?"

"Well, *I* would, if I had ever seen you once," said the Runt gravely.

She entered the narrow corridor, trembling. Then swiftly her eyes took in the details of the barred door, the tiny window, the straw upon the floor, the narrow cot, the forlorn figure that turned swiftly and sat erect, the bottle and siphon near by (gift of O'Brien, sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police, who, after all, had a heart). Georgie Dinwiddie looked at these things and at the central figure, with woman's resentment that he showed no injury.

"Alonzo Byron," she said, "what have you done? What is that bottle? Tell me this instant."

Byron sprang to the bars. "Kiss me, Georgie!" he exclaimed, forgetful.

"Hardened wretch!" remarked the Runt *sotto voce* to Billy Hardy.

"That bottle!" repeated Georgie Dinwiddie. "Ah, I see it all!"

"That? Oh!" convulsively exclaimed Byron. "Why, that's for—for *insects!* Oh, Georgie, get me out of this."

"Come away," whispered the Runt to the girl. "He's wanderin' again."

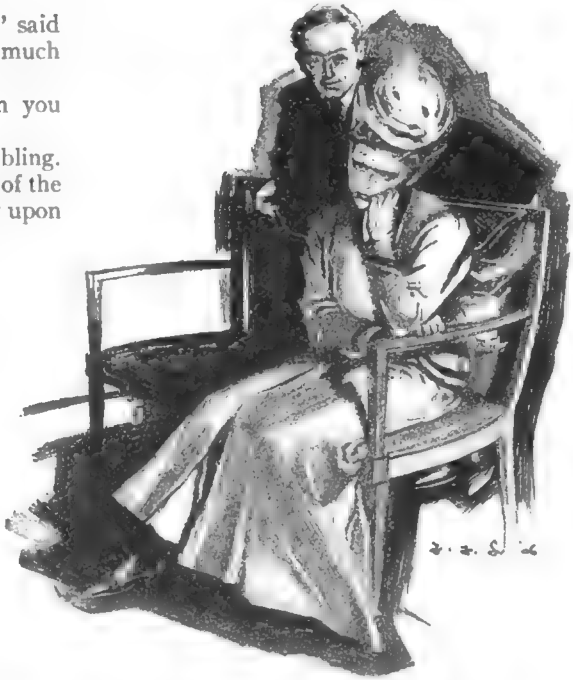
In the parlor at the summer hotel Georgie Dinwiddie and Frederick William Ware held earnest converse. "So it is for this you have put me in such a position!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing. "For the sake of winning a beastly little ball-game!"

"Well, of course, I don't know that he *can* win the game," began the Runt.

"Of *course* he could win. Why, I've seen him blank the Pittsburgs two straight in the same day," retorted Georgie hotly. "I've seen him hold Columbia down to three hits—win a little sand-lot ball-game with a team of scrubs that couldn't qualify in St. Paul. For this you put me in this kind of a situation! I didn't stop to think. I thought he was hurt. My uncle doesn't know where I am. Why, I *couldn't* marry Alonzo Byron now. He would think I was following him around. I'll never forgive you—never."

"You can marry him after the game, if you want to," said the Runt tentatively.

"I'll *never* marry him!"



"THEN," SAID THE RUNT SWEETLY, "I'LL MARRY YOU MYSELF."

"Then," said the Runt sweetly, "that's all right. I'll marry you myself, if you say so. There'll be a weddin' all right. I've never said that to another girl in my life, Miss Dinwiddie. But I never did intend to prevent any weddin' that was already arranged. My position just is that it's no harm to postpone a marriage in case of anything more important—any act of God—that sort of thing."

The girl gazed at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"I'll tell you what I think," went on the Runt. "If you were any sort of Yankee girl at all, you'd use your influence to get Byron to pitch in this game. I know well enough you've seen a game or so yourself."

"But I'll not be bulldozed into doing anything," retorted Georgie Dinwiddie, with spirit.

"Then, madam"—and the Runt's voice was firm—"the prisoner is in the hands of British Justice, and that is no light thing here, as it is in Pittsburg. I should dislike to see you in the adjoining cell."

The girl sank back upon the divan in perturbation.

"Will you ask him?" said the Runt.

"Yes, yes, oh, yes, I will—I'll do anything."

"Will you marry my friend, Mr. Byron, after this game is won, Miss Dinwiddie?"

"Yes, yes, oh, *yes!*" with sobs.

"And will you explain to him, Miss Dinwiddie, that unless he does win this game, there isn't goin' to be any weddin'?"

"You brute! Yes, yes!" (Sobs.)

Later, the hypnotic eye of Frederick William Ware actually held Byron quiet behind the bars while the former made explanation.

"She'll be in the grand stand back of you, old man," said he. "You know she likes a good bit of ball as well as you or I. You come out in the Barth uniform to-morrow about 3.30. You let those howlin' dervishes put up their best B. C. antediluvian baseball for a few turns. Work 'em! Jolly 'em! Fool with 'em! Play with 'em! And then, by all the saints, just turn loose for old Nassau, and give these ignorant, benighted Britons a touch of baseball as she is did. Oh, do it, By! Do it! If you will, I'll see you married before you leave this town. I'll be your best man. Billy'll be usher. And if you don't, why, by the Lord! you stay in jail, and I'll marry the girl myself. Your case will linger in the courts till it gets to the Home Office in Great Britain. I wouldn't squeeze a man—much less a girl—I mean coerce, you know—but these are the terms: I *run* this town."

Byron sat on the edge of his cot, his head in his hands, for some time.

"Oh, well," said he after a while, slowly. "Oh, *well!*"

IV

There were two attractions in Barth on the following afternoon. One was the baseball game, and the other was Georgie Dinwiddie. That young woman presented certain problems even to the analytic mind of Frederick William Ware. How she accomplished it none might say, yet she was as the lilies of the field in wardrobe. Her hat was of the latest, also evidently from somewhere. Her veil was exquisite, her gloves brand-new, her boots bright, her red scarf really tied. Her face was the picture of repose and calm, yet withal so fair that men grew alarmed as they gazed.

"My, ain't she easy to look at?" whispered the Runt to Billy.

They led Byron on the field in full uniform two minutes before the game was called. The prisoner dared not look up at the grand stand. He felt rather than saw the presence in the sanctuary back of the protecting net.

The toss-up put Barth at the bat, which pleased the Runt, who was anxious to study Bingham, the Vancouver importation in the pitcher's box. The latter went about his work with superciliousness, striking out O'Brien and the highly intelligent Jap in one-two order. Barth's face fell as Jennings, who played third, followed these with empty hands and Vancouver came trooping in with sneering cheers.

Byron, between O'Brien and Ramsay of the Northwest Mounted Police, walked to the pitcher's box with methodical step. His long figure carried his flannels well. He pulled down his cap over his face, kicked about in the dust till he got his bearings, turned the ball for a twist or so, and then passed an easy one over to Salters, captain for Vancouver. The latter struck it so vicious a blow amidships that it sailed past the third baseman so far that the latter got lost in trying to find it. The pride of Vancouver was too deep for articulate speech. The nine simply looked at one another. Upon the face of the girl behind the net there froze a swift look of horror, of incredulity. She moved down a seat or so toward the front.

Welton went to the bat for Vancouver. "Strike one!" tolled the umpire; and again, "Strike two!" The face behind the net brightened. But how was this? At the next instant Welton also caught the ball full, and made second with mocking ease. Another Vancouver man got to first. Was Byron, '03—the Man with the Braided Arm—going to pieces? The Runt grew anxious. Georgie Dinwiddie sat in a cold trance, her hands tight clasped in her lap.

Vancouver scored two more. With dull surprise Byron had seen three men steal around him, and with loud exultation beat upon the shoulders of their friends and shout about odds and cry out baseball insult to him—Byron!—Princeton, '03, in whose hand had lain the whitewash-brush of humiliation many a time and oft. Byron was as one in a trance and scarce wist what was toward. There had come to him the sudden thought that this was his wedding-day and that he could not be married—yet there was she!—He scarcely knew when the inning ended.

When Byron was escorted to his seat at the bench near the net he heard something behind him, something like a sob. Then he flung discretion to the winds, and turned swiftly.

"Georgie!" he cried, "tell me, are you broken up over this beastly business? It wasn't my fault. I *couldn't* come."

"Oh, it isn't that," sobbed Georgie Dinwiddie. "It's not that! I'm sorry to lose you, but that isn't it—that was such *rotten ball!* Alonzo Byron, do that again, and I won't marry you; not if you were the last man in the world!"

Secrecy was impossible at this interview. "Bully girl!" cried the Runt, with enthusiasm. Then he and Billy Hardy and Sergeant O'Brien and others arose and stood in line before Byron, '03.

"Do that again, and she'll not marry you!" they chanted soulfully.

The rude men from Vancouver also arose and stood in line, derisively chanting as well: "Do that again and she'll not marry you!"

"This," said the captain of Vancouver, confidentially to the circumambient air, "is what I call easy!"

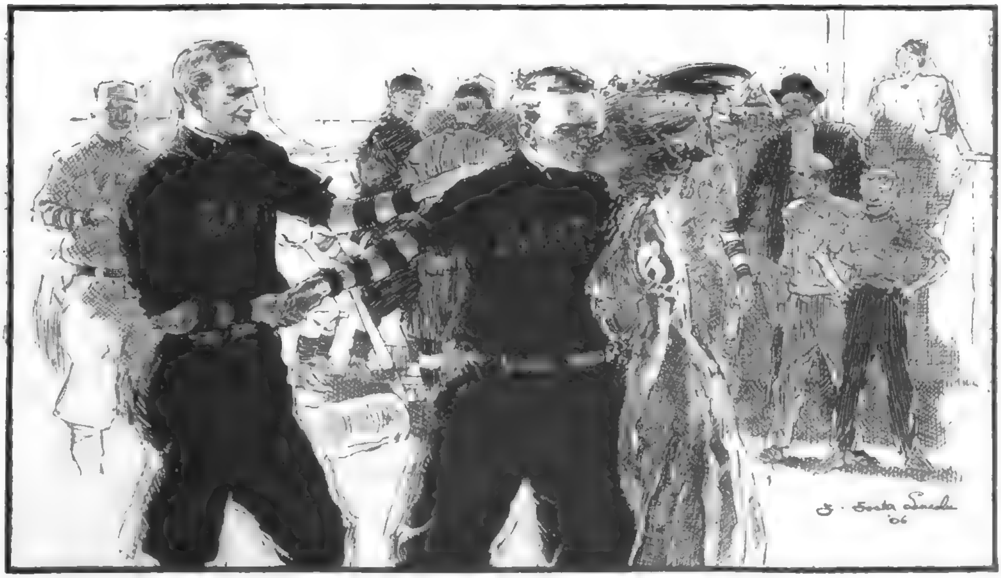
A white, hard face was thrust close up against his. A glittering gray eye looked coldly into his own.

"It's what you call easy, is it, you lubber?" hissed Byron. "Now, look here, I'll just bet you five hundred to one that you yourself never get to first again. I'll bet you the same your team doesn't get another run. I'll make it the same, by gad! that not two of you ever get as far as second. Pitch! Why, confound your souls, I'm just playing with you children!"

"Is that so?" sneered Vancouver's captain.

"It is the soest sort of so!" retorted Byron hotly, rolling the sleeve back over a corded arm as he spoke. "By the Lord! if ever I did whitewash any poor suffering lot of infants, it's going to be you benighted Eskimos right here!"

Byron later said he was pitching for Georgie. The Runt said he had forgotten



"YOU DEAR BOY!" SAID GEORGIE, AND KISSED HIM OPENLY AND IN PUBLIC.

all about everything but baseball at the time. In any event, it was baseball that he pitched.

It chanced that Salters, the Vancouver captain, came first to the bat. He swung back, and concentered every fiber of his being as he saw an easy, slow, straight ball come sailing in as big as a balloon and as slow as a fat hen. With all his might he smote it full—or thought he did so. There was no resistance, and he gazed wildly about in the upper air. In reality the ball had changed its mind. It dropped a few feet in front of him and rolled softly and aimlessly in. "Strike one!" chanted the umpire.

The Vancouver man braced again for a clean one that came in fast and straight—the sort he liked—good for three bags at least. But some way it rose and went chug! into the big mitten of the Runt, catcher for Barth, whose chuckle behind him gave him agony.

Again Vancouver's captain swung the bat. Why he missed that easy, easy ball he never knew. It had resembled a Yorkshire pudding in size and contour to his gaze.

"Oh, this is easy, is it?" called Byron from the box. "You big dub! Dig out another drugged lamb, you people!"

They put in Sanfield, a good, even man with the stick, and him the captain bespoke in hurried converse. But Sanfield fanned sweet, thin mountain air in vain, and sat down, red and sad.

"Oh, easy!" mocked Byron, now a raging fiend, as the next man came to bat; and thereupon hurled in so terrible a straight ball that the Runt's face grew white, though he stood close up in obedience to the signal.

"Strike one!" tolled the umpire. And presently Vancouver retired to huddle and confer.

It was of no use. Bingham, the Vancouver importation, held stoically together, and prevented an absolute panic, but for the remaining innings the work was all for the battery, so far as Barth was concerned. Once the Runt dropped a straight one that came in too hot, and winced a bit as he did so. A Vancouver man got first on that. But he never got beyond. The umpire himself did not really know just where the curves were going, and he kept wide of the plate, not relishing artillery-fire.

For the last three rapid innings Georgie Dinwiddie, flushed, her bosom heaving with excitement, crowded close to the net behind the catcher. She saw eight men of the nine mutilate the air with wild swings, slashes, and swipes, emphasized by groans and protests and muttered oaths; but not one got to first. The score stood 8 to 4 for Barth, with hours of daylight to spare.

"Isn't this great *ball?*" cried Georgie to the players' bench, impersonally.

Byron stood, smiling calmly at his last victim, and tossed him a slow drop with so much back roll that, though bat-tipped, it got scarce twenty feet away from the plate before he had it in his own hands again. He fielded swiftly to first, where Ransom of the Northwest Mounted Police solemnly touched his man out, with " 'arf an hour to spare," as he explained it.

But before that, Byron, not looking around, had left his box and was making toward the shielding net. The girl met him, flushed, radiant, her nose against the meshes.

"Lon!" she cried.

"Georgie!"

"Why don't you walk around the net?" asked the Runt judicially.

"What is the matter with your hand, you poor thing?" asked she, as the Runt drew off his big catcher's glove a few moments later.

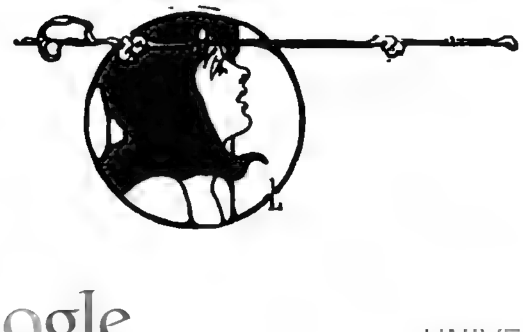
"Nothin'," said the Runt. "Little finger broke, I s'pose. I'm always breakin' it. Maybe she's tore a little. They came a trifle warm in the fifth inning."

"You dear boy!" said Georgie, and kissed him openly and in public, while Byron wrung his other hand.

"It was *great!*" said Georgie again, looking with pride into Byron's eyes. Then suddenly she grew rosy and silent.

Byron, '03, started as though suddenly thinking of something he had forgotten.

"That's *so!*" said he.



Where the Toys Come From

By VANCE THOMPSON

Illustrated with Photographs

And Embellished with Drawings by Harry Linnell

IT is all very well to know that a tireless Saint Nicholas scurries round the globe, dropping playthings down chimneys, tying them to Christmas trees, stuffing them into stockings—aye, but where does Saint Nicholas get them? That is what the children want to know. Where's toyland, anyway?

Do you remember the little oval boxes that held the tin soldiers of your boyhood? When you took off the cover you saw a squadron of hussars, with high boots and shiny swords, mounted on spotted chargers—side by side they lay in the odorous pine shavings. And when they charged across the table you perceived they were not at all like the troopers you had seen one day in your main street; they had a look at once foreign and menacing, as though they were charging in some desperate battle of Gravelotte or Champigny; and you asked: "But where did the soldiers come from?"

"From Nuremberg," the Grown-Ups told you; and then they showed you pictures of the grim city, with castles and walls and ramparts, and you were quite content—where else should your brave hussars have come from in all the trappings of war? Long afterward, perhaps, you went to Nuremberg; you entered by the Frauen Thor and walked among the old towers and the houses with stone galleries and high-pitched roofs; and you did not think of Albrecht Dürer or Hans Sachs or the Thirty Years' War; no—what you thought of was the little oval box out of which a thousand boyish games of battle had come. Old memories, dear and vague, came from the far-off years and went with you through the quaint streets of toyland; and you cared nothing at all for heathen tower, Fuchs Haus, or wonderful carved madonna —you were a boy once more, and Grown-Ups, who have long since gone away, were telling you where the tin hussars came from.

The Troedel Market is on a little island in the heart of the old town of Nuremberg. Along the north branch of the river is an old, low-eaved house with a little darkling doorway. When you have got so far you are met by a little old man—a rusty little man who looks as though he were made of metal—who leads you into the great mysterious warehouse of toys. Round all the walls they are ranged—guns, cannons, motors, steamships, trumpets, sabers; and everywhere the soldiers. How many millions of metal soldiers have marched away from the Troedel Market not even the rusty old man could tell you—mighty armies of pewter and tin. Hundreds of regiments, of battalions, of divisions are drawn up on the shelves, waiting for the day when they shall be sent out into battle. And with a kind of pride the rusty old man says: "They are Edifying Soldiers."

That is the German way of putting it. What it means is that each army illustrates a battle or a campaign—the war of Troy, the campaigns of Alexander, the exploits of Cœur de Lion, the war of Thirty Years, the siege of Orleans, the victories of Napoleon, the battles of 1870, and (the one I liked best!) that desperate battle in which a tiny tin hero with gleaming teeth rough-rode it up San Juan Hill. In a word, the Edifying Soldiers teach history, geography, strategy. It was this rare invention that brought fortune to the rusty little man of the Troedel Market, to him and the other 200 great toy-factories of Nuremberg and its neighboring Fürth. The soldiers are sold by the hundredweight, and last year nearly fifty thousand quintals were sent into the United States. A pound box, which contains about one hundred and fifty pieces—infantry, cavalry, artillery, with

such accessories as trees, bastions, camps, the wounded soldiers and the dead—you may buy yonder in the Troedel Market for sixty cents. As every one knows, there are two kinds of toy soldiers—those stamped out of flat metal and the finer kind made in molds. Modern machinery—as you may see in the great factories outside the city walls—has stripped the process of romance. The only hand-work is the painting of the little figures, which is done by women and girls.

The main trade of Nuremberg is in *Bleisoldaten*, but she sends abroad as well almost every imaginable toy that may be pinched up out of metal. For instance, there are twenty factories where tiny churches, altars, religious toys are made; and as many for the manufacture of dolls' houses—complete from cellar to garret—racing-stables, farms, grocery-shops, butcher-shops, with rosy joints hanging on the walls and the butcher in a bloody apron lounging at the door. Can you doubt for a moment that you are in Germany—in a northern land, where imagination is shut between four walls? In warmer lands, where childhood plays in the open sunlight, the toys are wholly different. I know a little Siamese boy, and one day he showed me his toys—dainty gilt spiders and lizards dancing on trembling wires, a snake-charmer with a flute, a great yellow monkey climbing a bamboo-tree: one and all had the realism of the open air. But here in the land of hearth-fires and snow the realism is that of the kitchen, the shop, the barracks. In Nuremberg there are fifty-two factories where toys of wood and horn are made, but if you would truly know where the wooden toys come from, you must go to Saxony; for, after all, the symbol of Nuremberg is the little old man—so rusty and lean you would fancy he were made of metal—yonder in the Troedel Market. He stands in the doorway smoking a long pipe of white porcelain, and when you bid him good-by he gives you his old metallic hand.

"Near seventy years I've lived here with the soldiers," he says in a queer little voice, "and if anybody knows them, I know them; and years ago I discovered the Secret; but if you think I'm going to tell you—oh, no!" says the little old man; and with that he shuts the door and leaves you alone in the Troedel Market.

And the Secret he discovered? You knew it long ago when the tin hussars charged across the nursery floor—toys, like flowers and stars, are alive in a way of their own. This important fact has never been a Secret for the Wise People. (By the way, of course you know the Wise People are the boys and girls of all the world; they acquired wisdom early in life by sucking their thumbs and staring into the fire; and later they learned Everything-Worth-Knowing — what makes the terrible rumble in the drum, and by what mysterious power the doll shuts her eyes when she goes to sleep—by the simple expedient of breaking their toys; the unfortunate thing is that sooner or later the Wise People become Grown-Ups and are no better than any one else.)

When I went up to the Sonneberg I learned all about the Secret from a little girl who lived in a wooden house in the forest. It was Gretl, a blue-eyed Gretl in a red skirt trimmed with black velvet. In the little wooden house where she lived were a number of Grown-Ups. All day the Grown-Ups sat whittling away with knives at pieces of wood, making the little animals that go into Noah's Arks, making little wooden carriages, making little gnomes with pointed caps, making little wooden figures like dolls. There are hundreds of such little wooden houses scattered through the forest about Sonneberg. Now the Law of the Forest is that from sunrise until bedtime the Grown-Ups must whittle away making toys—not only Noah and his animals, but Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf and Saint Nicholas and his Reindeers and dancing dolls and monkeys in red doublets.

According to the Law the Grown-Ups have to make 8,000 dolls a day, not to speak of other toys.

There are of course thousands of Wise People in the Thüringer Wald—stout little boys in wooden shoes and yellow-haired little girls. Every now and then they stop playing in the forest and go round the little wooden houses and peek in to see if the Grown-Ups are obeying the Law. Sometimes they go in and examine the toys the Grown-Ups have been making. And if the work is very good, they praise the Grown-Ups and give them a kiss or a piece of gin-

OLD NUREMBERG.

PAST WHOSE GRIM RAMPARTS ARMIES OF TIN HUSSARS MARCH YEARLY.

gerbread; but if the toys are stupid-looking and the paint comes off, they make the Grown-Ups do them all over again—and serves them jolly well right! The little girls of course look after the dolls. When a doll is finished it is laid on a bench until a little girl has time to come round and examine it. It was Gretl who told me all about it.

"You must know," she said in her wise way, "that every doll is alive when it belongs to Somebody; but when it is just a doll in a shop or factory you have to say 'Mittelbak, Bittelmak' to it in order to make it wake up and listen to you." I do not know whether Gretl invented this spell herself or not; anyway, it is thoroughly effective; the little girl must take her doll into a corner and whisper (so the Grown-Ups can't hear) these awful words:

"Mittelbak, Bittelmak!
Joy and pearl!
Stop being a doll and be
My Little Girl!"

or if it be a boy-doll the spell is said this way:

"Bittelmak, Mittelbak!
Pearl and joy!
Stop being a doll and be
My Little Boy!"

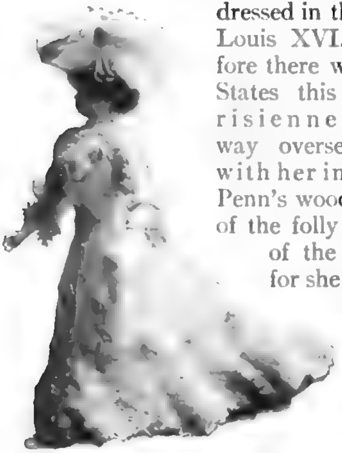
You see I have translated it out of Saxon speech into English—all except those two important witchcraft words—but that does not matter; it will bring any doll to life, and, indeed, it is wonderful how the stupidest-looking doll will thrill and glow when she hears this magic spell.

Once a week the wagons go round through the Thuringian forest and collect all the toys that have been made in the wooden cottages, and take them to the city. In Sonneberg itself there are great toy-factories. There they make the heads for dolls, using porcelain or papier-mâché or some other composition; for wax dolls are not made any more in the German world. There, too, the leather dolls are made, and all those trinkets of glass and gilt that are hung on Christmas trees, and the woolly dogs and sheep. Thirty thousand Grown-Ups are employed in this pleasant trade in the Thüringer Wald alone, and two-thirds of them work in their own homes. And lest the art should be lost, a paternal German government has established a toy-school at Grünhainichen, where the pupils are taught—not such negligible things as reading and writing—but the best way to make toys.

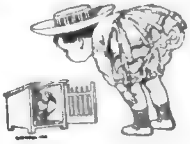
What may seem strange is the fact that the much-abused Russian Government has established in many rural districts schools and museums for the toy-makers, and that it collects the queer, wooden toys made by the peasants and finds a market for them—in Paris or among the far-away children of Asia.

II

THE TOYS OF FRANCE



THIS DISTINGUISHED DOLL-LADY WAS DRESSED BY REDFERN FOR THE CZARINA'S DAUGHTER.



In Independence Hall at Philadelphia there is preserved among notable revolutionary relics a quaint little doll dressed in the fashion of Louis XVI. Long before there was a United States this pretty Parisienne found her way oversea, carrying with her into William Penn's woodland a little of the folly and fashion of the Old World, for she was not only a plaything but the fashion-plate of her time. Can you picture to yourself the countless multitude of dolls that has followed in her way? In the last six months, for instance, Paris sent over to New York toys worth $218,819—and over half of that sum was represented by dolls. In recent years France has lost a little of her supremacy in the toy-market. She can no longer compete with Germany in homely toys—the trifles that are sold for a song; but in playthings of a finer sort she still holds her own. Not without effort, however. The local authorities of Paris offer tempting rewards for the invention of new toys. Shortly before the Christmas holidays the boulevards are given up to the minor toy-merchants, and their booths stretch for miles along either curb. Wise old men, appointed by the Prefect of Police, go to and fro examining the new inventions or sit in solemn committee—Leo Claretie, the grave Sardou, Georges Cain—debating the charm of a toy flying-machine or a pig of gold-beaters' skin. And the awarding of the toy-prizes takes on the importance of a civic function. So in one way and another France still reigns in the nurseries of the world. Her yearly output of toys amounts to something like fifty million francs.

The one thing that strikes you when you visit one of the great factories is the immense disproportion between the effort and the result, for roaring furnaces, tall chimneys, great engines, and innumerable machines that cut and stamp and press, go to the making of some little toy that a baby can hold between two fingers. And when you have got over the wonder of it, you find over all the making of toys there broods a curious mystery. Some doors are open to you and others are closed. And always there is a guarded place where the Inventor sits. After much parleying, perhaps, you are taken into his den. There are no windows. The light comes from above. A wide table bisects the room. On it are pens and ink, many tools, coils of wire, metal plates, bits of wood—and beside the table the Inventor sits, calm and laborious, inventing the intricate trifles that keep in motion the big engines and occupy 2,000 men. And with unusual confidence—trusting your honesty or ignorance—he shows you his latest invention; it is a tiny

ELECTRIC MOTOR-CARS ARE AMONG THE PLAYTHINGS OF BOYS IN THIS SCIENTIFIC AGE.

bird that flies to and fro and circles back to his hand. Lest competitors should steal the dainty fancy the very workmen are not let into the secret. Each piece is separately made, of course thousands at a time, and the fragments are put together by a few highly paid and trusted employees.

"'Tis a pretty invention," I said; and I praised the calm, laborious man; but all the same I remembered that a good many thousand years ago the little Athenian boy had his mechanical toys, and one of them (of which history speaks) was a wooden pigeon that flew in the air with rhythmic wings. I do not know that the inventors have invented anything. I saw the other day a toy-crocodile with jaws that open and shut, which was found in the mummy-case of a little girl dead in Egypt six thousand years ago; and along the boulevards they are hawking just such grim little toys to-day. Aristotle himself invented the dancing dolls filled with uneasy mercury; and there was a queer little toy made in Alexandria, in which, for the first time in history, steam turned a wheel and set a lot of quaint figures dancing—so useful a contrivance that cooks used it to turn a spit withal. As the modern boy plays with a Noah's Ark, so the little lad of Athens played with his "Horse of Troy," out of which deadly little terra-cotta warriors crept. And always babyhood has played with a rattle. I do not know that the Grown-Ups have shown much more invention in their own games; in all the ages of the world men seem to have found no sport comparable to throwing, kicking, knocking, shooting, or chasing a little ball; even to-day all the games are mere variations of this slightly ridiculous pastime.

ALONG THE RIVER IN NUREMBERG.

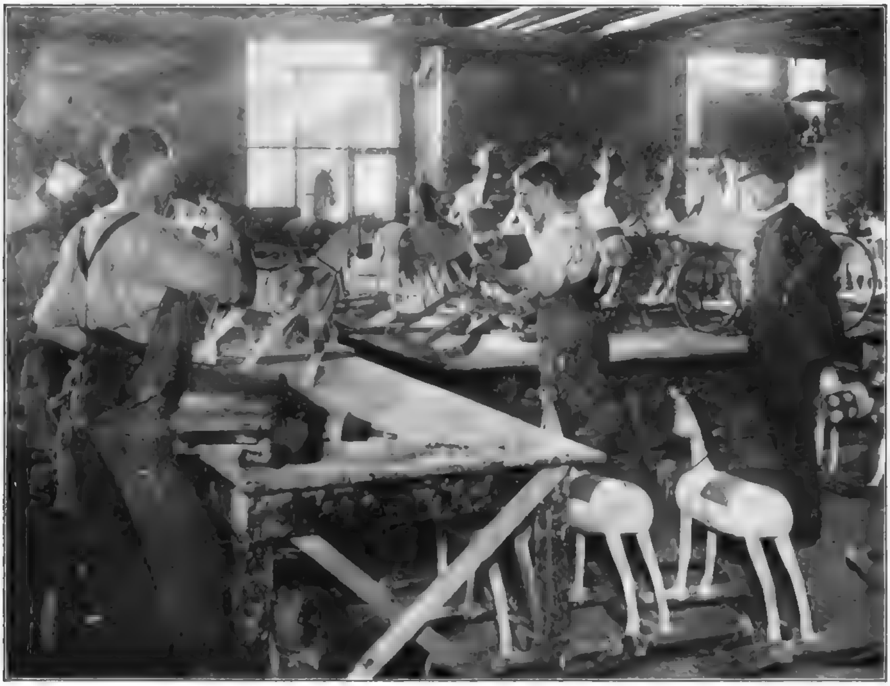
The boys and girls demand a finer realism in their toys. They do not like anything, the experts will tell you, that is not a forecast and preparation for the real life they are growing into. The boy plays with the tools of his race—sword or machine or the balances of trade; and the girl with the housewife's dishes and chairs, the doll. Out in the quarter of the Temple there are great factories occupied year in and year out in making toy-guns, toy-cannon, military equipments, for the warlike little Gauls of old France; for the little mechanics

there are toy-locomotives, electrical engines—every possible imitation of the things of this crowded life that lies beyond boyhood. Indeed, this old quarter of the Temple, in spite of the changes that have come upon it, is still the land of toys. If you would visit this Toyland you must turn out of the rue Saint Martin into a maze of little streets with curious Old World names; thus you follow the street of the Breadknife into the street of the Stone-and-the-Rasher-of-Bacon until you come into the street of the Broken-Loaf; then you turn down by the old, black Gothic church of Saint Merri and go on until you come out upon the most wonderful little cross-roads in Paris.

Oh, the good odor of wood and varnish and the painty things! If you look up at the dingy houses you will see the signs of Toyland swinging in every window, clear up to the little beehive windows in the slanting roofs; now the signs of Toyland are great wooden sabers and guns, monstrous drums, trumpets; here a gigantic Punch sways in the air, and from the next-door window a woolly sheep, bland and white, looks out; across the way a huge elephant—he is made of gold-beaters' skin and blown up like a balloon—dangles from a pole. This is where the toys come from. There are great factories with complicated modern machinery; there are narrow garrets where an old man and an old woman sit by a charcoal brazier fashioning poor little toys—Lilliputian chairs and tables—out of old sardine-boxes and gilt paper; for in Toyland all the Grown-Ups work.

The largest house of all, this one with the blue door, is where the dolls are made. Many big things are needed to make a small doll. She has her beginning in a great trough where workmen knead up into a dingy paste old cardboard, even old gloves, old rags, and gum tragacanth. They are great brawny fellows, these men, naked to the waist, wearing leathern aprons. In an adjoining room the paste is poured into molds for the busts, the arms, the legs of dolls innumerable. There is a special machine for stamping out the hands. I should not like to confess how long I stood in front of it, fascinated by the steady stream of queer, little hands that fell ceaselessly from the iron monster—it was awful, uncanny, hypnotizing. Indeed, the whole sight was grim and monstrous. The low factory-rooms were

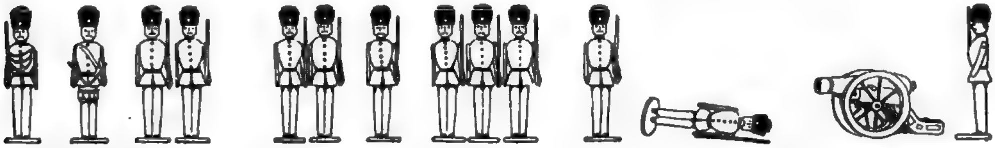
LITTLE WORKWOMEN APPRENTICES DRESS THE CHEAP DOLLS MADE IN THE THURINGIAN FOREST.



FROM SUNRISE TILL BEDTIME IN THE THURINGIAN FOREST THE GROWN-UPS WHITTLE AT TOYS.

misty with steam and lit by strange, red-glowing fires; always the great steel machines pulsed and clanged; and through the mist sweaty giants of men went to and fro with heaps of little greenish arms and legs—until you began to think that some new Herod had killed all the Little People in the world.

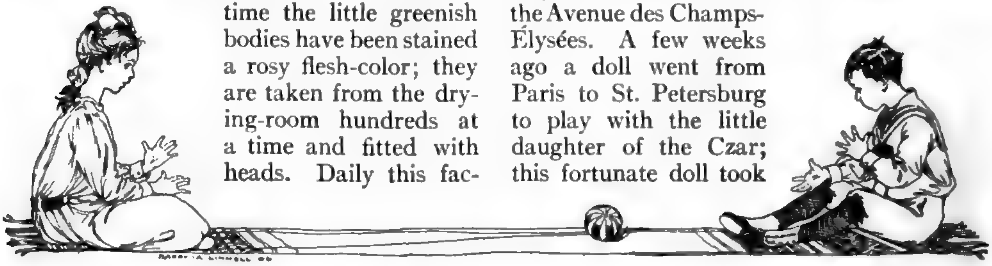
There was a sense of cheery relief in coming out into the bright room where scores of women sat at long tables fastening the arms and legs to the little green bodies with copper wires—the factory turns out two hundred thousand of these doll-fragments every day. The heads are molded of a finer paste, the chief ingredient of which is kaolin; and even after they have left the molds they pass through many processes on their way to perfection. One girl cuts out the eye-sockets; another touches the cheeks with rouge; a third blackens the eyebrows; and so the head journeys down the long table and ends in an oven where it is baked into unbreakable consistency. It comes from the furnace eyeless and, of course, hairless. There is a hole in the top of the skull into which a cork is driven, and the wig is fastened with tacks to the cork. Of all the operations the making of the eyes has the gloomiest air of witchcraft. In order to see it you go down a stone staircase into a cellar and into complete blackness. You stand there in the dark and wonder. Suddenly you see points of flame here and there—the bluish flame of a blowpipe. Then you discover that behind each flame is a girl in a linen blouse; and her share of life is to stand there in the darkness, day after day, modeling dolls' eyes out of milky-white glass and blowing into them the tiny pupils of brown or blue. If you ask one of these glass-blowers how much she earns a day, she will answer (with pride!) and tell you: "I earn four francs"—and that is eighty cents. As you leave her there in the darkness and go your way, you think you would rather be

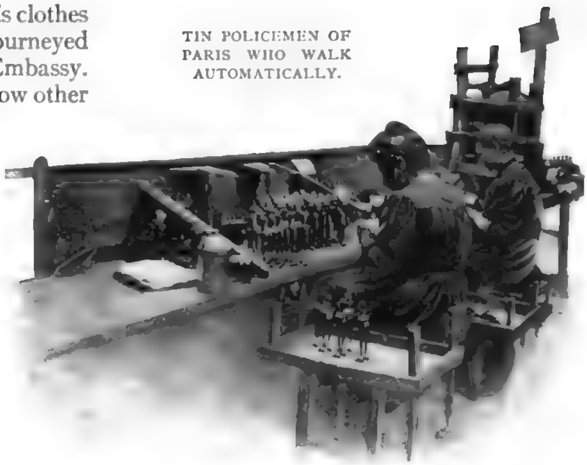


one of the greenish dolls, whose share of life is better. But there are unpleasanter sights; you saw in another factory the women and girls who make the little dusty gray elephants of common trade; and the air of the room was charged with a poisonous dust, so deadly that a working woman can live in it only by drinking two quarts of milk a day; and with that the poison kills her in a few years. However, of that and many other things I do not mean to write; there are in Toyland corners that you would shudder at, and I shall not open a door to them.

BLOWING UP FIGURES OF GOLD-BEATERS' SKIN IN A PARIS FACTORY.

Would you see the doll finished? Abovestairs deft girls adjust the eyes into the empty heads, making them fast with plaster. Then the tresses of Tibet wool are curled or plaited. In the meantime the little greenish bodies have been stained a rosy flesh-color; they are taken from the drying-room hundreds at a time and fitted with heads. Daily this factory turns out fifteen thousand completed dolls, or four millions and a half each year. Line upon line they stand, blue-eyed, smiling, unashamed, waiting for their clothes. To visit the dolls' dressmakers you must go to the Quartier Pictus, at the far end of the lane of Montempoivre, in that old edge of Paris which has still a little the air of the real countryside. At little tables the women sit making the wee frocks and wee hats, according to the latest fashions of Paris. For the Parisian doll (like her little sister who went to Philadelphia in the long ago) takes the fashions with her round the world—her shoes, her gloves, her hat-pins, her hand-bag with handkerchief and powder-puff, all her dainty things are copies of those the great lady drives out with in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. A few weeks ago a doll went from Paris to St. Petersburg to play with the little daughter of the Czar; this fortunate doll took





TIN POLICEMEN OF PARIS WHO WALK AUTOMATICALLY.

with her twenty trunks filled with Paris clothes—and with her and the trunks there journeyed respectfully a titled Secretary of Embassy. Life is not simple for the great. I know other dolls. They are sold for a penny in the booths along the boulevards. Do you know where they come from? The convicts make them in the prisons of France; the old criminals, striped with crime, sit cross-legged in their cells, fashioning the little dolls that shall be loved by the babies of Belleville and Montrouge and La Villette.

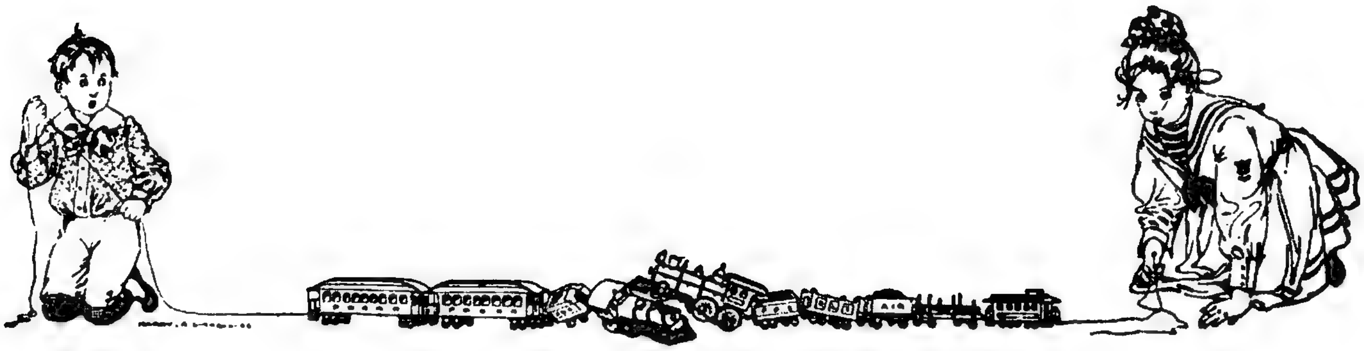
Men learned in the trade of toys will tell you that the United States does not manufacture any toys to speak of. Three million dollars' worth are imported from Germany alone; and the rest come from France, from Hungary, from Japan. Games and articles of sport are made, of course, but that is about all. From Hungary come almost all the animals and figures in rubber; and thence, too, come the little sets of furniture—the pale yellow chairs and tables and sideboards flowered with roses—and the wonderful papier-mâché toys, which were invented by an old musician, Ferdinand Maugsch, for the amusement of his grandchildren, and have amused a world-wide generation. Japan provides the toys of paper and bamboo, of ivory, and the little dolls with shining, enameled faces and black tufts of hair. Within a year or two she has begun to manufacture in huge quantities just such toys as are made in Nuremberg and Paris. Old Japan has passed away and the cherry-blossoms are blighted by tobacco-smoke; the little women, who were like dolls, have come out of their

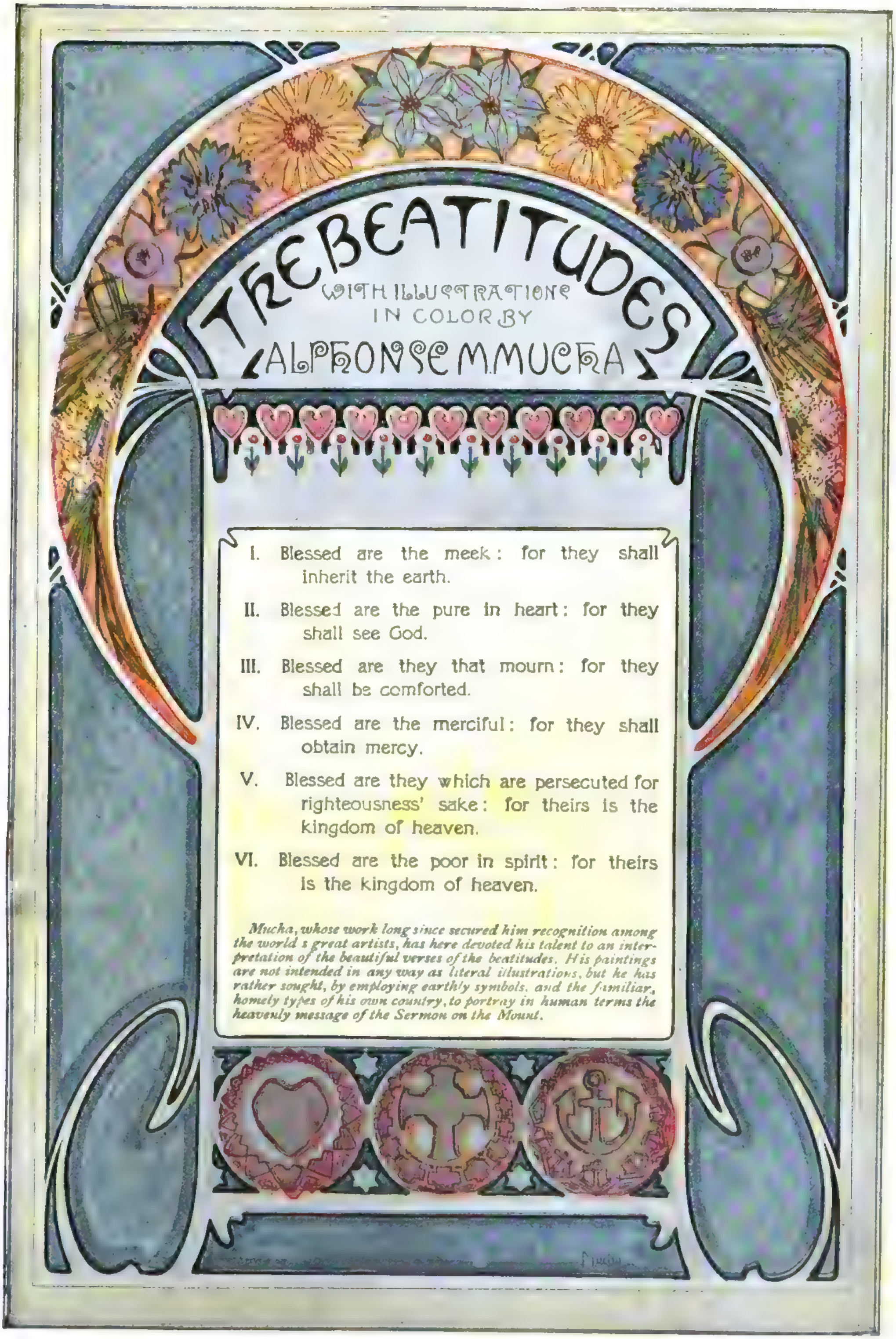
A MENAGERIE IN CONSTRUCTION AT SONNEBERG.

feudal gardens to turn the wheels in shops as dark as those of the quarter of the Temple—there is a Toyland over there, too, but, like all the others, it is grim and practical. The world is so much of a piece these days that I hardly know where you would go to find the pretty, fantastic Toyland of Romance. The rough-riders of commerce have galloped over all the lands. Perhaps far down in the Republic of the Equator you might find a visionary Toyland; at all events I like to think so, ever since a little exile from Ecuador showed me the toys she had brought from her far-away home. She had little dolls of pure wax, more beautiful than the figures you see in the Italian churches. And then she had little people made out of corozo, which is a kind of vegetable ivory, and daintier people still made out of bread-crum. One little figure was a water-carrier; another was a muleteer; and there were men fishing and wee women sewing, and boys with dogs and goats and red-sashed cavaliers; indeed all the people of her romantic country lived for her and walked about her nursery in Passy. But Ecuador is far away; 'tis a very practical spirit that rules the toy-shops of the Old World. A little of every age of civilization is in its toys. The future historian will have no difficulty in reconstructing our age if he finds merely a few toys in dusty garrets or museums. Do you know what the little children in the early days of the persecuted Christians played with? I have always thought it at once pathetic and horrible; they played with little toy instruments of martyrdom. So to-day childhood plays with the things of science. What went oversea this year from Paris and Nuremberg were toys of wireless telegraphy, electrostatic machines, electric tramways, automobiles driven by alcohol or electricity, electric torpedo-boats that plunge and come to the surface again, cinematographs, for the magic lantern is declassed, and chromatropes, that present colored moving pictures; these scientific fancies of the moment and a dozen others. I looked at them one and all and amazement grew upon me. What kind of a little boy is he who will play with these somber and intricate toys? And I pictured him as a dreary and learned little man, buttoned up in a black blouse, one finger lifted to his enormous forehead and his eyes wrinkled with uncanny thought.

And then I remembered that even the little twentieth-century boy is one of the Wise People; in his untiring wisdom he knows that toys—even Ruhmkorff coils and Geissler luminous tubes and voltameters—are best when broken, and I foresaw for him splendid moments, inquiring, destructive.

An old philosopher sat on a marble seat in Athens and watched the children playing in the sunlight; he asked himself, "Why do children break their toys?" and after long pondering he wrote down an answer, which has come all the way through the years, and this it is: "The child destroys in order to try and recreate, for by nature he is an artist and a creator." Well pleased with his thought, the old philosopher smiled and shuffled home in his sandals; he had discovered the great dominating fact of child-life.





THE BEATITUDES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOR BY
ALPHONSE M MUCHA

I. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

II. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

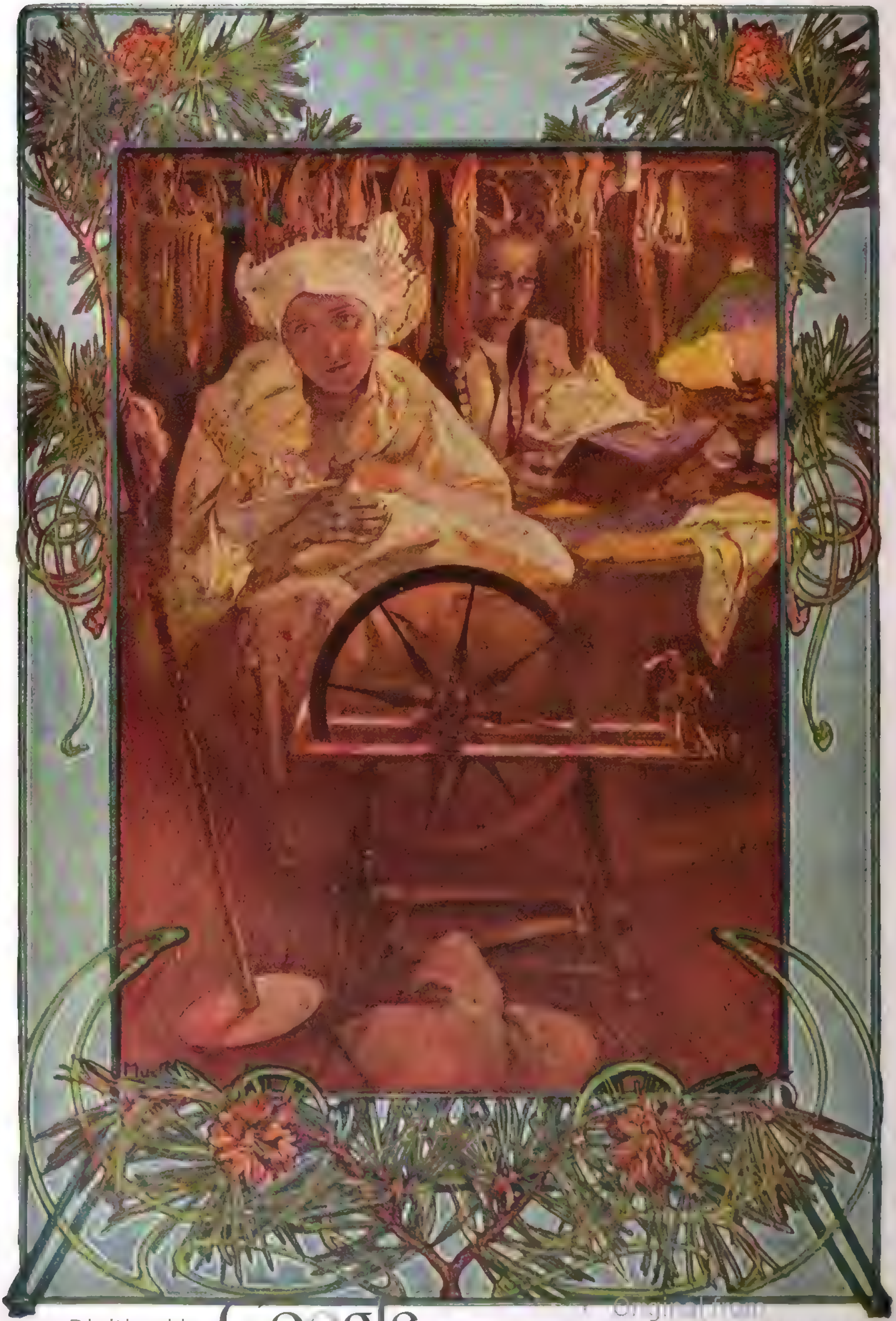
III. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

IV. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

V. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

VI. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Mucha, whose work long since secured him recognition among the world's great artists, has here devoted his talent to an interpretation of the beautiful verses of the beatitudes. His paintings are not intended in any way as literal illustrations, but he has rather sought, by employing earthly symbols, and the familiar, homely types of his own country, to portray in human terms the heavenly message of the Sermon on the Mount.



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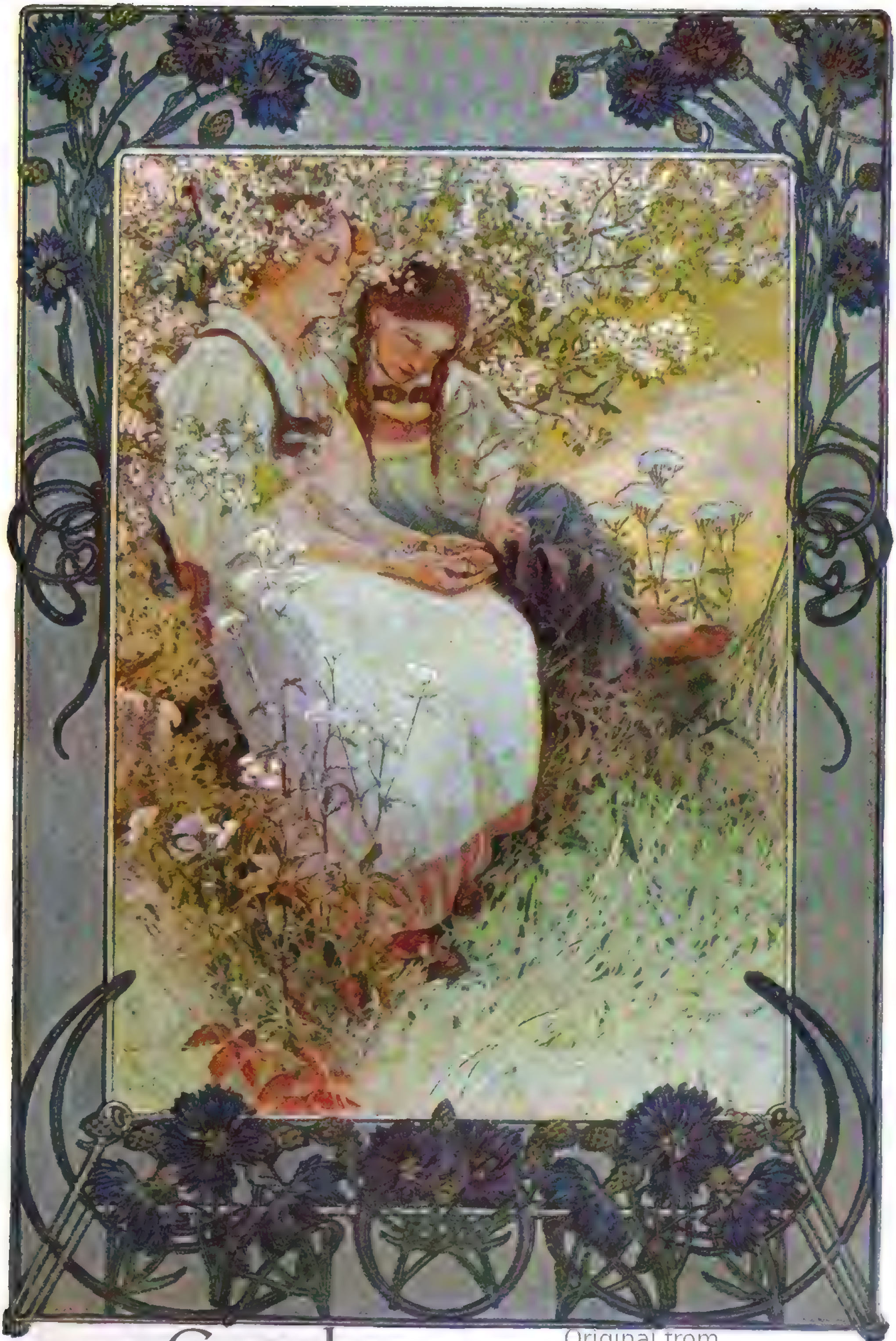

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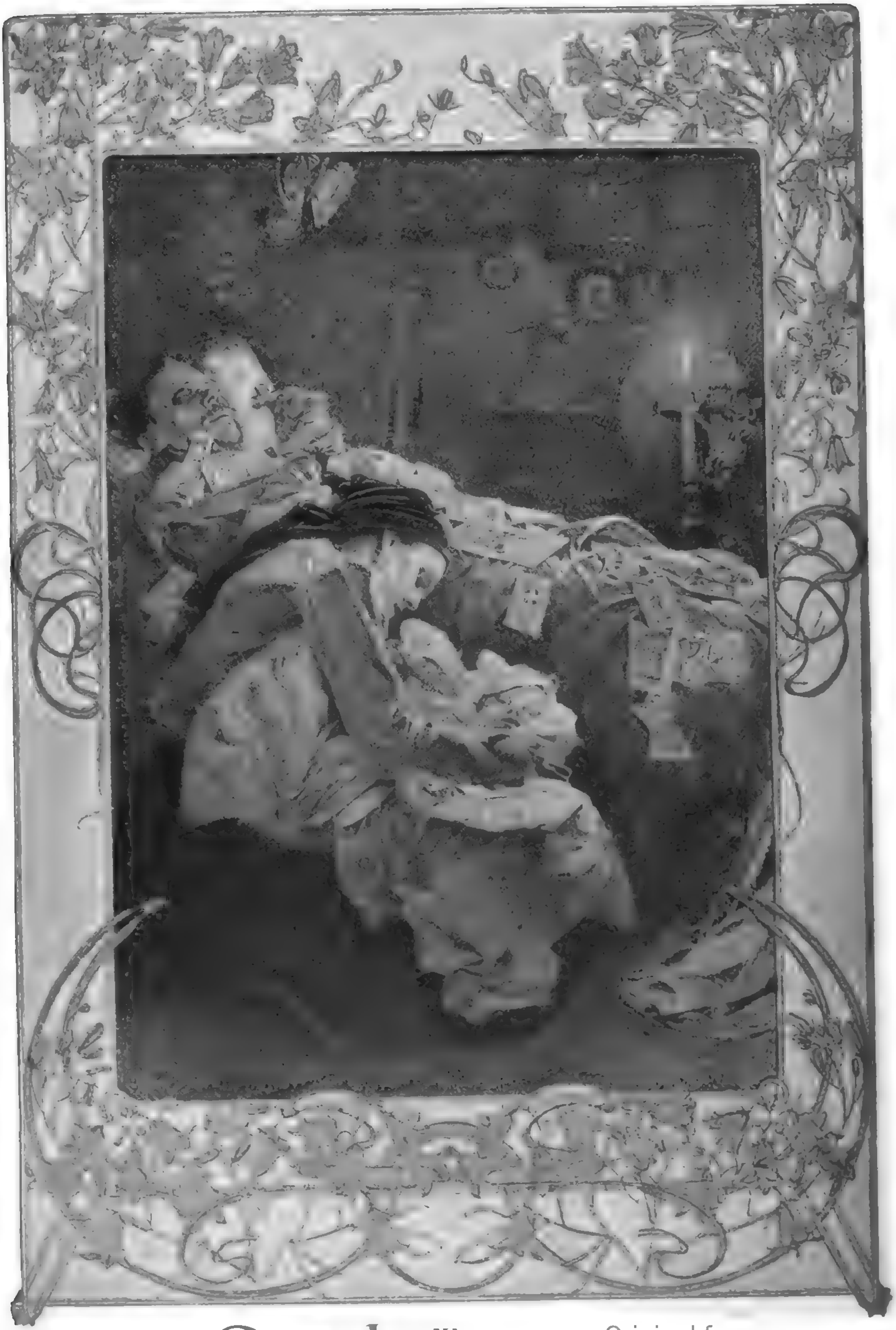

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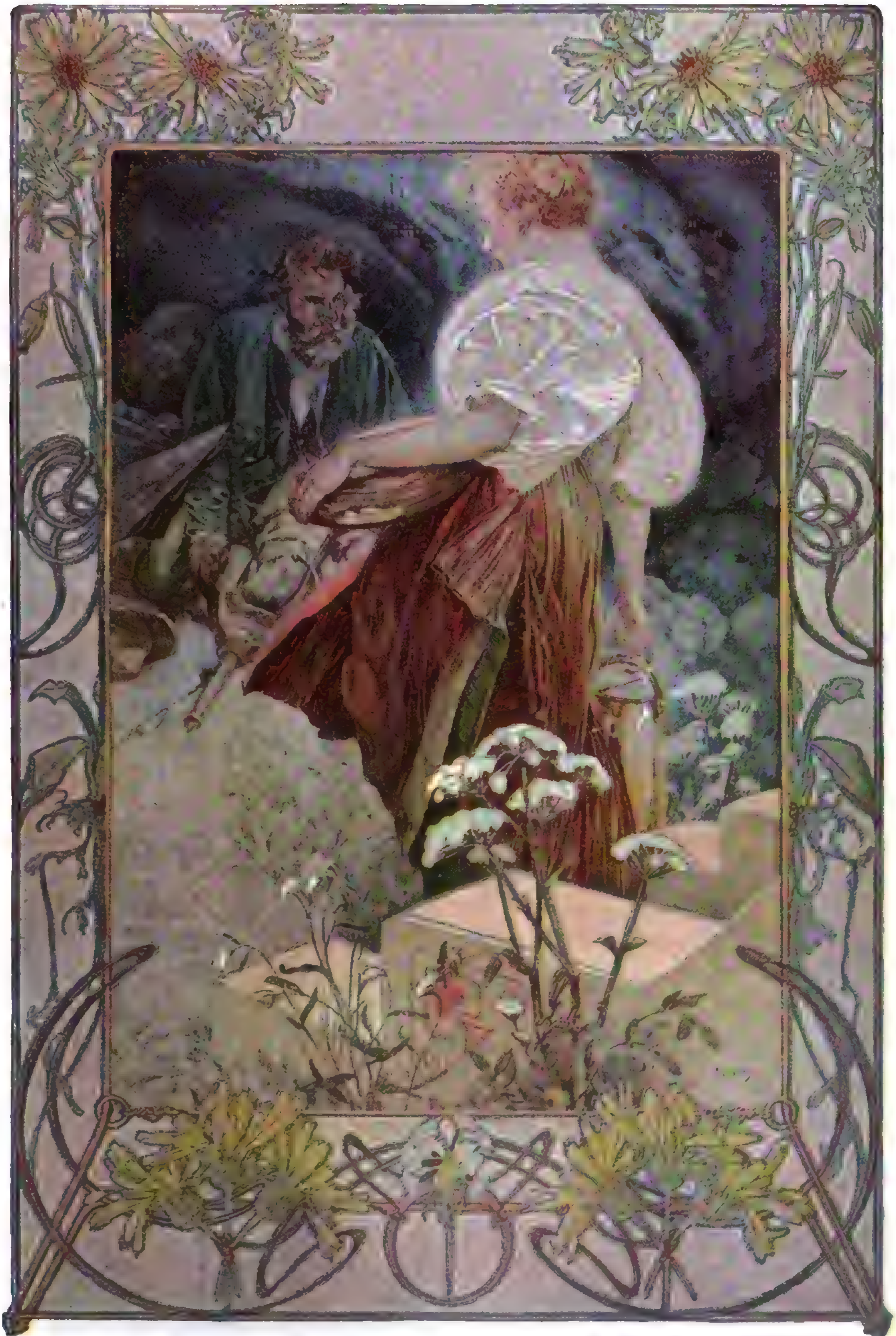

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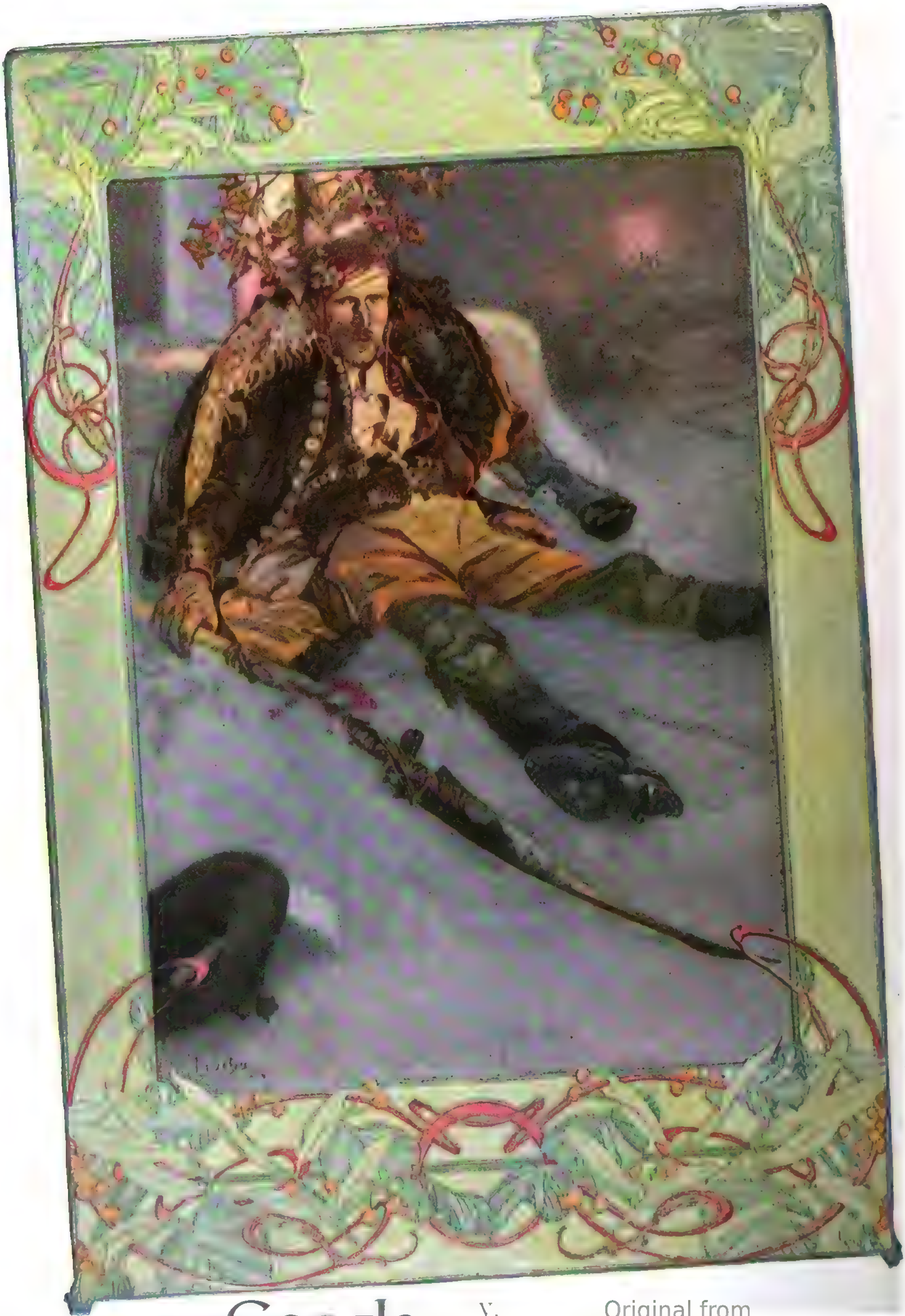

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VI.

The Terrible Story of the Congo

By ROBERT E. PARK

Secretary of the Congo Reform Association

Illustrated with photographs obtained through the courtesy of the Congo Reform Association and the American Baptist Missionary Union

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The story of the Congo Free State is the story of a stupendous crime committed by one man against an entire nation. Leopold, King of the Belgians, has converted this rich African territory entrusted to him by the Powers into his private treasure-house. He is draining the country of its life-blood and giving it nothing in return. He is looting it to the extent of fourteen million dollars a year. From its vast resources no one save himself and a few favored satellites can draw a cent of profit. He holds the nation of Congo "freedmen" in abject and absolute slavery; and to accomplish his own selfish ends, this monster of cruelty has stopped at no torture, no outrage or mutilation. In twenty years, Mr. Park charges, he has, with a barbarity nothing less than appalling, sacrificed fifteen million lives. And all this in the name of civilization!

> "If the administration of the Congo Free State is civilization, what then is barbarism?"—*From Speech by Herbert Samuel, British M.P.*

I

ASK any missionary who has been to Africa, any traveler who has sailed up the brown, sullen flood of the great Congo River, any agent, even, who has perhaps returned to God's country for a brief breathing-space, what they have severally found in the Congo Free State, and they will look at one another, and at you, and give you one word, gravely, in answer:

"Hell."

Perhaps you will be properly shocked, maybe you will protest; and if so, this will be the best thing that could happen to you, for you will then receive enlightenment, and your eyes will perforce be opened to what is going on at this very day, in this very hour, in the name of Civilization.

Who is the owner of the vastest private estate in the world—900,000 square miles of it? Who is the promoter of the most stupendous scheme of loot and robbery that modern times can show? Who, single-handed, has laid waste a country, drenched a land in blood, offered up tens of thousands of human lives on the altars of his greed and his lust for gold, and hoodwinked the powers of the earth into believing that he did it in the interest of philanthropy and civilization? Who but Leopold, King of the Belgians?—the astute, the wily, the conscienceless, and the philanthropist—always the philanthropist!—who played a game of chess with the nations, with twenty million black men as his helpless pawns, and gold beyond all counting as the reward of his winning.

This estate, this checker-board upon which he plays his game, lies in the black heart of Africa; an estate—five times as large as the combined areas of Cuba, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and more than half the size of the Roman Empire—considered by him so absolutely his own possession that he bequeaths it away in his will, as he does his personal property. How does it come to be so wholly his? How has he reached such a pinnacle of despotic power, in a day when personal government is a thing of the past, and a sovereign is more or less a figurehead?

Prior to 1876 the civilized world was shocked and startled into protest by tales of the atrocities of the Portuguese slave-trade along the Congo and in the adjacent territories—a protest that crystallized and took form in the African International Association, which met in Brussels in 1876, summoned by Leopold of Belgium, to discuss measures for stamping out slavery and its concomitant horrors in the Congo, for ameliorating conditions there, and for opening up the country to trade and to civilization. The scheme was broadly philanthropic and entirely legitimate, and as such was entered into by the powers.

No sooner was the Association organized than, with Machiavelian wiliness, Leopold set about obtaining for it the status of an independent government. Still in his character of philanthropist, he sent for Henry M. Stanley, who had crossed Africa, and who knew the country and the people as perhaps no other white man has ever known them. Because he dreamed of opening a new continent, rich in virgin wealth, to the trade and civilization of the world, Stanley entered with enthusiasm into the plans of the Association. There followed discussions and expeditions that resulted in his obtaining those treaties with the natives on which the Association based its claim to sovereignty in the Congo Basin. In all the history of exploration and discovery there is nothing more grand than his work; the tragedy and the pathos of it lie in the fact that it was intended for and should have effected nothing but good; it has so far led to nothing but evil.

Nine years of expensive experiment and exploration in Africa, and much agitation and wire-pulling in Europe, were required to gain Leopold's object. Then, in 1884, when the public had been educated to see in the enterprise a labor of humanity and mercy, the Association was replaced by the Congo Free State. The powers, led by the United States, sanctioned its creation; but at a conference held in Berlin in 1885, in which fifteen powers were represented, they laid down strict regulations as to its government, clearly defined its mission as one of philanthropy and civilization, and pronounced the "entire territory neutral and open to the trade of all nations."

And Leopold, the philanthropist, seeing that the game was going all his way, agreed to all they said, and bided his time to make his next move. This was openly to proclaim himself monarch of the Congo Free State, with the same expressed policy of liberality.

From this proceeding—effected almost noiselessly for all its momentousness, and the more readily that the officers of the Association were for the most part Leopold's personal agents—dates all the misery and the tragedy that were to come.

It suited the policy of the king for the next five years to keep the Congo open to trade with the natives, and to encourage private enterprises. Then began the tightening of the grip of the iron hand in the velvet glove.

Import duties had been expressly prohibited by the Berlin Conference. In 1890, however, the king took advantage of the Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels to wring from the powers a reluctant consent to the levying of import duties of ten per cent. ad valorem, on the reasonable ground that the principal burden of putting down the slave-trade must fall upon the state within whose dominions it was principally carried on. For this purpose, the State, up to that time dependent on the king's generosity—Leopold had regularly contributed over one million francs annually toward its support—must find new sources of revenue. Again the powers hesitated to set Leopold more firmly in his self-appointed place; but again the philanthropist persuaded them. The internal slave-trade should be suppressed, root and branch; more, the indiscriminate sale of liquor in the territory of the Congo should be regulated. What more was needed to win public sympathies? The United States Congress, petitioned by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Christian Endeavor Society—which rose at once to the bait—gave way; the other signatory powers did likewise.

At once the vast Congo property, which, so far as the king was concerned, had formerly possessed merely speculative value, became a negotiable asset. On the strength of it, the very next day Leopold borrowed twenty-five million francs from Belgium. In return for this, the king made his will, bequeathing what was now in effect his personal property, the Congo Free State, to Belgium, agreeing to surrender the territory to the latter at the end of ten years.

He kept his word as to the suppression of the internal slave-trade. But, as in all other things, there are degrees in slavery. In the eastern districts the Arab slave-raiders had converted the provinces of which they held control—notably Manyema and Malela—into the most prosperous regions of Central Africa, and had established a civilization relatively well advanced. For if the Arab destroyed, he also rebuilt; his policy was to be tolerated in that it was constructive as well as destructive. But Leopold's forces, in 1893, attacked

CANNIBAL SENTRIES SET OVER NATIVE VILLAGES BY THE KING'S AGENTS.

These men are known to have committed hundreds of murders of unarmed and helpless blacks.

and routed the Arabs east of Tanganyika—incidentally annexing immense quantities of ivory, grain, rice, and coffee—forcing vast hordes of Congolese who were now, ironically enough, called Freedmen, into a veritable slavery worse than their former serfdom. What was bad, they made worse; and where they found a thriving country, they left a ruined desert.

II

SEE for yourself the picture as it was:

A brown, oily river, rolling its swollen length through the rank luxuriance of tropical forests, through tangled jungle lands, through vast and silent seas of bush, dark, secretive, and impenetrable. Here and there are the mangy scars of clearings, where native villages lie sprawled, where plantations of bananas, patches of maize and yams, spring to mushroom-like growth beneath the African sun. Teeming black life lurks in that jungle, asking nothing of the world, following out its own scheme of existence to its own appointed end, absorbed in its own businesses, its own loves and fears and hates. A fertile land, ripe for the conqueror, a land of untapped wealth in rubber, ivory, iron, copper, gold, and grain, needing only proper exploitation to yield up its abundance and to prosper gloriously.

This is the Congo Free State as the agents of Leopold found it—and no grimmer irony than that name holds can be conceived—a Free State which, body and soul, was to be enslaved to one man's despotic will. This is the Congo Free State of which, in October, 1884, the manifesto of the International Association declared:

"Thanks to trade, all this produce will enter into circulation; the counterpart of its value will return to Africa, for which it will be a source of prosperity."

And this is the Congo Free State of which M. de Smet de Naeyer, during the course of the famous three days' Congo debate in the Belgian House, July, 1903, affirmed:

"They [the natives] are not entitled to anything; what is given them is a veritable gratuity."

There you have it—Promise and Performance! Between the lines of these two sentences one may read the whole dark tragedy of wreck and ruin.

What this tragedy was to be, none could have foretold from its beginnings. Upon a day, white men appeared on the banks of the brown, oily river, amid the sprawling, contented villages, and held palaver with the chiefs.

"There was rubber in the forests; bring

much rubber, basketsful of rubber, and it would be paid for."

This was something new—the idea that rubber might be bartered for objects of price. It looked like an easy way of obtaining red cloth, blue beads, bright rods of brass. Rubber poured into the stations; cloth and beads and brass were given in exchange; fair and honest trade was established along the Congo. And this was not so many years ago.

But before long the white men demanded more rubber—for the same amount of beads and cloth and brass. The natives demurred. Fewer and fewer rods were forthcoming; more and more rubber was required. The natives grew sullen; the State sent out soldiers to uphold the demands of the white men.

The soldiers discovered that the quickest and cheapest method, when the full tale of ivory or rubber was not complete, was to raid the villages, seize men and women as "hostages," and hold them until the measures were brought in pressed down and running over. And of this system, and what grew out of its enforcement, more hereafter.

As has been said, Leopold had encouraged general trade throughout the Congo territories, and the establishment of private enterprises—until the passing of the Brussels Anti-Slavery Act in 1890, by virtue of which he was established in what, in effect, was supreme authority, and was left in a position to do as he chose. To appreciate at its full value what occurred, and the methods by which he crushed out the competition of these smaller companies, the question of property, which is the root and meaning of the whole situation that has upbuilt itself in the Congo, must be understood.

THE STATE CAMP AT BIKORO.

Showing stores and workmen, and a squad of the King's lawless black soldiery.

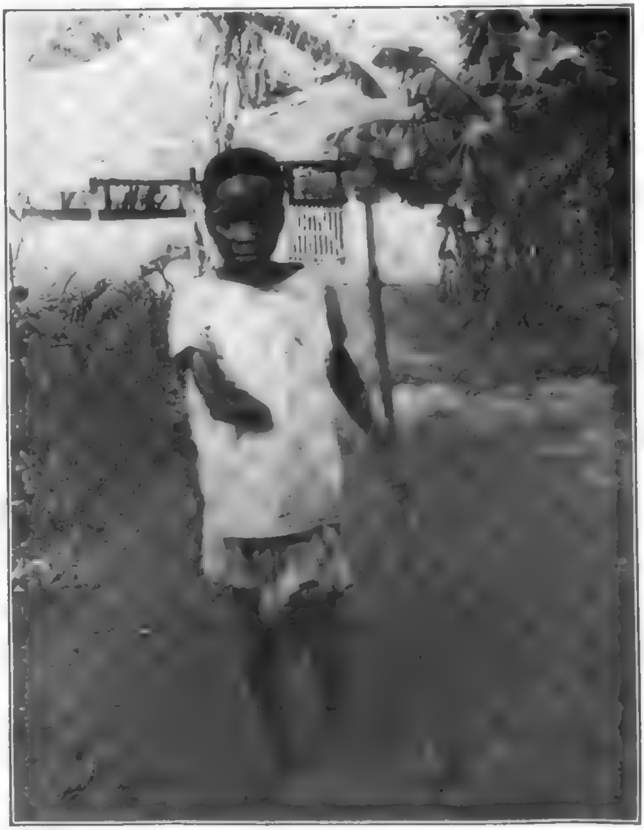
Article 2 of the Ordinance of July 1, 1885, runs as follows:

"No one has the right to occupy without title the vacant lands, nor dispossess the natives of the land which they occupy; the vacant lands are to be regarded as belonging to the State."

This is no more than any state has the right to claim; but it is admitted that the law of the Free State has never defined what should be understood as "land occupied by the natives." Therefore, for want of this legal definition, the State has calmly assumed that such land comprises "only those parts of the territory that are included within their villages or under their cultivation." This limitation is significant, for since the greater part of the vast area of the Congo country has never been cultivated, this interpretation gives the State absolute and exclusive proprietary rights to nearly all the land. This State territory is called the *Domaine Privé.* It is divided into those sections controlled by the concessionaire companies, the areas in which the "free" black subjects of the king are taxed to provide the revenues necessary to maintain the administration, and the *Domaine de la Couronne.* Theoretically, therefore, it covers the entire area of the Congo territories above Leopoldville, with the exception of a few tracts of land, along certain rivers nominally open to trade, which are held by traders, such as the Lulonga Company, who have the right to exact *à titre d'impôt;* with the exception also of a small portion of the lower Congo, where a meager business—not an Afro-European transaction, but a retail trade for local European consumption—is done to the tune of perhaps $1,000,000 per annum. This is worthy of remark, however, for the fact that it is the only trade, in the sense of value received for goods delivered, that is carried on in the Congo State. What passes as the Congo "trade" is extortion and plunder.

Formerly the State had allowed the natives living on this so-called "vacant land" to gather rubber and produce for sale to European merchants. But about 1890 the State evidently saw the folly of giving to others what it might keep for itself, and issued stringent regulations forbidding the natives to collect and sell, and the merchants to buy. In this it put forth the claim, just enough in the letter if not the spirit of the law, that it was merely exerting its rights as a landowner. This move had the effect of at once cramping the smaller traders beyond the point of discomfort. The next step put them out of business as independent concerns.

After the anti-slavery crusades of 1893, in which the whole world had applauded the king's self-sacrifice and benevolent intentions, and had complacently abandoned the reins to his humane hands, the custom was established of converting the king's native soldiery into State police, for the purpose of patrolling each new territory as it was subdued. The State's military officers thus became, by an entirely logical process, the State's commercial agents; and the State, through them, was brought into still closer competition with these private companies. Naturally, under the circumstances, this competition could end in but one way. For the king and the State were one, and it is not good business to compete with kings who let it be understood that their right is might. The natives who had supplied these private traders with ivory and rubber were forced to supply the State's agents instead. Some of the larger companies at first protested that this freezing-out process was contrary to the decree of the Act of Berlin, but their protests were useless. They were frozen out, or they were driven out by force; they were arrested, and at least one



AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF LEOPOLD'S PROMISED CIVILIZATION.

A boy of Illinga, mutilated by State soldiers during a rubber raid.

of them, Charles Henry Stokes, who had been guilty of the offense of selling weapons to the natives, was hanged. Finally, if they were strong enough to do so, they compromised, and entered into alliance with the State. The State assigned these companies certain sections of the *Domaine Privé*, granting them the right to work the land with forced native labor. In return the companies handed over fifty per cent. of their profits to the State. Thus was established the concessionaire system, which at once had the effect of letting loose the full tide of brutality and outrage from both State and companies' agents upon the helpless blacks.

That the companies made full use of their opportunities is proved by their profits. The most successful of these trusts, known as the A. B. I. R., made profits amounting to 18,004,172 francs, upon a capital stock of 1,000,000 francs, during the five years from 1898 to 1903, and paid dividends equal to 8,375 francs upon shares of which the nominal value was 500 francs. Thus, in five years, the profits of this one company have been more than eighteen times as large as the capital stock. In 1900 the profits amounted to 5,869,025 francs, or nearly six times the value of the capital stock. At that time the market value of the shares—of which Leopold owned one-half in the name of the Congo State—was 54,000,000 francs, or fifty-four times the original par value.

Of the *Domaine de la Couronne*—the lands of the Crown—which is included in the *Domaine Privé*, separate mention must be made.

Imagine a kingdom within a kingdom; the inmost heart of the richest and most fertile region of rich and fertile Africa, hidden deep in inaccessible forests and trackless swamps; a land whose secrets are so jealously guarded, in order that its owner may enjoy its spoils undisturbed, that until the debate of July, 1903, in the Belgian House, the world was unaware of its very existence; a land shrouded darkly in mystery, of which the tale will never be fully told. Somewhere in the back country it lies, another El Dorado, but only one white man who is not an agent either of the State or of the favored companies has ever been known to pass its boundaries. And it is here, in his hidden treasure-house, that the king coins blood and sweat into his private hoard of gold.

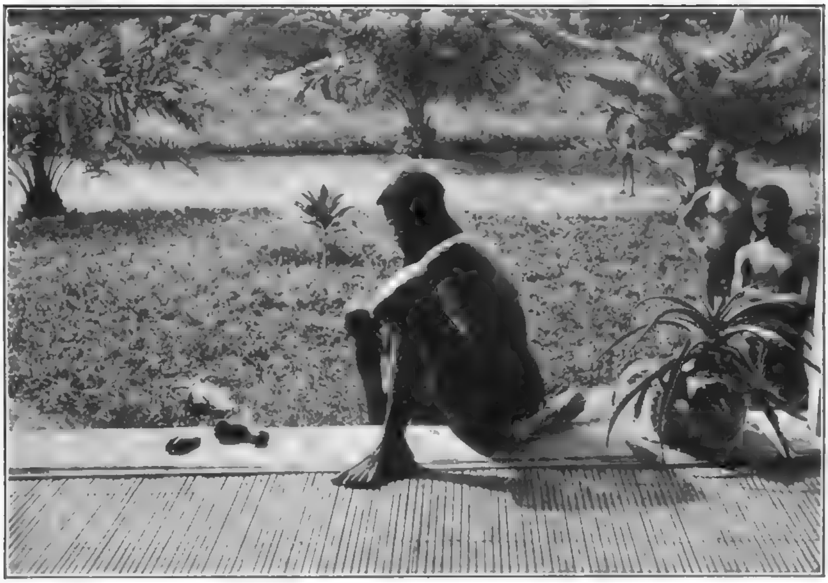
How much treasure he has torn from it in the ten years since he marked it for his own, is his secret, and his only. But one may guess at the amount, from the fact that it is the richest rubber-yielding district in the State, and that the reports of its depopulation show that it is being worked for all it is worth.

Professor Félicien Cattier, of the University of Brussels, after an exhaustive study of all the conditions involved, estimates the king's income at from seventy to eighty million francs. E. D. Morel goes further, and calls it one hundred million. He notes in this connection the fact that for the past ten years the estimated revenues from the *Domaine Privé* amount to only 114,356,630 francs, which are the proceeds of taxation in kind, viz., rubber, ivory, and copal; whereas, in that same period, rubber alone, amounting in value to a strict minimum of 369,107,200 francs, has been exported from the country.

The *Domaine de la Couronne* is apparently so organized that it reaps for its owner all the benefits and bears none of the burdens of the other portions of the territory. Such an administrative division of the State has been effected that the section previously mentioned as taxed for the support of the administration is forced to bear almost the entire burden of this support, while the revenues from the other sections, representing the profits of the enterprise, go directly into the pockets of the king. The finances have been so manipulated that while the concessionaire companies, which collect the revenues of the State, are making fabulous profits, and while the king is secretly drawing millions from the Congo for his private enterprises in Belgium, China, and the Riviera, *the State budget invariably shows a deficit.*

And Leopold has known how to make the Congo profitable in still other ways. Professor Cattier estimates that the king has obtained something like 161,000,000 francs from the various Congo loans contracted in recent years. The face value of these loans, which the Congo State or its successors will one day have to pay in full, amounts to 300,000,000 francs, or $60,000,000. Emil Vandervelde, referring to this matter in the parliamentary debate of February, 1906, says:

"What is particularly deplorable is that it seems that the money borrowed by the Congo State has not been utilized in its development. So far as any value can be attached to the yearly financial statements of the colony, the total deficit of the Congo has amounted to 27,000,000 francs only. Now 130,000,000 francs have been borrowed, in addition to the 31,000,000 loaned by Belgium. If we subtract this deficit of 27,000,000 from the 130,-



NSALA, OF WALA, AND THE REMAINS OF HIS FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.

Both wife and child were eaten at a cannibal feast by the King's soldiers.

000,000 francs, there remain over 103,000,000 francs which seem to have been expended otherwise than in the Congo."

The "Trade" statistics of the State, recently published, show that in the last six years, from 1900 to 1905 inclusive, merchandise—eighty per cent. rubber—to the value of 307,455,927 francs has been exported, against imports to the value of 130,223,015 francs. The exports, therefore, exceeded the imports by 177,232,912 francs, showing that, if the trade figures of other West Coast colonies—where the imports are almost invariably in excess of the exports—are any criterion, Leopold, according to its own figures, is looting the country to the extent of about $6,000,000 a year. These figures gain added significance from the fact that of this merchandise imported, more than three-quarters consisted, not of goods for the benefit of the native producer, but of government material, stores, etc.

In effect, the king, since he has had a free hand in the Congo, has practically put the State in pawn. One curious result of his policy is that in capitalizing the Congo enterprise, and putting the stock of his concessionaire companies on the market, he has turned the present system into a vested interest, and has sold to presumably innocent investors the forced labor of the natives—has, in other words, used the machinery of commerce to create in Europe a property in slaves.

III

Look once again at the brown, oily river, rolling swollen and sullen between its banks; at the ragged clearings where the villages and plantations stood. But this time the picture has changed. There are steamers on the river; there are factories on the banks; there are towns and stations. And there is the civilization of the Philanthropist.

Jungle encroaching foot by foot upon the clearings, obliterating the plantations, closing over the crops; villages deserted, with empty houses and blackened fires; in place of teeming life, the silence of desolation. A whole fertile land violated and despoiled; a doomed land, crushed under conquest, overhung by the black cloud of despotic oppression, of misery unparalleled in the world's history today; a land from which blood and gold have been drained without mercy; a land of dying peoples.

This is the Congo Free State as Leopold, the Philanthropist, has made it.

One who has visited the Congo regions cannot fail to be impressed with the atmosphere of gloom and mystery that overhangs the dark land like the shadow of a pall—an atmosphere from which arise two widely differing effects. The first is subtle, intangible, yet indisputable—the almost inevitable influences of climate and environment upon the white man's temperament and character. Loneliness, homesickness, the overwhelming sense of exile; a gradual alteration of standards and ideals, often a loosening of moral fiber (which in the circumstances is not at all to be wondered at); physical debilitation—these go to make a factor which must be reckoned with. How much this factor has to do with the condition in the Congo is a problem; that it has to do with it, is very sure. The second effect is by intention. It is not to the interest of the State that its internal economy should be exposed to the white light of criticism. With admirable skill, therefore, the officials have turned to account this atmosphere of sinister mystery; have made of it a cloak of secrecy which conceals its commonest dealings with the outside world. Furtiveness and secrecy are in the air; a man entering the service of the State never knows what is before him until he has been initiated and pledged to the preservation of the "trade secrets." Many a young fellow of good instincts, reaching his post, and only then appreciating the full horrors of his duties, has begged piteously to be allowed to return—and has been refused.

In accordance with this policy of secrecy, the State has never explained why it is necessary to maintain a native standing army of 20,000 men, armed with repeating rifles; why the companies should have their own troops, at least 10,000 more—an armed force, this, larger than is maintained in the whole of their West African dominions by France, England, and Germany combined. Is it for the protection of the whites? Scarcely, since the total number of white men in the territories is barely 2,500. Yet there is a reason, and what it is the State itself betrays.

To understand the true significance of this, a glimpse at the system of government under which the State is run must be given.

In power supreme, of course, is the King-Sovereign, and the affairs of the State are directed from Brussels. The local government, in the hands of a governor-general, is administered at Boma, the State capital, with territorial courts, a lower court, a court martial, and a court of appeals. Besides the judges of the bench there are a large number of officers of the judicial police, under the supervision of the State Attorney, with well-defined limitations of territory and authority. But the system, which looks well enough theoretically, fails in practise for several reasons, chief among which are the facts that the number of the courts is far too limited for

A PALAVER WITH THE NATIVES.

Types of the rubber gatherers who are being decimated by the methods of the State.

the vast extent of territory under their jurisdiction; that throughout the country at large administrative powers are vested, as a rule, in the District Commissioners, who usually have little knowledge of the law; and that the above-mentioned limitations of authority are more often honored in the breach than in the observance.

What, then, is the excuse and the occasion for such an army? It is there to force the collection of rubber by the natives. Formerly used to conquer the country, it is now used to coerce "trade."

A native army, thinly veneered with discipline and training, is at best an edged tool to handle. In this case, unlimited authority, the fact of never being called to account for his actions, the natural tendency of the savage to bully those weaker than himself, and the advantage of weapons, made of the black an ideal instrument of an inhuman policy of which, as E. D. Morel aptly says, "his officers, himself, and his fellow-natives are the victims in different degrees of suffering."

What were the methods of coercion that such an army would be likely to use? And what are the results of these methods? To these two questions the answer is a tale so horrible in some of its instances as to be unprintable. What may be told is this:

A certain amount of rubber, or copal, is demanded from a village within a certain time. It is brought by the blacks into the station, weighed, and, if found up to measure, paid for after this fashion:

PRODUCTION.	PAYMENT.
Per basket of pure rubber, worth $5.25.	1 knife, worth 12 cents.

Six and one-half tons of gum copal, worth £364, or about $1,750, is levied yearly from a single village. In payment for his full year's work, each adult householder receives 31 cents. Again, another village, with a total population—including children—of 240 persons, is compelled to provide for the government one ton of carefully prepared foodstuffs *per week*, receiving in return a total sum of $3.80. More commonly, payment consists of a certain measure of salt and a yard or two of calico. And these are but three isolated instances. Multiply them by ten thousand and you will still fall short of a realization of actual existing conditions.

Now, suppose the tale of rubber or copal is not complete. The offending village is raided by the soldiers. Men, women, and little children are either dragged away as "hostages," to be held until their fellow-villagers have contrived to make up the deficiency, or are shot down like dogs, and their right hands cut off and turned over to the State as evidence of duty done. Cartridges cost money; and for every cartridge gone from a soldier's belt a hand must be produced.

(A framework of sticks under which a slow fire is burning; on this framework fourscore human hands—eighty severed hands, thin black hands with stiffened fingers, small, chubby, dimpled hands, slowly mummifying in the smoke—it makes a pleasing picture of civilization, does it not?)

The State claims that only dead bodies are mutilated by the cutting off of hands and by other methods more barbarous than this—and that it is a native custom, for the securing of trophies of warfare. But missionaries will tell of living people, maimed in ways beyond all healing; and missionaries and students alike bear witness that no study of native life has shown the slightest trace of any such "custom," which is solely one of the evidences of philanthropy and civilization.

The Rev. E. V. Sjöblom, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, who was one of the first to report these matters to Europe, tells of the finding of a dead mother with her two children, two or three days after one of these rubber raids. "The mother was shot and the right hand taken off. On one side was the elder child, also shot, and the right hand also taken off. On the other side was the younger child, with its right hand cut off, but the child, still living, was resting against the mother's breast."

E. J. Glave, who went out to Africa first in 1883, as a member of the International Association, and again, independently, in 1894, has a horrible tale to tell of the chain-gangs of women, tied by the neck or ankles, held as hostages at the stations at the mercy of native sentries until the village from which they had been taken should bring their ransom in rubber or ivory; of the little, homeless, fatherless, motherless children, most of them naked and covered with ulcers and sores, many of them with a half-healed stump where the right hand had been hacked away, herded together on the river-boat for transport to the school colony near Leopoldville; of the flogging of men, women, and children with the *chicotte*, an instrument so terrible that "a man who receives one hundred blows is often nearly killed and has his spirit broken for life"; of the degradation of village chiefs before their people in ways of devilish ingenuity and bestiality; of the lawless lust and violence of the black sentries.

But even horrors pall—and the world has heard these tales before. The more atrocious crimes, which cannot even be told in print, usually occur in the back country where missionaries and travelers rarely penetrate, and are made known only through accident.

Cannibalism exists, in spite of the dictum of the report of the Inquiry Commission. Dr. Hinde has told that after one particularly murderous battle, in which the fierce Botetela tribe of Congolese negroes had been used against the Arabs, every member of these cannibal allies had at least one body to eat.

"All the meat was cooked and smoke-dried, and formed provisions for the whole of the force and for all the camp-followers, for many days afterward. . . ." Dr. Hinde presents a somewhat novel point of view: "During the war in which we were now engaged for two years, we reaped, perhaps, the only advantage that could be claimed for this disgusting custom. In the night following a battle, or the storming of a town, these human wolves disposed of all the dead, leaving nothing even for the jackals, and thus saved us, no doubt, from many an epidemic."

IV

To all the charges brought against it, the government answers that it is doing its best to eliminate the evils which are sapping the life of its colony. Are not, it asks, these evils to some extent inseparable from the early stages of any great colonizing enterprise? Was Rome built in a day? Would the world have the Congo run on the lines of a pink tea? Coercion is absolutely necessary, since, through the effects of climate and environment, the country is wholly dependent on native labor; if this labor is not voluntary, it must be forced.

If Leopold has hoodwinked the other nations, he has not deceived his own, which regards him with neither respect nor affection.

In his speech of July, 1903, in the Belgian House, Emil Vandervelde said:

"There is no doubt that the economic results of this régime have been very brilliant for the sovereign of the Congo State and for the companies of the *Domaine Privé*, but not for Belgium. Belgian trade in the Congo does not amount to even one per cent. of the general trade of Belgium."

Earlier criticism of the gross mismanagement and oppression in the State was met by flat denials; then by promises of inquiry—which came to nothing until the report of the Inquiry Commission in 1905. This latter, although in certain significant instances a marvel of diplomatic evasion of facts, of clever juggling with truth, does recognize and deplore the gravest abuses. But Leopold prepared himself well to hoodwink public opinion and offset criticism, by the establishment of a Press Bureau, on which he has spent millions for the purpose of showing to the world, through its medium, conditions as they should be, and not as they are.

To sum up, here are a few concrete facts which are worth remembering when the Congo State is named:

There is no trade in the Congo. There is, instead, forced production, extortion, and an organized system of plunder.

There has never been freedom; there is, and always has been under Leopold's rule, virtual and absolute slavery.

The supply of ivory is practically exhausted; in certain districts the yield of rubber has nearly ceased.

The land is being depopulated at the rate of 15,000,000 in twenty years; vast stretches of country are devastated; from these districts the natives who have escaped slaughter have fled into the depths of the forests, miserable, outcast, and hopeless.

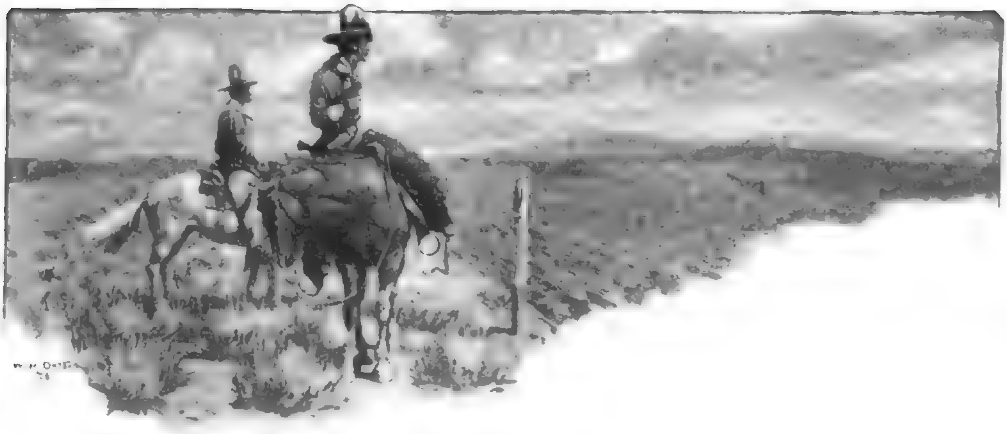
Mutilation, outrage, and degradations unspeakable, death by shooting, by starvation, by the lash, and by the halter, are visited by armed black soldiers, at the instigation of a handful of whites, upon unarmed and helpless natives, whose only crime is their inability to gratify promptly enough the lust and rapacity of their masters.

And all this with the knowledge and the sanction of one man, the King-Sovereign, the Philanthropist!

How long will the nations permit this state of things to endure? Already there are faint stirrings of conscience, of a realization of responsibility. The growl of national disapproval rises; there are resolutions, and discussions, and cries of pity and shame.

Meanwhile, making the most of his opportunity, the Vampire sits sucking the life-blood of the victim that has slowly ceased to struggle. By the time the powers have bestirred themselves to action, he, full-gorged, will fling the carcass at their feet and say:

"Take it—what is left is yours."



A Fool and a Mule

By G. W. OGDEN

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

IT was commonly said by the cattlemen in that district that Johnny Steele was too green to burn.

Johnny was a Missourian, from some county slap up against the Mississippi, which is about as grave a charge as you can lay to a man, except to say that he came from Indiana. He was a fence-man, one of the first on the Kansas range, and he had set his posts and strung his wire miles in advance of the boldest of the unwelcome invaders, not because he wanted to stick up his pike against the current of adverse sentiment and established custom, but because he didn't know any better.

Nobody had harmed him, because he was so innocent, with his grammar-school way of talking, and his complete ignorance of the feudal rights of cattlemen. The cow-men rode around his fences instead of cutting them, as was customary, and regarded him curiously as he valiantly bucked the sod-plow behind his span of dun mules.

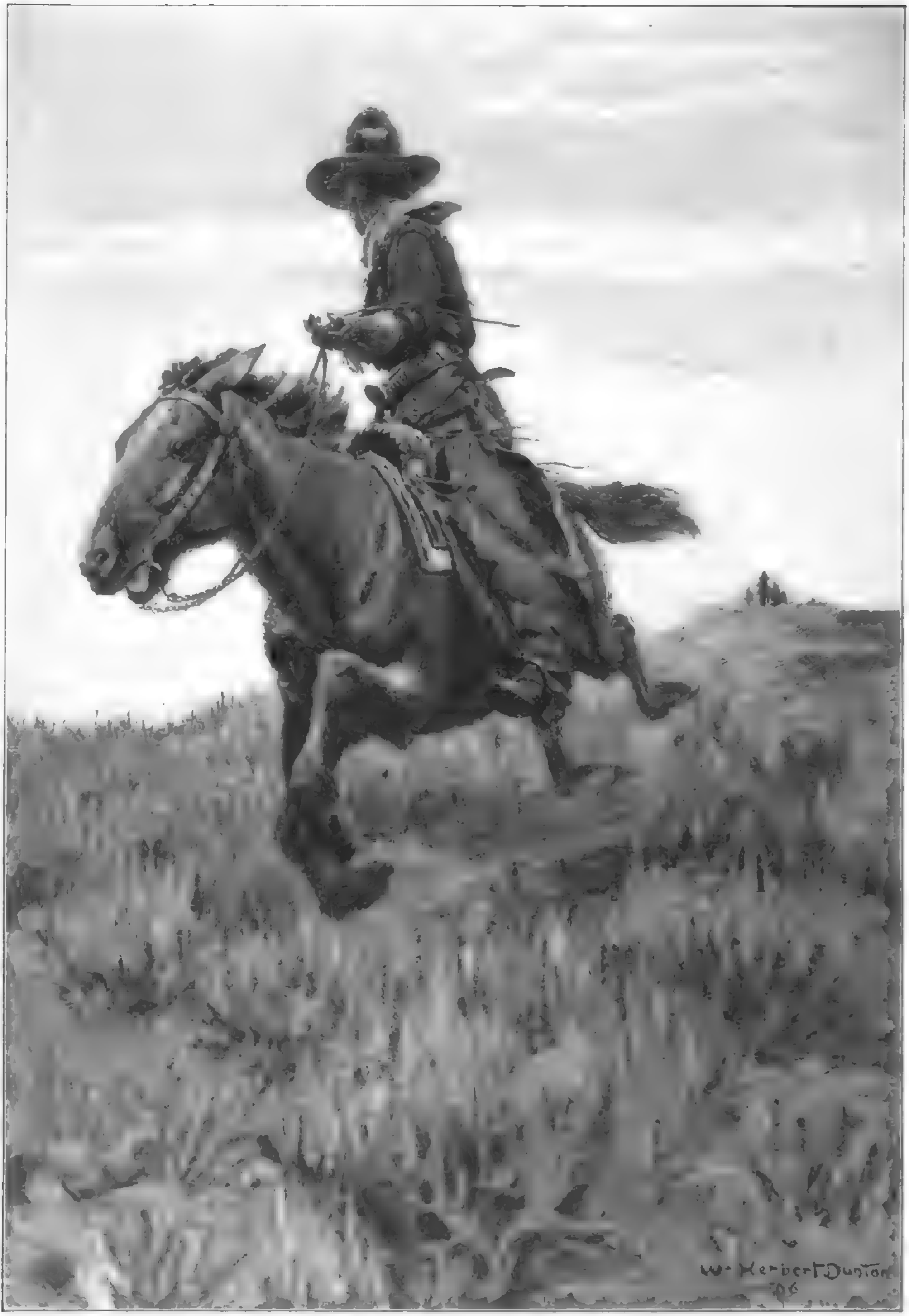
They had hinted to him at first that farming, according to numerous precedents, was an unhealthy occupation in that country. Johnny had looked up incredulously into their turkey-red faces, pulling his hemp-colored mustache thoughtfully, and replied that his grandfather was ninety years old, and had been farming all his life.

"Yes, but he ain't farmin' on the Kansas range," they answered gravely. "If you stick to farmin' reg'lar, on this range, you won't never live to be that old."

These delicate hints were lost on Johnny, who farmed on conscientiously, in spite of natural obstacles and local discouragements. His farm was on the road between Wichita and Bill Sawyer's ranch, in plain sight of Sawyer's buildings, and adjoining Sawyer's possessions on the north. Of course complications must naturally have resulted from this proximity, without the quickening factors of a young man who was trim and good-faced, and who talked like a grammar, on the one hand, and a young woman who had been grazed off her native range so long that the herbage didn't taste right to her any more, on the other.

Nettie Sawyer had been schooled above the altitude of the ranch-house roof. It pinched her soul and spirit when she came back to it, and the bore of range intellect was altogether too small for her cartridges. The cow-men didn't talk according to any grammar. Indeed, they slung some hard and jagged slugs against the sides of that respected institution, and the fence-man was like sorrel to a spring lamb for Nettie when she happened to ride by one day and fall into a chat with him.

These two youngsters at once concluded



W. Herbert Dunton
'06

THEY STOPPED ON A KNOLL AND FIRED A FEW SHOTS AFTER HIM.

that they flapped around in an atmosphere miles above the hoof-trampled level of the cow-men. Naturally they decided, in the run of a few months, that they must marry, in order that the English language, in all its purity, might be preserved. Of course there were other incidental considerations.

Sawyer didn't sympathize. He had tolerated Johnny on account of the girl, in spite of his fences, but when the little rooster strutted up and filed his case, the old man sustained the demurrer of the community and with his big, hairy fist whacked out of a wagon box the most emphatic "no" that ever made young aspirations tremble and skulk back to cover. The community was against the fence-man in the abstract, and Sawyer, as leader of the cow-men's clan, would have backed up the community if it had broken all the female hearts in the family.

But Sawyer wasn't a big enough man to enlist the United States Government in the scheme of freeze-out he set in motion against the fence-man, and because the Government carried Nettie's letters to Johnny, and Johnny's letters to Nettie, the young people managed to find life tolerable. And that is the explanation for Johnny Steele's presence at the annual ball of the Cattle Growers' Association at Wichita. Nettie tipped it off to him, and posted him on certain immunities that were granted by the cow-men to their enemies on that occasion.

This year the ball celebrated the close of the Association's annual convention, which had been unusually well attended, owing to the fact that matters of importance to the range feeders of Kansas and Indian Territory had been before the assembly. A movement was on foot to have a federal quarantine line against Texas cattle established and maintained at Government expense, and there were more white shirts in the hall where Bud Sapp, the official caller, was throwing out the tangle of the quadrille, than had ever been seen in Wichita before.

The etiquette of that great gathering compelled a man to be friendly with, or at least silently tolerant of, even a blood enemy, and Bill Sawyer was too much of a man to kick a leg over the trace of custom. Not that Johnny Steele was his enemy. Sawyer wouldn't have accorded him that recognition or dignity. So the two young people made the most of their opportunity.

It was past midnight. Bud Sapp was at his best, his thin voice vibrant and electrical with the pleasurable excitement, calling the cowboys' favorite:

"Oh, swing that gal, that purty little gal,"

sang Bud, lopping over and spurring around on one leg, the free foot welting stars out of the table on which he stood.

"The gal that you left behind you."

And they swung her, with her heels clear of the floor, her skirts standing out, and continued to swing her, as Bud intended they should, until he rounded out the stanza:

"She's purty in the face
An' slim aroun' the wais',
The gal that you left behind you."

While the dance was noisily proceeding, Dan Healy, trail rider for the association, was riding for the lives of no knowing how many thousand northern cattle. Late that afternoon, by the mere chance of having gone a little out of his ordinary trail, he had barely missed an ambuscade laid for him by a band of Texas drovers who were heading for Wichita with a big herd. Healy then understood why the trail rider to the south of him had missed connections that day. The Texans were roping the riders in and carrying them along in a desperate effort to reach the railroad and load their cattle for the Kansas City market before the alarm could be spread.

They were out and after him before he had time to estimate the size of the herd or the strength of the invading force. He made good use of the half-mile advantage he had, and quickly began to draw away from them. They stopped on a knoll and fired a few shots after him when they saw it was useless to pursue farther, and Healy held on until dusk, when he sighted Luttrell's ranch buildings and rode over to get a fresh horse.

No one answered his shouts and knocks, no one appeared around corral or barn, and then Healy recalled the date of the cattlemen's ball.

It must be understood that this was before the Government set the quarantine line, above which Texas cattle cannot pass until certain precautionary conditions have been observed. Texas fever was, in that day, a terrible menace to northern cattlemen, and they, in a way, took the law into their own hands to secure safety for their herds against the plague. Cattle from Texas were seldom free of the disease, and besides spreading it to the healthy northern herds along the trails by direct contact, they dropped ticks and left them in the grass, each little insect a poisonous thing that might hold in its bite the death of twenty thousand cattle.

For northern cattle could not outlive the infection, and many a man was ruined by its insidious spread. At last it became a question of property rights, and a strong association of Kansas cattlemen took the stand that the Texans had no more warrant in law for driving infected cattle at will into Kansas than the rustlers had for making away with other men's beeves. A system of patroling was established; riders were placed to guard the trails leading from Texas and to warn all invaders that they must keep within certain bounds. These trails were arbitrarily marked, of course, with a view to making a drive so long and tedious as to be unprofitable, if not altogether impossible.

This the Texans resented, but the northern organization was strong enough to enforce its rules for several years. Things had quieted down to such an extent that, where four trail riders were formerly employed, one was left. The Texans noted it all, and made the bold move that carried them almost to their objective point before they were discovered.

It was early autumn, and the second growth of bunch grass was luscious and green. Time enough before frost for the ticks to spread and inoculate all the herds for a hundred miles around. The Texans were then no more than thirty miles south of Wichita, but that thirty miles was the richest grazing land in the State; and on that strip the herds for long distances had been concentrated, to gain what they might for a month or six weeks, and to be so near the shipping-point that they wouldn't walk off much in driving to the pens. The situation was such that the Texans, if they had made it a matter of devilish choice, could not have found a more fertile ground for scattering the germs of their scourge.

At Luttrell's the trail rider was still twenty miles from Wichita, and the herd would very likely move ten miles between that and morning. He believed he could reach town in three hours. It was a moonlit night, but he had not made more than ten miles when the sky became overcast. Suddenly his horse went down in an old buffalo wallow, and stretched out groaning, unable to regain its feet. Healy worked with it a good while, but it persistently refused to make an effort to get up, so he left it, and proceeded onward on foot. He arrived at the dance-hall just as Bud Sapp gave the final order, "All stampede." Healy's report quieted the mirth in the hall. Bill Sawyer, the president, mounted Bud Sapp's table, explained the situation, and called for volunteers to go out and turn the Texans back.

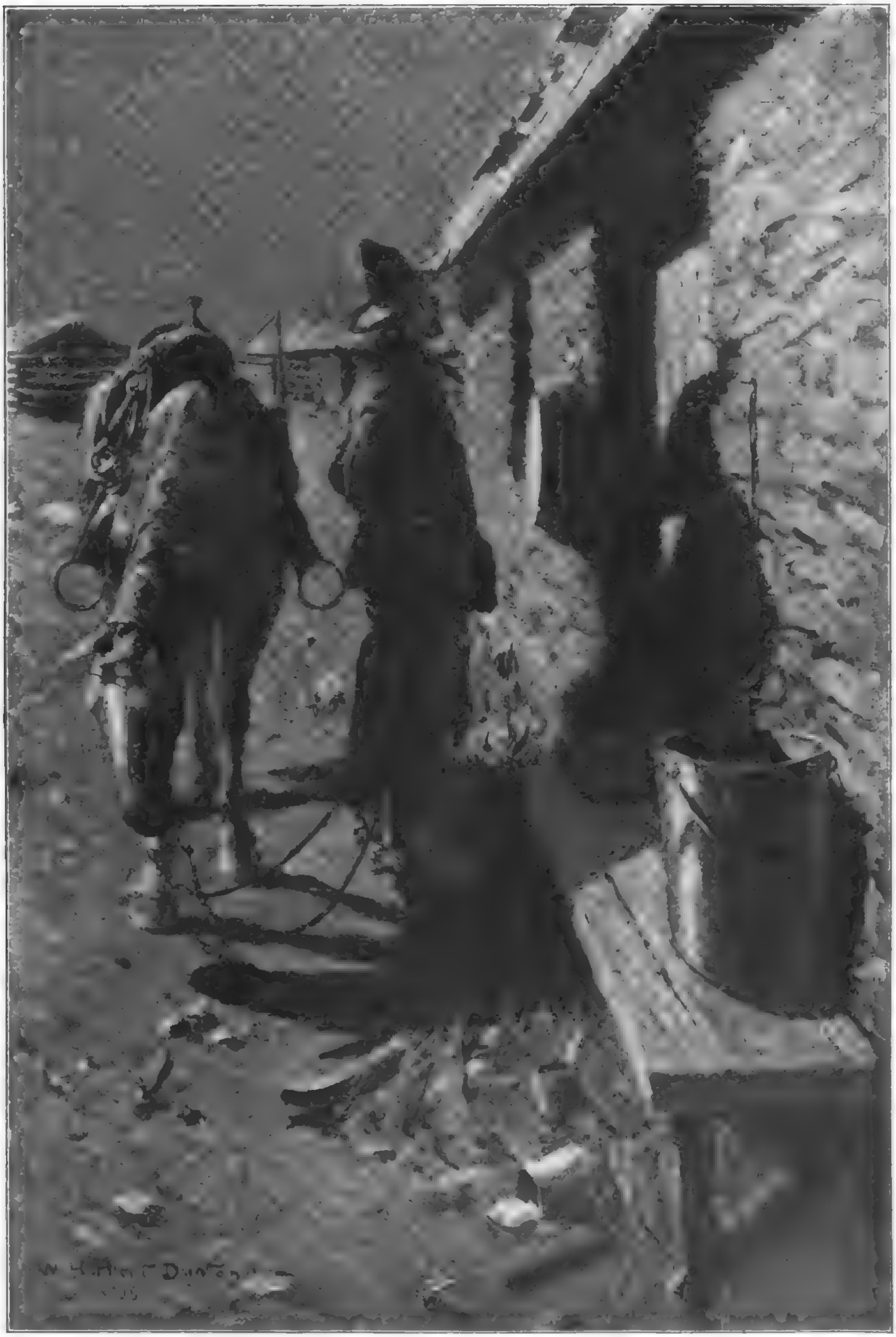
In less than half an hour after the trail rider's arrival, thirty men, arrayed in their ballroom finery, galloped across the almost dry bed of the Arkansas and rode southward, and as many more followed in wagons, carrying enough arms and ammunition to shoot half of Texas off the map.

When the excitement of setting out was on the dance-hall, Steele got a notion into his head that he'd like to go along. Nettie was almost frantically against it. "You're not a cattleman," she warned, "and they might give you some rough handling. A word in the wrong place at a doings of this kind means trouble."

But Johnny went, partly because he didn't know any better, and partly because his sympathies were with his neighbors, no matter how they regarded him; he would carry no arms, and to complicate matters for him—being a fence-man was bad enough—he rode a mule. It was all he had in the way of a saddle nag, one of his span of dun plow-beasts; but it was a goer.

Nobody paid any attention to him until daylight, when one who recognized him advertised the fact that he was a granger, a fence-man, and a drawing together of heads, as the company galloped on, resulted in a decision to request him to go back and keep his fingers out of a pie that might prove all-fired hot in the cutting. Sawyer said No, let him come on. If he wanted to meddle, why let him, but if he squealed when the cinch pinched his belly, then they could slap the spurs to him. So they cut him out of the bunch, and left him to trail behind them on his brown-sugar mule; but he was in, and he had too much grit to go back.

The cattlemen came in sight of the Texans' herd shortly after sunrise. The cattle had traveled slowly during the night, following the richest grazing, and when the Kansans first sighted the herd it stretched out over a large area, with an outrider here and there, just enough to hold it to some semblance of compactness. A corral made of the outfit's wagons, with the horses inside, a mile or more in advance of the herd, was evidence that the trespassers expected trouble and were prepared to make a stand.



NO ONE ANSWERED HIS SHOUTS AND KNOCKS

The cavalcade of Kansans drew up within a thousand yards of the invaders' position, and the men dismounted. After a brief council it was decided that Sawyer should go out with a truce flag and deliver the ultimatum of the Cattle Growers' Association to the men from below the line. That ultimatum was, in effect, that if the Texans did not turn their cattle southward by noon, the association would take the job upon itself. The wording of the message was left to Sawyer, and he tied a white shirt—there wasn't an uncolored handkerchief among them—to a big rosinweed stalk and set out.

Sawyer was an iron-gray man, massive, decisive, whose name was known from the Panhandle to Dodge. He never carried a gun, and those who knew him well said it was because he was afraid of hurting himself in the feet. When Sawyer got mad, they said, he got so hot a gun would go off in his belt before he could draw it. His size and his nerve had carried him with honor through many an engagement, and his fists and quickness on the clinch through many another. But the terror of his name didn't appear to affect the gangling Texan that came to meet him. Sawyer politely stated the Kansans' side of the case, and the Texan was thoughtful a moment before he replied:

"Turn back, you said, pardner?"

"Turn back," Sawyer repeated firmly.

The Texan took a step forward. "Where to, pardner, where to, I say?"

Sawyer shook his head. "Anywhere but Kansas," he replied.

"Look a-here," said the Texan, aiming a long finger at Sawyer's face, "I want you to chalk down that we're not that kind of men. Turn back? Huh, not if you bring all hell and half o' Kansas down here and try to bluff us. This here's as clean a bunch of cattle as any of you Kansas fellers ever seen, and this bunch's goin' on to Wichita. We've got our cars ordered, and I reckon most of 'em's in there now waitin' for us. Turn back, huh! We'd see you fellers furder in hell'n a rattlesnake could crawl on a cold night before we'd turn a cussed head."

"I'm not goin' to chaw this thing over with you, pardner," Sawyer said, "'cause we're here to *do*, not to bluff. You've already struck the first blow, chasin' an' shootin' at one of our riders, an' no tellin' what you've done with the others."

"Maybe, maybe," the Texan assented, his whole front and bearing a threat, "and you can take my word for it we'll strike the last. Them spies of yourn ain't hurt none, and they won't be hurt none as long as they behave.

"Here, damn you," he blurted out savagely, "what d'you fellers up here in Kansas mean a-settin' yourselves up into a gov'ment? You ain't big enough to put that through, I tell you. Texas tried that onct, and found the cud she'd bit off was so durned hard to chaw she had to holler for old U. S. to come and he'p her leave loose. When you fellers gits the backin' of old U. S. to line up and say 'Texas cattle can't be driv through this here State,' then Texas men'll lay down. But this here kind of a bluff don't pass, and if you want a contest, why, you can git a contest, and git it right hot offen the han'le, too."

He walked away slowly, as if he expected to be shot in the back, but disdained to secure safety at the sacrifice of dignity. His friends in the corral of wagons watched meanwhile, lively and alert, ready to resent any unfriendly act.

Men were sent back to Luttrell's ranch for provisions, and the Kansans made camp, determined that the Texas cattle should not advance farther, even though they must be checked at the cost of human life. A drizzling rain began to fall before noon, and through it the Texans could be seen closing up their scattered herd. The Kansans believed their stand had taken effect, but they soon learned that this was a move to economize men, the new arrangement requiring fewer men to girdle the herd, and adding to the fighting force.

Noon came, and the question of moving against the invaders was taken up and weighed gravely. It was plain that the Texans did not intend to turn back. Though the sentiment was against him, Sawyer finally prevailed upon the men to wait until evening. They were in the right; they could afford to wait.

The wagon enforcements, delayed by the rain, at last arrived. There was nothing to make a fire of, and the chilled, wet quarantine guards huddled under the vehicles and held another council. The Texans were not making any effort to advance, and the council decided to wait until nightfall, at least, for some further act of defiance that would warrant fully the severe measures they were determined to enforce.

Johnny Steele shivered in the rain alone.

No one had invited him to crawl under a wagon, and he cursed himself for a fool because he hadn't taken Nettie's advice and stayed in Wichita. He was only waiting for night to make a sneak for home, Texas fever or no Texas fever, but he'd be blasted to the stump if he'd let those fellows see him desert in broad daylight. He was walking up and down with his mule's bridle rein hooked over his arm, along toward evening, when a young man left the shelter of a wagon and approached him.

"We was jist a wonderin', pardner," said he, "what you got ag'in us fellers 'at you don't come in out of the wet an' be sociable?"

Johnny brightened. "Nothing in the world," he answered, and they walked back together.

Johnny tied his mule to a wagon-wheel and sat in the place they made for him. Many compliments were passed to him on the likely appearance of the mule, and Johnny received them suspiciously, half minded that the men were making fun of him. But their sober sincerity did not give footing to a doubt, and Johnny finally thawed out. Then the young man made an offer to bet on the impossibility of approaching the herd of Texas cattle with that, or any other, mule, but that one particularly, on account of his queer color.

"That's so, boys," said a solemn-faced old man with whiskers, "that's one of the strangest things I've ever noticed in the forty year I've been a handlin' stock, from Maine to Wyoming. Take a herd that ain't never smelt a mule, an' they're off the minute one comes by. If we had some feller with nerve enough to do it, an' this here gentleman'd lend us his mule, we could stampede that herd before you could bresh your hair."

Johnny pricked up his ears. "Wouldn't ask no friend of mine to do it, though," the old man said, with significant weight.

"Feller's hide wouldn't hold worter after them rangers got sight of him," remarked another. "I pass that job up."

"Here, too, pardner," somebody said.

"Don't reckon they's airy man in this bunch that'd do it if it come down to the rub," said Whiskers. "Men ain't got the nerve they had when I was a youngster."

"They're not joking," said the little voice under Johnny's vest. "They're in earnest if men ever were. Why don't you get out and show them that even a fence-man's got nerve?"

"Tell you what I'll do," said the young man who had brought Johnny in. "If this man'll lend me his mule, I'll try it."

"You won't do nothin' of the kind," some one spoke up sharply, authoritatively. "Reckon I'm goin' to let my only son throw his life away? Think of your mother, Jim, think of her."

"Look here, men"—Johnny spoke eagerly in the flash of his new determination—"I believe you're serious about this. I thought at first you were coddin' me——"

"Us a-coddin'," said one, with immeasurable injury in his voice, "us a-coddin' 'im, oh, hursh!"

"But if you are serious, I'll undertake this thing myself."

There was a chorus of protest. No, no, they couldn't sit there and allow it, not at all. Perhaps he had a mother, a grandmother, a father, a sweetheart, a baby. No, they'd hog-hobble him if he tried it. Dang them if they wouldn't.

"If you don't want anybody to attempt it, why do you bring the matter up and discuss it?" asked Johnny impatiently. "Now, if you believe, as experienced cattlemen, that the plan will work, say so frankly."

"Of course it'll work, Buddy," said Whiskers slowly, "and of course the man that'd put it through'd git the tallest feather in his cap he'd most likely ever run acrost, but it's dangerous, downright dangerous. An' it's more than we'd ever expect of any fence-man to offer to do, too. I can g'arantee that, pardner."

"The interests of this State are my interests," declared Johnny with patriotic fervor. "When it gets a little darker I'll go."

And he went. The rain was blowing out in long, slant sheets, and it was dark enough to insure safety unless he might chance to stumble on to a picket. When he loped off Sawyer yelled out: "What's that? Where's that man goin'?"

"Oh, that's Johnny Jump-up," some one replied. "He's gone off on his muckle-dun mule to stampede them Texas fellers' cattle." Then everybody laughed, even Sawyer.

"That's like 'ticin' sheep into the shearin'-pen with salt," said he, "but this sheep'll lose more'n his wool. You ortn't 'a' let him go, boys."

Johnny rode on, thrilled with the misguided notion that he was about to become a hero in the eyes of those hardy men, who must certainly respect him ever afterward. If the suspicion that this was a deliberate plot to run him afoul of the desperate Texans and get him out of the way even shadowed his mind for a moment, he brushed it away as libelous. Johnny believed he was riding out to make good in the eyes of Bill Sawyer, above all others. That was the main consideration. Selfish, certainly, but self-interest moves most of the great enterprises of this world. He realized that the chances for getting back with a whole skin might be against him, but the danger did not appear great in the light of the experienced cattlemen's testimony that the habit of wild cattle was immediately and incontinently to stampede upon catching scent of a mule. He believed that, if he kept to windward of the herd, as he then was, the cattle would naturally set out in the other direction as soon as he got within smelling distance.

Luck led him between the sentries who were holding the herd together, and Johnny was among the cattle before he realized it. He was greatly surprised to see that they paid no attention to either the mule or himself. They stood, for the most part, as well as he could see, with their tails to the rain, and he had to kick them frequently to make a path for the mule to pass. He rode around several minutes, but failed to get up any excitement. Off to the left the herd seemed to be uneasy, judging from the continuous lowing, and Johnny heard a cowboy singing over there, the words and tune coming to him distinctly:

"Oh, beat the drum slowly
And play the fife lowly,
And drink to my health as you bear me along."

Johnny remembered that some one had told him the Texas cowboys sang to their cattle to quiet their nerves. He headed toward the singer, the warm steam from the backs of the cattle, now beginning to press closer together, taking some of the chill out of the mean, wet wind.

Coming into what appeared to be a break in the compact mass of cattle, Johnny kicked the mule's ribs and sent him forward with a jump, landing him on top of a sleeping steer. The beast came up with a wild snort, and a hundred more, it appeared, followed him, thoroughly frightened and excited. Taking advantage of the commotion, Johnny rode around and around among them, his feet free of the stirrups, kicking right and left, and beating the struggling animals with his rain-sodden hat. The cowboy's song stopped as if he had been hit with a club, and in its place came a challenge, followed by the ripping of a bullet somewhere over Johnny's head. Johnny was thoroughly limbered up to his job by this time. He was going to stampede that herd, even if the cowboy came along and shot him in the back while he was at it, and he began to add the weight of his papaw-fed voice to his kicks and blows. Another bullet came zipping like a wasp, nearer this time, and other yells, defiant, threatening, arose on the edge of the herd in answer to his own.

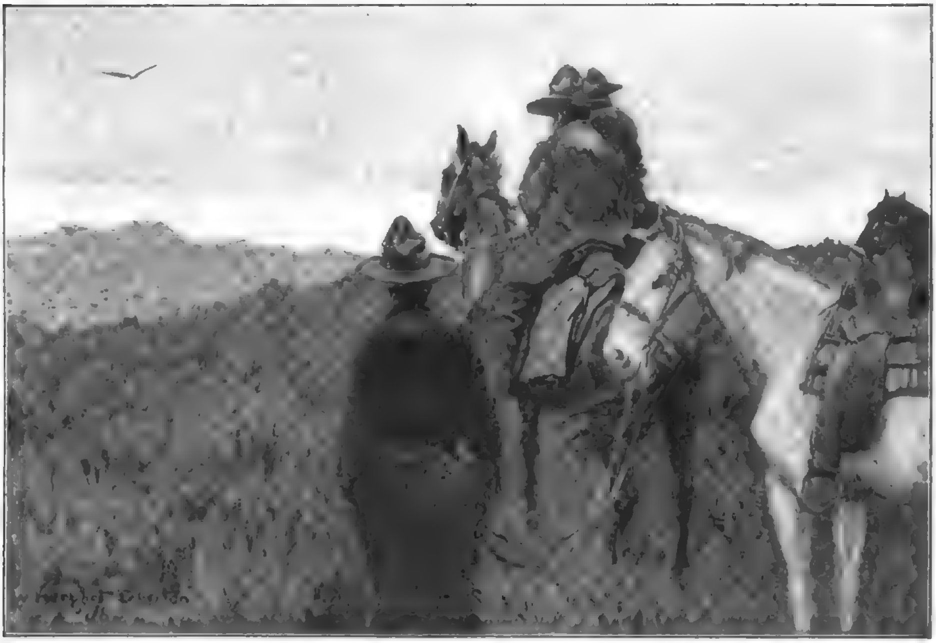
The cattle were beginning to move, and Johnny felt that it needed only a break in the van, the dislodging of the plug, to set the flood free. Another bullet, so close that Johnny thought he felt the wind of it in his face, and the mule suddenly decided that was unhealthy ground. He ducked his head, defied Johnny's efforts to right, check, or turn him, and set off through the herd at a little better than the best previous speed he had ever shown.

That was all there was wanting, and in the flying mule's wake the cattle followed, their blind terror growing with every jump, until they were foaming and uncontrollable with a frenzied madness, beyond the power of any human strength to check.

A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over Johnny, clinging to the mule's back and struggling to get his feet into the stirrups. A slip of the mule would bring him down under the mad cattle's feet, and he seemed to feel the herd already galloping over his body, beating it into the mushy prairie sod.

He couldn't see ten yards ahead, and had no idea in what direction the mule was carrying him. It was a question of whether the mule's endurance would outlive the cattle's fright, for as far as speed was concerned, it appeared to be about an even break. Those Texas cattle could run.

The Kansas cattlemen, listening for something that would tell them there was a gap in the line of encroaching Texans, caught the far rumble of beating hoofs and looked foolishly into each other's faces. As the sound grew into a roar, and the uncurbed force shook the earth beneath their feet, the cattlemen mounted hastily. It was plain that the fence-man had stampeded the herd, and that he had stampeded it in the wrong direction. Not a hundred yards distant the cattle were rushing past, headed straight for Wichita.



THE CATTLEMEN CAME IN SIGHT OF THE TEXANS' HERD SHORTLY AFTER SUNRISE.

They knew it was no more possible to check the stampede than it would have been to hold back the tumbling waters of the Arkansas, coming down in the strength of their mighty journey from the mountains in the spring. All they could hope for, as they followed the stampede, was that the herd would not scatter, and that an early frost might save their own cattle from the contagion.

Time was suspended for Johnny Steele, as he and his mule, engulfed in the noisy drift of cattle, were borne onward. He measured life between the jumps of his long-eared steed. Each time he came down safely and held his seat, Johnny said: "I'll live till he strikes the ground again, anyway."

He did some fast thinking, rolling the events of his life from the stick, as it is said a drowning man does, and decided fully that if he ever got out of that scrape he'd never mix up with cattlemen's troubles again. Why he was there in that avalanche of cattle, he had forgotten, except that it was a fool piece of business, and that it had its beginning a long time ago with a huddling bunch of whiskered men under a wagon.

He picked up enough of his flying wits, after a long time, to mark, by keeping his eye on a certain beast, that the cattle were outrunning him. From that he gathered a little hope, and began to see what he could do toward checking the mule, with a view to dropping gradually behind and out of the race. The mule had had enough of it, and came up with a suddenness that almost proved their undoing, but tactful handling soon began to show results. The cattle were thinning around him, and the clashing of their long horns as they collided and crowded together sounded on to the front like the pelting of hail in a cornfield. Slowly they drew away from him, and he dismounted to give the mule a chance to blow after the hardest piece of work in his life. Steele reached the river in a little while, but at a point that was unfamiliar to him. He did not know whether he was above or below Wichita, so he made a fire and sat down to wait for morning to come and show him the way home.

It was while sitting there, drying one side while the other soaked up the incessant rain, that the enormity of his blunder came suddenly up and slapped him in the face. The cattlemen would very likely shoot him on sight. Of course they expected him to stampede the cattle the other way. He wondered how many herds any of them had ever stampeded anyhow, and how they would have gone about heading those wild cattle south when they were bent on going north.

"I don't believe they expected me to do it at all," said he, with sudden conviction. "They thought I'd run into those Texans and get killed. They'll laugh me out of the country for this."

Bill Sawyer and the others followed the herd until it began to break up and spread. Before the cattle reached the Arkansas the stampede was over, and the scattered herd was grazing, mixing with the Kansans' stock, making a tangle that it would require days to straighten. The sight of the fence-man's fire looked good to the wet, ill-humored cattlemen, and they headed for it. When they saw the mule they halted, a questioning sort of pause, and the fence-man stood up and peered out toward them where they sat their horses just beyond the ring of his firelight.

"Who's that?" he called.

Sawyer rode to the fire and dismounted, the others following. Without giving anybody else a chance to start it wrong, Sawyer lit into the fence-man's frailties.

"You addle-headed eediot," said he, "do you know what you've done to-night? Like as not you've planted the seeds of ruination for fifty men, any one of 'em worth a State full of such hide-bound cusses as you. If you was to put in the rest of your days raisin' corn an' hogs you couldn't pay back one in a hundred—no, not in a thousand, maybe—of the damage you've done.

"You ain't got as much sense as I give you credit for havin', d'y' hear me? And I never give you credit for havin' none in the beginnin'. Them fellers put up a job on you. Didn't you have brains enough to see that? They thought you'd go sneakin' around them cattle an' git plugged, not believin' that it would ever turn out that your fool luck'd help you do somethin', single-handed and alone, that fifty men might fail to do. They wanted to git you killed, but the good luck that leads fools brought you out of it safe an' sound, an' we lose, not you. I didn't have no hand in sendin' you, I want you to understand that, but if you'd 'a' stayed inside of your hog-pen we'd 'a' been better off. The more I think of you pokin' your snout in where it don't belong, the more I feel like takin' you acrost my knee. If you was my son, I'd git a feather piller an' bat your brains out.

"I want to tell you right now that this country won't hold both you an' the men you've threatened with ruin, d'y' hear me? You or them's got to leave it, an' which do you reckon it'll be?"

Sawyer dropped his reins and stepped nearer. "You'll go, Buddy," said he, "or you'll turn your toes up to the moon. You jist put that down in your little book, will you? For a starter I got a big notion to give you a lift with a good, old-fashioned, number 'leven kick, that's what I got a notion to do!"

The firelight was wavering over the young man's face as he stood silently accepting Sawyer's abuse; but when the big ranchman blurted out his threat of violence, Johnny Steele's face went white, he threw up his head and turned quickly, his nostrils twitching, his eyes narrowed down to two little marks beneath his drawn brows. The men who stood aside and saw it, knew that when a man turned like that it was a favorable moment for either getting out of range or doing some mighty quick arm-work. The fence-man had flared up in a second from an overmatched, bluffed, apparently cowed strip of a boy, into a living coal. It was Sawyer's fight, and the others left it to him. Sawyer was taken aback for a moment, but he quickly caught his wind and cut out again for the fence-man's raw spot with his venomous tongue-lashing.

"Hold on," commanded Johnny, struggling with the rise of hot, tingling rage that made his voice quiver and his heart leap with a fierce eagerness to go at the big man blindly, and tear and scream and exult in a fury that would not be satisfied short of the feel of warm, running blood. "Hold on, Sawyer, you've said enough!" His voice broke into a boyish treble, and scalding tears blurred his sight. "I'll kill you," he screamed. "I'll dig your damned heart out of your body and kick it!"

Quick as the straightening of a lariat that has fallen over the horns of a galloping steer, he went at Sawyer's throat, and his strong hands fastened upon it in desperate grip. Sawyer encircled the lithe body with his arms, and the closing crush of them cleared the young man's brain. If he was to win in that fight he must get out of the cattleman's hug and keep out of it. A twist, a struggle, and he was in the clear, throwing a handful of bones every second or two into the wind-toughened face of the cowman, who, blinded by the fierce and unexpected attack, and crazy with anger, blundered and groped with outstretched arms for the body of his elusive enemy.

Sawyer did not strike back. It never occurred to him to try that. His battles had been won in the clinching, rolling-on-the-ground, bite-and-gouge encounters characteristic of his kind, and all he could center his whirling thoughts on was the necessity of getting hold of Johnny Steele and squeezing him breathless. He stood up with savage brutality, facing the fence-man's heavy blows, although his legs showed weakness and uncertainty of movement, until he thought he saw an opening, and then lunged at the wiry youth. Johnny wasn't there, and Sawyer's tottering legs went from under him when his feet got mixed up in a pile of wood that Johnny had gathered for his fire.

Johnny didn't stand politely off to one side and wait for him to get up. He straddled Sawyer's big frame in a twinkling and reveled in the drunkenness of victory as he churned the cattleman's head against the ground. As that was all included in the cow-men's code of action against an enemy, it was considered quite the proper thing by those who stood around and looked on. They knew that Sawyer would say so when he was satisfied, and pretty soon he began to beg. "That'll do, Johnny, that's enough," he bawled, and Johnny let him up. Sawyer was considerably bunged, but he stood up and wiped his bloody nose with a burdock leaf, looking at Johnny with a comical questioning in his sidelong glance.

"He done it, fellers," said Sawyer. "Take off your hats to the only man that ever made Bill Sawyer holler 'enough.'"

They crowded around and shook hands with Johnny, most of them with a friendly word, such as "You're all right, kid," and "Put her there, pard," or "I take in my stakes to give you room, fence-man," and it all helped to pacify Johnny and make him feel on an equality with them. Then Bill Sawyer put out his paw.

"Come on here, young feller," he said. "Can't me and you compermise our trouble?"

"It's your trouble, not mine," said Johnny loftily.

"Then I'll wipe it out," said Sawyer, swinging his arm in a sweeping gesture. "I'll wipe it all out, all of it, you understand?"

"I'll not have anything to do with you, trouble or no trouble," Johnny declared, rather hotly and foolishly.

"Hold on, youngster, that ain't square," cautioned a cow-man. "When a man——"

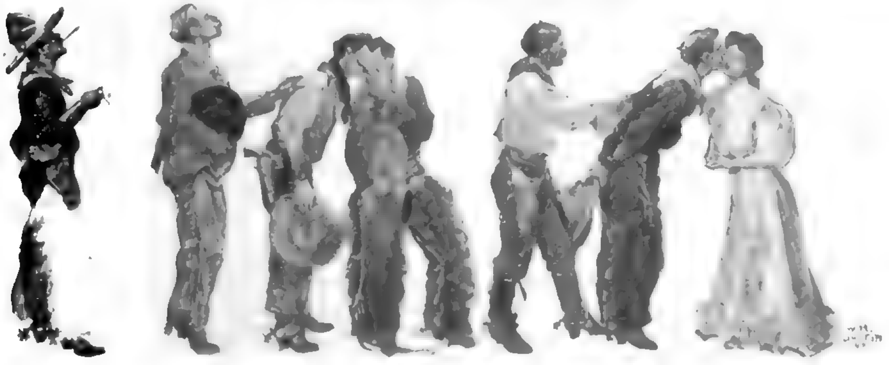
"Wait," said Sawyer, "let me han'le this mustang. When I say 'all,' I mean all, everything, fence-man. Ain't you got no sense?"

"Not much," admitted Johnny, grinning sheepishly and holding out his hand.

"All right, Buddy, that's sensible. You can come around and see—er—see us whenever you git ready. Say, don't you know, you durned little bun'le o' crackin' matches, 'at it's a mighty good thing for the population of this here State that such fellers as me and you don't tote no guns?"

The Texan's word concerning the cattle proved good; it was a healthy bunch. No harm, beyond the trouble of rounding up the range and cutting out the Texans' brand, resulted from the stampede. When that work was finished, Bill Sawyer rented the hall at Wichita and gave another dance, and Nettie stood at the door, graciously bowing to the ancient and honorable custom that gives cow-punchers the right to kiss the boss's daughter when she becomes a bride.

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE CUSTOM.



Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL
Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

New Zealand—The Advance Guard

EDITOR'S NOTE.—New Zealand is to-day the world's object-lesson in democracy. In this, his second article, Mr. Russell tells what its people have done; how it was accomplished, and what they hope for the future. They are giving honest trial to every governmental measure that might be for the Common Good. Regulation of wages, fixing of railway rates, government labor bureaus, public operation of mines and telephones and insurance companies, women's suffrage, old-age pensions: all these things the men and women of New Zealand dare to test, despite the maxims of economists and the appalling prophecies of "vested interests." It is a story of success—of practical achievements that should shame our own republic out of the remnants of self-satisfaction, and yet be as a bugle-call of encouragement and inspiration to all earnest patriots.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE PRICE OF PEACE

ONCE we taught the nations what to do. Now we teach them what not to do.

It is even so. In all the remaking of New Zealand a tremendous force has been the determination to escape, at whatever cost, the conditions prevailing in the United States. All the world knows what has happened to us. The story of the American trust has penetrated to every corner of the globe; the very boatmen on the Wanganui River and the Maori schoolboys will tell you that America is dominated by its rich men and corporations and distracted with labor upheavals. To all mankind we seem to have become the awful example. Often in Switzerland and Germany I was startled to find how keenly, even to the minutest details, our troubles had been noted, and here in New Zealand not a line of their significance was overlooked in the discussions provoked by the new measures. "Let us have no trusts here as they have in America," men said. "Let us have nothing like the American railroad companies, bribing legislatures and watering stock." "The strikes in America are terrible calamities; we must not have such things here." The newspapers teemed and still teem with such comments; and if we have done ill for ourselves we have at least done well for our neighbors, since every disastrous effect upon America of the unequal distribution of earnings and of opportunity has been a spur to the regeneration of New Zealand.

Yet, while men were substantially agreed that New Zealand must not duplicate our blunders, at first every measure of the new government was fiercely assailed. In our turn, perhaps, we can draw instruction from the history of these contests. Not an innovation of the reformers failed to fructify in the most appalling prophecies, based upon evidence incontrovertible. Capital and manufactures would be driven out of the country by these preposterous labor laws, public credit was to be destroyed, banks were to fail, industry would be paralyzed, commerce ruined, workers reduced to idleness, the population would decline, and incentive—ah, there is the thing, incentive! Well, there would be no incentive in New Zealand; incentive would be annihilated, and ruin and desolation would stare the country in the face, for how shall we keep house without goodly store of incentive? Many a man has proved from his books that it would be impossible for him to continue in business under the new conditions, not merely asserting his impending fall but proving it with facts and figures. Many a man has shown how one of the finest and most promising countries in the world, sir, was being driven headlong to destruction by a gang of crack-brained dreamers that knew nothing whatever about business and were killing the colony, absolutely killing it, to exploit their own theories.

What is called around the world the "better element" was steadfastly opposed to the new program. University men attacked it from their text-books, society people and those that regarded social conditions in England as forming the immaculate and lovely model for a well-ordered state denounced the new policy as demagogic, revolutionary, and pandering to the lower classes. Business men and employers resented the interference with their ancient and approved privileges. This thing of closing shops at five o'clock in the afternoon and enforcing a weekly half-holiday, how preposterous that was! A man had a right to keep his shop open as long as he pleased and the arrangements he made with his "hands" were his own business. Government might as well tell him what he must eat for dinner. Then this arbitration and minimum wage—that was all wrong. The Arbitration Court raised many wages, the state of business would not stand any increase of expenditure, business men would be bankrupted or driven to other countries. And the land laws—what right had the state to say how much land a man might own? It was his money; he could buy what he pleased with it.

Thus in chorus spoke convention, formula, accepted doctrine. But the dreamers that "knew nothing whatever about business," one of whom had been a miner, another a carpenter, another a telegraph-operator, another a farmer, and another a journalist, kept on their way rejoicing, and steadily exploited their dreams and crack-brained theories. I am obliged to say that the results have been uniformly on their side. The men that clearly foresaw cataclysms of disaster are making more money than they ever made under the old conditions; the employers that knew they would be driven out by the revolutionary innovations have remained to gather their safe and certain profits.

Here is some of the ruin and desolation wrought for New Zealand by the men that "knew nothing about business":

For thirteen years the country has known industrial peace; the population has grown more rapidly than at any time since the days of the pioneer settlers; the amounts of business transacted, of commodities manufactured, of crops produced have eclipsed all records; the credit of the colony has never been so good; the bankruptcies have never been so few; nothing approaching the wealth, progress, and prosperity of the last thirteen years has been known since this beautiful country was discovered by white men. That is all. Manufacturers, wholesale and retail merchants, employers great and small have again and again assured me that if they had unlimited power they would not change the present system; it suits them well enough, labor laws and all, arbitration, minimum wage, eight hours, all the rest of it; they want no change. They know now just what their wage-scale will be for two years ahead, they know that what they pay all their competitors must pay, they know their business will not be plagued with strikes. Contracts can be made and bids submitted with perfect confidence. Hence the old animosities between employer and employed fade out, the idea of a community of interest begins to appear with the idea of equality and fellowship. No capital has been driven from the country, no industry has been crippled or injured. Not long before I reached New Zealand the leading commercial association of the colony had held its annual meeting in Christchurch, and manufacturers and merchants had testified there, voluntarily and without a dissenting voice, to the peace, welfare, and prosperity that the dreamers had brought to them as to all New Zealand.

Going pretty far, wasn't it?—to say what wages a man shall or shall not pay, and to fine him if he makes other use of his own money. Many a New Zealand employer that has made with some needy man a secret arrangement for less than the scale has found sorrowfully that this law exists to be enforced. They told me in Wellington of one employer that had been fined $3,000 for paying less than the scale, and of many cases where the fines had ranged from $100 to $1,000. Yes, it was going pretty far. But not so far as street riots, bloodshed, and civil war. The New Zealanders did not care to have the street riots, so they chose this.

And it costs so little to have peace, so little in money and in effort. Nothing, it seems, is needed but a little patience and justice and even-handed democracy. In the official year of 1905 the inspectors of the Colonial Labor Department brought before the Arbitration Court 295 charges of breach of award, of which 232 were found to be justified; the others were dismissed. In these cases the court inflicted fines amounting to $2,647.50 in back wages. "Back wages" means the difference between the scale and the wages that the guilty employer had actually paid. Under the law the employer must pay this difference to the workman in addition to the fine imposed by the court. Far more important than this, the inspectors were able to settle out of court 312 cases, and without litigation to obtain $7,315 in back wages; for the tendency is always for amicable understanding without recourse to the courts.

What the New Zealand Labor Department actually does in behalf of the workers may be judged from this summary of its activities in 1905:

Enforcements by Arbitration Court of awards and agreements	389
Interpretations by Arbitration Court	33
Interpretations by Conciliation Boards	29
Recommendations (in disputes) by Conciliation Boards	10
Industrial agreements secured	15
Judgments under Workers' Compensation for Accidents Act	28
Total number of cases before Conciliation Boards	39
Total number of cases before Arbitration Court	448

For the entire work of conciliation and arbitration for 1905 the cost was $16,450. Such is the price of peace. The coal-miners' strike cost us $100,000,000. Such is the price of war. Somehow in this comparison we look a little foolish, do we not?

Meantime the condition of the employed in New Zealand has become the best among all the workers of the world. Wages have gone up, yes; in all branches of industry. But the employers find that high wages are the true economy; that employers prosper as the employed prosper. On the whole, from this attempt to equalize the distribution of wealth by improving the state of the least fortunate have come more unalloyed satisfaction and comfort and general prosperity than from any other legislation I have found in these wanderings.

CHAPTER XXX

DEATH OF AN ANCIENT SUPERSTITION—BIRTH OF A NEW IDEA

Women vote in New Zealand. Not nominally, nor only for school trustees, nor semi-occasionally, with fear and trembling lest it be known, but regularly and openly and as a matter of course. They have a free and unlimited womanhood suffrage; they can vote on every question and for any candidate at any election, equally with men. For ten years they have had and exercised that right, and so far as a merely human investigator can discover, they have not wrought any ruin, lost any womanhood, nor called down any vengeful wrath from heaven.

The reformers gave the franchise to women. It was part of their program. In their view the cure of the evils of the state is the utmost democracy, nothing else; and it did not seem to them that there was much democracy in a country where one-half the people had no possible share in the government. Moreover, in their view, women are not idiots, nor children, nor dolls, nor dress-pattern exhibits, but integral parts of the community, at least as well worth legislating for as any men—and as well worth regarding as sentient creatures. So they cast aside prejudice and cant (which was a beautiful habit of theirs) and made New Zealand the first country in the world to recognize the political equality of woman. They wanted to do at least as much to help women as they did to help men. When they found that in some of their laws the word "workmen" was construed by women to restrict the statutes to men they promptly and everywhere amended the word to "workers." They have legislated repeatedly and in many ingenious ways to better the condition of women employed in stores and factories. They even tried, fond, foolish men! to assist the housewife by solving the terrific question of the domestic servant; they opened a free registry office and tried to supply households with maids and cooks. As well might they have tried to bridge the Southern Ocean. Even the persistence of Richard John Seddon failed in this unequal contest. In October, 1904, the office was closed—for want of occupation. New Zealand is like the rest of the world: there are no housemaids nor cooks.

SIR JOSEPH WARD,

Formerly telegraph-operator, later Minister of Railroads and Telegraphs in the Seddon Cabinet. Since Mr. Seddon's death last June he has been Prime Minister.

As to woman suffrage, I asked many about it, and men and women seemed to agree that it is a good thing. The men said the women have notably improved political life; it is the cleaner and purer because of them. Women go to political meetings and rowdyism flees before them; candidates are very careful what they say and how they say it when they know women voters are listening to them. Public officers are more careful about their records, because it has been found that women will not overlook things that the men pardon. As to public policies, the women have steadily supported reform and the new ideas; they have not cared whether a thing was sanctioned by the ages so long as it was right and good. This is what the men told me. The women said they had not found it any more dreadful to go to a polling-place and vote than to go to a store and buy thread; they had never seen nor heard anything shocking at a polling-place, but invariably they had been treated there with the greatest respect. The men said that most of them did not know how their wives voted. As for letting the soup burn and the children go hungry and woman's sphere and all that sort of thing, the New Zealanders despise any such suggestions about their voting helpmates. They say a woman can vote and understand perfectly what she is voting about and be just as good a wife and mother as if she never had an idea in her life above puddings. I don't know; I know I have seen a great many New Zealand households, and they seemed exactly as well ordered, as bright, cheerful, and happy as any other households anywhere on this celestial globe.

As for the allegation that with woman suffrage only the ignorant and unworthy would vote, that cannot possibly be true in New Zealand, because practically all the women vote, and it would not be safe to insinuate to any New Zealander that his womankind are not just as intelligent, well-educated, and fine-spirited as any women in all the world.

Even the Maori women vote in New Zealand. For years Maori men, the survivors and descendants of the body of savages that from 1869 to 1880 gave the British army one of the most stubborn wars in its history, have had a franchise; and now they all vote, men and women. They send four representatives to the New Zealand Parliament, and there are no more intelligent legislators — keen, quick-witted men, natural orators, excellent members, thus in one generation raised from the barbarian state by the simple operation of the free school and the franchise. Give democracy the glory!

Here are some little tables that may have interest for thoughtful inquirers:

PERCENTAGE OF WOMEN TO MEN VOTERS AT PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND

1893	69.49
1896	72.78
1899	74.82
1902	76.86

DETAILED COMPARISON OF VOTING BY MEN AND WOMEN

Men

Year.	Total Men in Colony.	Men that Voted.	Percentage of Registered Vote Polled.
1893	179,539	129,792	69.91
1896	197,002	149,471	75.90
1899	214,773	159,780	79.06
1902	233,602	180,294	78.44

Women

Year.	Total Women in Colony.	Women that Voted.	Percentage of Registered Vote Polled.
1893	139,471	90,290	85.18
1896	159,656	108,783	76.44
1899	171,373	119,550	75.70
1902	185,944	138,565	74.52

These figures are recommended to the consideration of those who raise certain theoretical objections to woman's suffrage.

Many another view the dreamers had, fatal to the good old system of the Middle Ages, the system that produces want and superfluity, slums and palaces.

THE CITY OF WELLINGTON, CAPITAL OF NEW ZEALAND.

Work, in their view, is not a badge of slavery, nor drudgery, nor a bane to be avoided, nor yet a privilege to be begged for and granted grudgingly, but the essential foundation of the welfare of the state and of the individual. They believed that without it there can be no physical, mental, moral, nor spiritual health. Work, in their view, seemed exactly as necessary to human well-being as air and sunlight and exactly as much of a right. All men, in their view, are entitled to it; every man without it is an injury to himself and to the community. Therefore, they resolved that in New Zealand should be no idle men, and at public expense and as one of the regular government activities they constituted a free colonial labor bureau, covering the entire country with its well-organized and well-equipped branches. At each of these branches any man and every man without work can freely register. But the government is not content with enrolling his name and hoping that in the ways of Providence some work will be found for him. It goes out cheerfully and finds the work—in the interest of public welfare and the Common Good. If no work offer in the place where the man is, then the government rakes the colony over (at public expense) to clutch the elusive job. All New Zealand is patrolled by colonial police, and every policeman, being also an agent for the Colonial Government Labor Bureau, is constantly watching for places where men can be put to work. Wherever, near or remote, a farmer wants a shearer, a tradesman wants an assistant, a contractor wants laborers, the rural policeman, mounted and moving daily upon his beat, hears of the demand and telegraphs it to the Government Labor Bureau, and the bureau, from among these daily reports, picks something available for every applicant. And if the place be far and the applicant be without funds, he can be helped to transportation: for the government owns the railroads.

That is one reason why New Zealand knows nothing about the problem of the "submerged tenth," and is not likely to learn of it—by experience.

If no work could be found for the applicant on farm, sheep-ranch, dairy-station, factory, or other enterprise, yet the government would not suffer him to be idle, not for a day; it would put him to work on its railroads. It is always extending its lines, it has always something to be done. In the months of activity on the farms it uses in its railroad-building as few workmen as possible; when the farmers have little to do, it pushes forward the railroad-lines, and by keeping this balance finds work for all and does not hamper the farmer. It carries workers to the places of railroad-extension, and recoups their fares by instalments from their wages.

Bakers, blacksmiths, boilermakers, bookbinders, bricklayers, butchers, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, clerks, hairdressers, motormen, molders, plumbers, engineers (stationary and locomotive), cooks, hotel hands, painters, masons, tanners, plasterers, upholsterers, and miners were among the workers for whom the New Zealand Government found employment in 1905—3,130 of them, all told, having 3,425 other persons dependent upon them. To save these 6,555 persons from the evil of idleness was a cost to the community, without a doubt, and to the comfortable, well-fed taxpayers. Also it was a violation of our accepted standards of the purpose of government. But in the view of these men, there is no purpose of government except to provide happiness, protect health, prevent misery, and build a nation of free, sane, wholesome, and kindly people; and they thought if they could do this they would bear up and try to get along without the standards.

HON. JAMES McGOWAN,
Minister of Justice and Minister of Mines.

In their view, again, fear is the arch-enemy of the human mind, and no life can be complete or sane or kindly when led under fear's shadow. They believed the fear of penury in old age to be the most devilish of all the fear devils, originally responsible for the cruel, callous, and vicious things men do to gather fortune, and they resolved to cast it out of New Zealand at least. Mr. Seddon himself introduced the bill in 1898. I suppose I need hardly say that it provided additional sufferings for the representatives of formula and conservatism. Elsewhere, as in Germany, something had been done to inaugurate a compulsory self-insurance against old-age incapacity, but nothing like this had been attempted anywhere. All duly qualified persons reaching the age of sixty-five years were declared by the bill to be entitled to pensions from the state (if they were not in receipt of an income of more than $300 a year), and this without any previous subscriptions, payments, or contributions. Qualifications besides age and need were declared to be that the applicant should be a citizen of the colony, of twenty-five years' residence, good moral character, and respectable life. To such persons the government pays a pension of $130 a year less $5 for every $5 of independent income beyond $170, and $5 for every $50 of net accumulated property.

Here is the way the pension operations look:

A BUSY CORNER IN AUCKLAND.

NEW ZEALAND PENSIONS

Table of Operations Under the Act

Year.	Number of Pensions Granted.	Deaths.*	Number in Force.	Liability Each Year.
1899..	7,487	38	7,433	$127,319
1900..	4,699	786	11,285	193,718
1901..	2,227	815	12,405	211,965
1902..	1,694	935	12,776	217,192
1903..	1,391	1,064	12,481	211,594
1904..	1,063	928	11,926	200,915
1905..	1,210	890	11,770	199,001

* Some pensions were also canceled for various reasons in each year.

MR. TARNA PARATA.
Maori Member of Parliament.

In other words, the dread of penury is lifted from New Zealand, no poorhouses are to be there, no man need fear that in his old age he will be a burden or in want.

These men believed also that the business of the state is in all ways to look after the welfare and security of its citizens, even when custom has decreed against state interference with personal affairs. Therefore, they created the office of Public Trustee.

I think the Public Trustee ranks high among the innovations of New Zealand reform. His chief function is to take charge of bequests and estates, and to administer them for beneficiaries and heirs. Thus a man may in his will leave his property, or any part of it, in charge of the Public Trustee, who will, without charge, invest the money, take care of the property, and collect and pay over the income, while for both principal and interest the state is responsible.

In other words, there is to be in New Zealand no looting of estates through incompetent or dishonest trustees, no inheritances wasted by bad investments; but every man can feel that when he dies, his accumulations, great or small, will be perfectly secured for his family.

As an indication of the view that in this prosperous country is taken of the sole function of government, I will give here one illustration of a score that are available. As the New Zealand cities began to thrive under the magical touch of good wages and an even distribution of wealth, the government noticed that in some places, in Wellington particularly, the landlords had a tendency to advance unduly the scale of rents. So it set to work directly to checkmate that. It bought a tract of land near Wellington and is now erecting upon it a new suburb, a city of its own. As the excellent street-car system of Wellington is publicly owned, dwellers in the new city will be assured of cheap and efficient service in transportation; but there will be other attractions. Cottages will be rented at low rates, some as low as $1.25 a week, and the rental will be in each case a payment upon the house, which in time will thus become the tenant's property. Meanwhile the rental carries a policy in the government life-insurance.

The force of paternalism could no further go.

Finally, the operation of the graduated land-value tax to check undue accumulation of wealth is aided by a graduated income tax, not so good, I think, as that of Switzerland, but still sufficient. All incomes of less than $1,500 a year are exempt from taxation, and, except in the case of stock companies, all taxed incomes are entitled to $1,500 of exemption, so that a man with $1,550 income pays on only $50. These are the only exemptions. The rate on the first $5,000 of taxable income is twelve cents on every $5; on all incomes in excess of $5,000, and on all the incomes of all stock companies, great or small, twenty-four cents on every $5.

And this is the little law that settles the business for the corporations. There is no tax-dodging in New Zealand, and with such an income tax, with such a land-value tax to prevent land accumulation, with the government empowered to seize any land it wishes to seize, and with all the transportation facilities out of the chance of private control and manipulation, trusts, combinations, and great corporations have never secured a foothold in New Zealand.

And on the other and human side of all

these matters I close with three significant facts, and I wish I could make you think of them and take them home and carry them always in a corner of your mind:

1. The death-rate in New Zealand is the lowest in the world. 2. Because all people have something to buy with, the noble and beneficent idea of cooperation has there its full scope and perfect use. 3. What we call the social evil, that sure product of poverty and inequality, is there almost extinct.

CHAPTER XXXI

LIFE IN A COUNTRY THAT KNOWS NOT GRAFT

NEW ZEALAND could never have a life-insurance scandal like ours nor a fire-insurance crisis like that in San Francisco, because in New Zealand both kinds of insurance are done by the state—for the public benefit.

Government life-insurance had existed several years when the reformers came in, but they extended and improved it. All standard varieties of policy are issued; all policies of whatever kind are absolutely guaranteed by the state. On a thirty-five-year, highest-grade endowment policy for $500, beginning at the age of twenty years, the annual premium is $12.35. On a twenty-year policy of the same grade and amount the annual premium is $22.27. A board of cabinet and other state officers invests the assets. On January 1, 1904, these investments were $18,057,495, mostly in approved mortgages on unencumbered real estate. Every three years the department distributes among the policy-holders the net proceeds of these investments. So far in its history it has thus distributed $5,006,425; the distribution on December 31, 1903, amounting to $839,665. In the light of these facts the Hyde dinners, the colossal fortunes of the McCalls and McCurdys, the "yellow dog" funds, and the rest of our insurance graft do look rather mean and shabby, do they not? Of course this is (as yet) a small country; but the government insurance office has about 50,000 policies in force, being one-half the number of all kinds existing in New Zealand, where the average of life-insurance is said to be the largest in the world. The

PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT WELLINGTON.

value of the policies carried in the government insurance office is about $55,000,000.

The same department transacts the business of a casualty company, and for small periodic payments assumes all liabilities arising from accident or injury.

As to the fire-insurance (an innovation of the reformers), as soon as the government office began to do business, all the private companies reduced their rates from twelve shillings and six pence to eight shillings in the hundred pounds—for these were the government rates.

There never can be in New Zealand any Coal Trust nor any manipulation of the coal market, nor any coal shortage to rig stocks, nor robber prices for coal, because the government owns and operates great coal-mines for the Common Good, and keeps up the public supply while it keeps down the price. Even at the moderate charge it makes, the government reaps an agreeable profit from its coal-mining operations. In its mines at Point Elizabeth and Seddonville its investment is $320,906, on which it made last year a profit of $55,212. After all deductions and charges this left a net profit of eight per cent. on the investment. Originally the intention was to use these mines as a check on the greed of private mining companies, but within the last three or four months the government has scattered its sale agents through the towns and villages, reduced the price of coal, enlarged its output, and seems now on the way to absorb the entire coal business of the country—just as the government of Japan absorbed the tobacco business, and other things, you may remember.

In New Zealand there can never be any railroad rebates, secret rate-making, cutthroat discriminations, terminal railroad frauds, thievish switching charges, nor swindling private-car graft; and in New Zealand the railroads can never be used to build up any "Systems" nor Standard Oil Companies nor Beef Trusts nor any other piracies, because the government owns or practically controls all the railroads, and operates them on one flat flint basis of equal, uniform, and invariable rates.

Two lines still have private ownership, the Wellington & Manawatu, eighty-four miles long, and an infinitesimal piece of track in the South Island; but these are operated in daily awe of a rigid government inspection, and in due season will fall into the government's lap. Meantime the government makes the rates on these lines as well as on its own, makes them just as it makes the prices of postage-stamps, and as it sells postage-stamps so it sells transportation.

We are accustomed to think that about railroad rate-making there is some strange and awful mystery, that to make railroad rates a man must go into a trance and commune with spirits or something like that, and that if the government should ever try to fix the rates, frightful convulsions of nature would follow. They do not seem to have such fears in New Zealand. There the government makes all the rates. In plain daylight, Mr. Cassatt. On a mileage basis. All a shipper has to do is to calculate his mileage and he has his rate. If he can show that either of the private companies has charged him more than the rate on a government railroad for the same distance, he can go into court and collect the difference. In about ten minutes. And the company will have to pay, and there will be no appeal for it and no stay. Also, the government orders it to reduce its rates. And it reduces them without waiting to discuss the matter. Because in New Zealand public-service corporations being regarded as the creations and not the

THE COLONIAL RAILROAD DEPARTMENT BUILDING AT WELLINGTON.

masters of the state, the state can at any time put them out of business. Can, and does, as you shall see.

The government policy has always been to build, own, and operate the railroads, but sometimes in the old conservative days private capital sneaked in. One of these good things developing in the South Island; the Midland Railway Company was organized to work it and build 125 miles of track into a new country. When the reformers took hold of things they found that the company had violated in some particulars the provisions of its charter. The government wasted no time in negotiations, but swooped down upon the property. Kindly note that in the essentials of the transaction it paid no attention to stock or stockholders, but compensated only the bondholders, for these had actual claims. Real estate and rolling-stock it took over at a price determined by arbitration. Once in possession, the government conceded to the stockholders this much, that for five years it would operate the road for their benefit; but as the profits will be small, if any, the outlook for the stockholders is not alluring.

Photograph by Herman, Wellington.

HON. WILLIAM HALL-JONES,
Minister of Public Works and Minister of Marine.

In all this the government was perfectly within its rights as nominated in the charter; it had merely lived up to the letter of the law, unawed by possible consequences. You may remember that we fared very differently in the case of the defaulting Union Pacific.

The railroads of New Zealand are administered for the public benefit, not for profit. The government draws a line at three per cent. of annual returns on the investment, and beyond this all profits go to the public in the shape of reduced rates. As the business annually increases with the development of the country, each year sees further reductions, although for some time the rates have been among the lowest in the world; and the last I knew of it the government was actually carrying fertilizer in car-load lots for the farmer free of charge.

I give some specimen figures of government railroad operation in New Zealand:

Year.	Miles of Line.	Total Revenue.	Net Revenue.
1891........	1,842	£1,121,701	£420,998
1895........	1,993	1,150,851	418,691
1900........	2,104	1,727,236	571,533
1904........	2,328	2,180,641	741,917
1905........	2,374	2,209,231	716,331

Telegraph and telephone systems are also government enterprises. Telegraph rates are low, twelve cents for twelve words anywhere in New Zealand; and while the government loses nothing on its telegraph business, it clears therefrom no profit. Telephones have done better; last year the government netted from its telephone service $40,191.02 on rates that seem to us merely absurd, to wit, $25 a year for an unlimited service. Being cheap, the telephone is a widely used convenience. In Wellington, a city of 55,000 inhabitants, are 2,400 telephone subscribers, and that is a typical proportion—in New Zealand.

It is easy enough to deal with theories and to show that ruin must needs be the portion of any nation that departs from the accepted doctrine of governmental functions, but somehow, when you come to New Zealand, all the theories go glimmering. Ruin should have been the portion of this perverse and revolutionary country; the utmost prosperity has been its lot. Figures are dry reading, but without them you can have no true idea of what economic heresy has done this first time it has had a chance. I will give as few as may be, but these I beg you to note well, for they are worth more than centuries upon centuries of theory-spinning.

Inspired prophecy at the beginning of the innovations, as I have said, clearly foresaw the decline of population and the wreck of commerce. Well, here is the way the population has dwindled. In 1885 the people of New Zealand numbered 575.172. In 1891, when the reformers came into power, the population was 634,508. In 1904, after thirteen years of reform administration, it was 857,539. To-day it is just under one million. From 1885 to 1891 the average annual percentage of growth was 1.70. From 1891 to 1904 the average annual percentage of growth was 2.33. In the year 1904 it was 3.01. In 1885 2,744 more persons left New Zealand than came to it; from 1885 to 1892 the departures were 17,194 more than the arrivals, so that in the happy period of feudal government only the excess of births over deaths kept the colony from drying up. From 1892 onward, every year shows an excess of arrivals over departures, ranging from 895 in 1895 to 10,355 in 1904.

And here is the sad way commerce has gone to pot. In 1888 the exports of New Zealand produce amounted to £7,255,128; in 1891 to £9,400,094; in 1904 to £14,601,787. In 1890 the imports into New Zealand were worth £6,260,525; in 1901 they had risen to £11,817,915, and in 1904 to £13,291,694. The total trade of New Zealand was £13,709,225 in 1888, £16,070,246 in 1891, and £28,040,042 in 1904. The total trade for each head of population was 22 pounds 12 shillings and 11 pence in 1888, and had risen to 33 pounds 3 shillings and 8 pence in 1904. Trade with the United States increased from £710,872 in 1895 to £2,126,836 in 1904. Savings-bank deposits doubled in the ten years from 1894 to 1904. In 1880 the deposits in commercial banks amounted to £18 for each head of population, in 1890 to 19 pounds and 9 shillings, and in 1904 to 22 pounds and 10 shillings. The revenue of the country has increased from £4,556,015 in 1896 to £7,343,197 in 1905.

THE "RUIN" OF NEW ZEALAND UNDER ADVANCED LEGISLATION

	1894.	1899.	1904.
Population	686,128	756,505	857,539
Excess of arrivals	2,253	1,887	10,355
Imports	£6,788,020	£8,739,633	£13,291,694
Exports	£9,231,047	£11,938,335	£14,748,348
Total trade............	£16,019,067	£20,677,968	£28,040,042
Trade per caput	23pds 11s 9d	....	....
Vessels entered, tons..	631,100	811,183	1,154,569
Vessels cleared, tons..	631,250	807,866	1,144,700
Government railroad revenue	£1,150,851	£1,623,891	£2,209,231
Gold output	£887,865	£1,513,180	£1,987,501
Frozen meat exports..	£1,194,545	£2,088,856	£2,793,599
Butter exports	£251,280	£571,799	£1,380,460
Manufactures exported	£224,958	£378,066	£896,362
Coal mined, tons	719,546	975,234	1,537,836
Savings-bank deposits	£4,066,594	£6,128,297	£8,831,307
Discount-bank deposits	£12,368,610	£15,570,610	£19,074,960
Cultivated land, acres.	10,128,076	12,474,571	13,868,074
Life-insurance policies, government..	32,907	39,366	44,194
Land-holdings, over 1 acre................	46,676	62,485	68,680
Income tax paid.....	£89,991	£115,480	£221,269

The statements of the discount banks afford probably as good a measure as can be found of the country's condition and progress:

Year.	Deposits.	Assets.	Liabilities.
1857........	£343,316	£419,860	£432,404
1870........	3,127,769	6,315,354	3,819,670
1880........	8,538,935	14,220,275	9,550,177
1890........	12,368,610	17,735,259	13,356,508
1900........	15,570,610	17,314,535	16,964,582
1904........	19,074,960	20,893,096	20,643,359

One set of statistics, indeed, shows a notable decline. In 1896 the bankruptcies in New Zealand numbered 412, with total liabilities of £256,870; in 1903 there were 204, with total liabilities of £88,019.

No, the real danger in all this is not that capital will be withdrawn nor that industry will languish, for these notions have been shown to be the sheerest delusions. The real danger is something quite different. Undeniably there is in the Anglo-Saxon blood a certain taint of man-worship: we are wonderfully prone to excessive adulation of the man that we think secures our success. In Mr. Seddon's day it used to startle Americans to see the pinnacle on which he had been placed, the public calendars with his birthday marked as a notable occasion, the principal events of his life set forth, the achievements of reform listed and ascribed to him as if he had waved the magic wand and made the mills turn and the earth produce, and as if to him alone were due the fine and indomitable traits in the New Zealand people that wrought this memorable example of righteous government. There was too much Seddon. Also, it is sobering to observe that although the New Zealanders would never tolerate any grave perversion of power, the premier of New Zealand has much opportunity, if he choose to use it, for political mischief. He could, for instance, create a majority in the upper house; he could pervert the land purchase act into a political engine of evil efficiency; probably he could organize the railroad service into something of a personal machine. With all their wisdom and astuteness the New Zealanders have certainly left these doors open upon themselves with a carelessness of which the Swiss would never be guilty. But the Swiss have democracy in the marrow of their bones, and the New Zealanders have only of late been inoculated with it.

CHAPTER XXXII

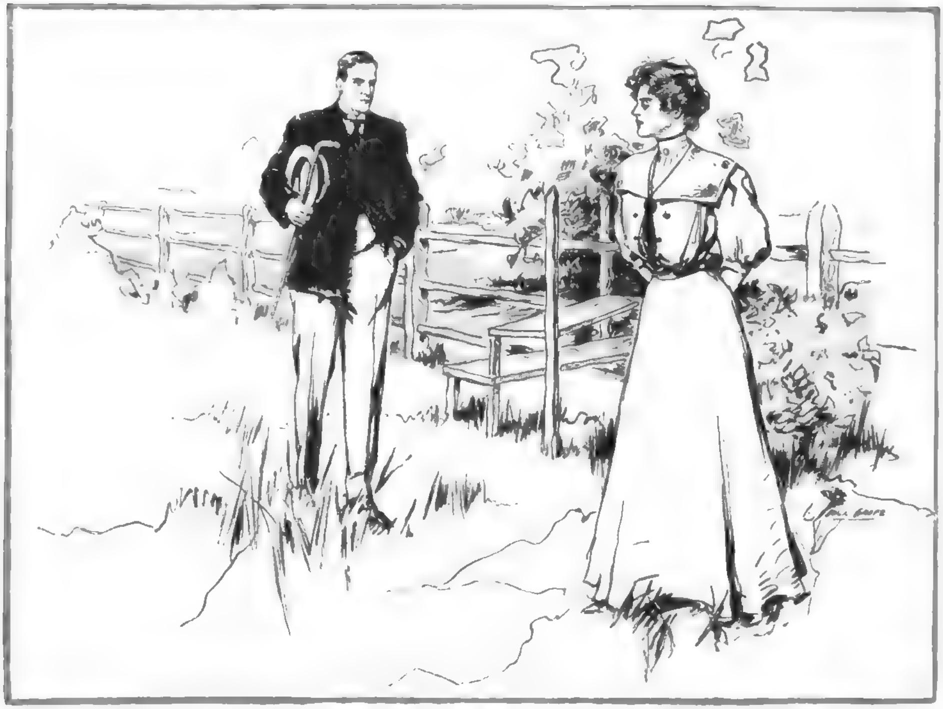
AND THESE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE "FATUOUS DREAMING"

WHAT, now, do all these strange innovations, these departures from our safe and beaten way to Whitechapel, mean for the life of man? For that is the question supreme above all trade statistics and census reports. Let me tell you. I know that in a country where so many things are done by the state I ought to find less incentive to individual effort; I ought to find that young men lack a spur to energy and enterprise, that the edge of invention is dulled, the taste of life insipid, the pool gone stagnant. This is what I ought to find in any country deprived of the blessed inspiration naturally pertaining to trusts, Standard Oils, and "Systems." But this is not what I really found. There is no stagnation in New Zealand. Go into any of these busy, growing cities, Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland: the tides of life pour through their streets with all the restless energy and swift animation of the quickest-pulsed American city. Take note of the earnest, eager faces, the rapid despatch of business, the rattle of hammers on innumerable new buildings, the extending suburbs, the crowded piers, the evidences of resolute and far-visioned enterprise. These people lack not incentive; they toil and aspire and strive as mightily as any other inhabitants of this our globe; it is obvious to any observation; you can see it and feel it. The young men seek and make careers at least as assiduously as other young men, as assiduously as if their lives were brightened by the sweet hope that if they were good when they grew up they might be hired men or valets for the Standard Oil Company.

Furthermore, there seems to be small danger that the low, common people, released from the necessity of sweating fourteen hours a day for bare subsistence, will utilize their leisure for mischief and deviltry. All the people of New Zealand are low, common people, and the kind of mischief their leisure breeds in them may be readily observed anywhere on a weekly half-holiday. Then you can see the public libraries crowded to their utmost limits with workmen just emerged from the shops, you can see the cricket-fields thronged, the shop-girls swarming to the parks and excursion places. In any of these towns on the weekly half-holiday the streets are like Sunday; for every shop must be closed at one o'clock, and all the employees off the premises. These clear, rosy complexions and stalwart forms, this abounding health, these people with elastic tread and hopeful faces, seal the blessing of the new system. Life is wholesome here; it is sound and sweet and fresh, like a good apple. "It is better to have less wealth and more health," is the favorite aphorism of the men in the government. In all New Zealand there are no unhealthy employments, no dark or crowded factories, no vitiated air, no long hours of soul-destroying labor, and for all persons is enough of food, comfort, rest, and recreation.

There is much more I should like to tell you, so much of it! had I but the room. Then I should tell of the workings of the wonderful Health Department of New Zealand, of the strength of the idea of the Common Good, of the men that, like Dr. Malcom Mason, the Chief Health Officer, have cheerfully surrendered large incomes and bright prospects and distinguished careers to serve in the ranks of this army; of the cleanliness of politics, of the pride of the people, not in the greatness of their country, but in its clean record and mission; of the wise prison system that aims to reform and help and not to punish. But all these things I can but indicate. To rear a race of strong-bodied, clear-minded, kindly men and women, intelligent, at once, and generous, progressive and still not predatory, industrious and thrifty and still decent, that was in the beginning the New Zealand idea; and no man can travel in this country and fail to see its success. It has done all these things and something more; for it has shown that life is not necessarily a hideous battle-field on which each man lives by the slaughter of his fellow, that the slum is superfluous, poverty is not inevitable, and there are better uses for human life than to spend it in piling one dollar on the top of another.

The culmination of Mr. Russell's series, the application to our turbulent American conditions of his months of world-searching study—an instalment of tremendous present-day significance—will appear in the January issue.



THEN HE BECAME AWARE THAT SOMEBODY WAS STANDING BY THE STILE.

Peyson's Paint Lady

By ZONA GALE and JILL MENKEY

Illustrations by Will Grefé

"AREN'T the magazine advertisements in these days simply wonderful?" Mrs. Briller, with her charming air of candor, propounded.

"Amazingly good," said Berkeley.

"So original—such pains taken to make them artistic—such pretty girls to pose for the pictures," Mrs. Briller went on contentedly. Give Mrs. Briller leave to continue her subject and she always passed it around like bonbons, convinced that every one was pleased. "I always look the advertisements through just as much as I do the magazine matter," she continued, with a kind of pride.

Berkeley, from his neighboring porch-chair, groaned; not really groaned, perhaps, but he thought of a groan—just as one will who is mentally overburdened in public.

"I suppose," Berkeley said to his attentive self, "that I have heard ten thousand people say that thing, just precisely as if they had invented the idea."

Whereupon he smiled assent at Mrs. Briller, for Mrs. Briller demanded a smile at every noun. Then he turned over the advertising pages of his own magazine.

"Here they all are, bless 'em," he said meditatively. "Floor-stain and gelatin and reasons why and refrigerators and diamonds and squabs and gramophones and motors and motors, and then motors and paints——"

Berkeley stopped talking and turned back a page.

"What a wonderful girl!" he thought, and said nothing, holding the magazine open on his knee.

The paint advertisement took up two pages and it was colored. There was a picture of a pail of paint, reasons why one should buy it, and a cut of a brown house in a tropical country where sun, wind, and insects had no effect upon the paint; and there were letters from people in polar latitudes telling how snow and ice did nothing but bring out the tints. But the picture in the center—the picture in the center was the thing. There was a line of veranda-rail with pillars and three white steps. And at the top of the steps was a girl in blue linen. Her hair went back from her face, and her eyes were smiling, and she stood with her arms so folded that a hand touched either elbow where the blue sleeve stopped. Over her head was an orange-and-canary label which said: "Peyson's Paints. Best on Earth."

"What a wonderful girl!" Berkeley said aloud.

Mrs. Briller did not look. She had found an automobile advertisement, with a cut of a new model, and she was entranced by the color of the cushions. But this did not prevent her from saying "Yes?" critically, for she criticized prettily as often as she laughed—at every noun.

"But I don't see," offered Berkeley idly—his finger marking the place of that two-page advertisement—"I don't see where they get such stunning girls for the advertisements. They all look like something out of a frieze, with the gowns of a Broadway first night. If they are all such ravin' princesses as they look, how do they come to pose at all?"

Berkeley pondered it. This girl now—how had she come to pose? She looked as if a hundred belted earls were in their graves to account for her. Why should she have posed for an advertisement of paints made by one Peyson?

"What a droll thing it would be," said Mrs. Briller abruptly, for, if she could, Mrs. Briller would have looked for romance between the very hands of the clock, "what a droll thing it would be to fall in love with a girl in a picture!"

Berkeley reflected.

"I wouldn't mind that so much," he said; "that would be rather a joke, wouldn't it? But what would matter would be the way one actually met her. I hope to heaven," said Berkeley earnestly, "that when I meet my future wife they'll hang out a star or two, and a blazing moon, and give a cue to a nightingale."

Mrs. Briller looked at him curiously.

"What a charming sentimentalist you are!" she offered vaguely; "and do let me see the girl in the picture. What does she advertise?"

Berkeley promptly lost the place in the pages.

"I have forgotten all about her," he declared, smiling in Mrs. Briller's eyes as the others strolled out for tea.

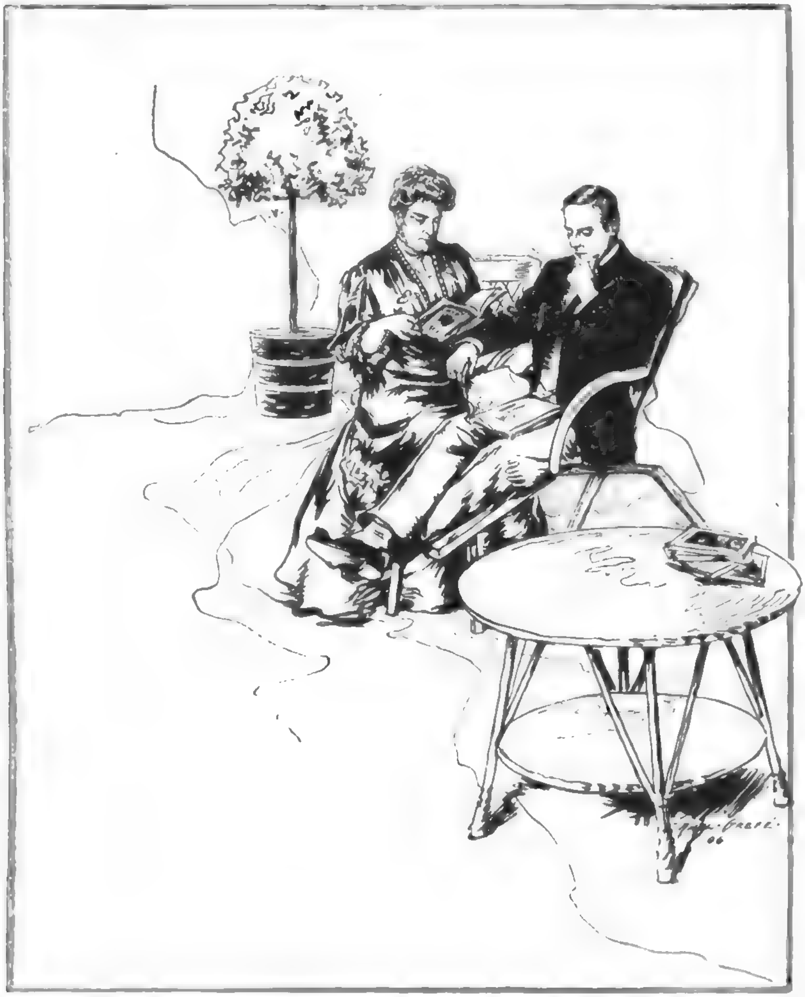
But he had not forgotten. On the contrary, he remembered more than once in the two days that remained to Mrs. Briller's house-party. He took the magazine to his room and laid it face downward among his brushes, and from time to time he looked casually at the picture of the girl in blue linen and reflected how delightful it would be if improbable things were not so uncompromisingly impossible. For in some way that picture haunted him. He looked to see where Peyson's paints were manufactured, and he turned it over in his mind that a man might go to Reed's Hollow, where the plant was, and look about a bit, and no one be the wiser.

"Gad!" he said to himself in scorn, on the afternoon of the second day, "I'll be putting on silver armor next, and appearing at the door of the paint-works."

And on the afternoon of the second day something happened; something which transformed Mrs. Briller's house-party into what she flutteringly called a surprise-party. For Cardle, her brother, cruising up the Sound, dropped anchor where a nose of the Briller estate ran down to the water. He came ashore, and appearing among them on the veranda at tea, invited every one to come aboard the Mer-boat with him for three days. No one thought of refusing, and in two hours they were on the way.

Cardle greeted Berkeley with effusion, and as they all streamed across the fields in the sunset—they were to dine on the yacht—he elected to walk beside him and to tell him how many matters stood. Cardle was huge in his flannels, and he always said: "Surely you knew that? I must have talked with you about it before. I always talk about that."

"I'm jolly glad to get you on the yacht, Berkeley," he told him now; "I've done my best to get you before, you know. I've tried to get you down to our place in the summer too, haven't I? I'm not so crazy about the boat myself, but my wife is, and we like a jolly crowd. There's only my wife and my niece aboard now—and two more. But the two are engaged and you can count 'em out. They'd like it."



"WHAT A WONDERFUL GIRL!" HE THOUGHT, HOLDING THE MAGAZINE OPEN ON HIS KNEE.

Berkeley tried to remember. He had not known that Cardle had a niece. It was very remiss of him not to know; but then, he reflected, tramping through the long meadow-grass, there were so many things he didn't know. He could not even remember where Cardle's summer-place was. He looked across the meadows, gloriously smitten by light from the cloud-piled sky, and it came to him suddenly that he would give much to be crossing that meadow at that minute to meet somebody in blue linen, coming toward him with her arms so folded that a hand touched either elbow where the blue sleeve stopped. It smote him with a kind of giddiness that here was the meadow, and here was he himself, and somewhere in the world was the girl in the blue linen gown, and all that he dreamed was possible.

Cardle was talking on.

"I tell you what," he said, "I wouldn't give one car for four yachts. Talk about repairing a car—why, I've laid out enough on that Merboat to bury her with full military honors. I've just had her painted again—that's the only luxury I can really afford."

"Painted," repeated Berkeley, with his flattering attention. "Painted," he said again, with an associative image of a two-page paint advertisement, colored. "By the way," Berkeley asked—not that he really wanted to know, but the question amused him—"by the way, what paint did you use?"

"*Paint?*" repeated Cardle.

Berkeley nodded, as interested as if he were about to select a new coat for the heavens.

"Why, I used Peyson's," said Cardle, in a kind of surprise.

Berkeley was frankly startled. It was so absurd, as if the meadows and the cloud-piled sky had known of his late wish, and had granted him to approach near the subject of his lady!

"Let me tell you," said Cardle, swinging ahead, "that that's the finest sun-proof paint in the country. If I'm not mistaken the Milky Way will be touched up with Peyson's enamel before the season is over, if I do say it. You know of course that I'm indirectly interested there?"

"Interested?" said Berkeley.

"Yes—in 'Peyson's Paints, the Best on Earth.' Haven't I told you that?" asked Cardle. "I must have talked with you about that before. I always talk with everybody about that."

Berkeley put it to himself whether this coincidence really meant something—as coincidences seldom do. Then from the group ahead he heard Mrs. Briller sending back to him a little shriek of appeal—musical and melancholy.

"Don," she cried, "oh, Don Berkeley! I've done the most frightful thing. I've invited a man to dinner, and in the excitement we've come off and left him. He will be at the house any minute—oh, *would* you go back to the lodge and telephone him to follow us here? And we'll simply *have* to wait for him."

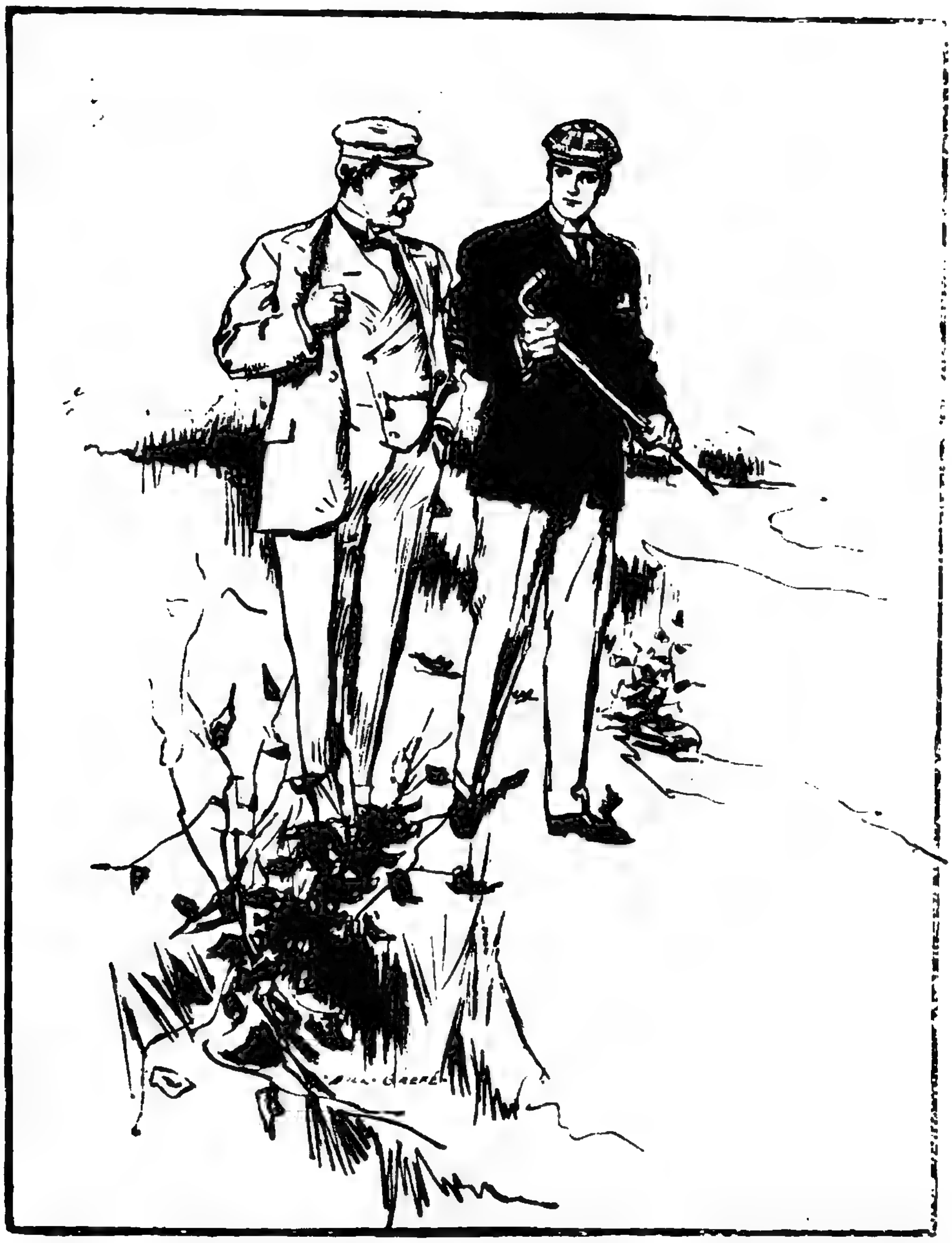
"Why, yes, Mrs. Briller," said Berkeley, "yes. Has—has he a name?"

"His name," said Mrs. Briller in worried abstraction, "is Hoppleton. Thank you so very much, Don."

Hoppleton. Berkeley said the name over as he turned and faced once more the glory of the wide, gray-green meadows. And why in the world should he, he wondered idly, be roving across a strange pasture, intent on one Hoppleton, of whom he had never heard? He vaulted a fence and struck through the long, lush grass, starred with midsummer bloom, and his eye swept the field as far as the distant stile by the barberry-bushes, beyond which lay the lodge of Briller Place. Here was this meadow, gold in the light of the cloud-piled sky; and somewhere in the world was the girl of that picture who persisted in his mind. Why was it that instead of being in this charming spot to meet her, Destiny had set him down here and filled his mind with one Hoppleton?

Then he became aware that somebody was standing by the stile, under the barberries. Berkeley's heart gave a curious little dart as he saw her, as if it had said to him: What if that were she? Cardle's having read his most secret Peyson's Paint thoughts made him nervously ready for any coincidence. He even quickened his steps, hardly daring his second glance toward the lady for fear of her failure to be, impossibly, the right one. And when he did look again he could have found it in his heart to stop in the path, for the actuality seemed the most impossible of all.

She was not in blue linen. She was in white serge. Her hair did not go rippling back from her face, but it lay in little bright



HE ELECTED TO WALK BESIDE HIM AND TELL HIM HOW MATTERS STOOD.

tendrils all about her forehead. And her eyes, instead of smiling, were grave and direct. In a word, she was not in the very least like the lady of Berkeley's two days of dreams; and yet, with her almost disconcerting prettiness, she was here in the meadow quite as if he himself had just wished her in place with his imagining. Here was the meadow, still golden in the light of the cloud-piled sky; here was he himself, even as before; and here stood this unexpected little figure at the stile—exactly as if Destiny had repented!

Berkeley was not the man to repudiate Destiny. It flashed through his mind that the only way in which he could, conceivably, speak with her was to ask her the way to the Briller lodge—though the lodge lay in plain sight not a stone's throw beyond the barberries. But when he would have done so he found to his delight that the lady was about to speak to him; which she did, with eyes still grave and direct.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "may I trouble you to tell me the nearest way to the Briller's boat-house?"

In the instant that it took Berkeley to direct her he understood, of course, that she must belong to the party on the Mer-boat. And when he had shown her where lay the nearest way through the fields, and she had thanked him and moved a step away, he found words to detain her, with a kind of boyish eagerness.

"Do you mind my asking," he said, "if you are not with Mr. Cardle's party on the Mer-boat?" and took just time enough to note how beautiful her eyebrows were when they went imperceptibly up, before he added: "Because I am with them—I've come an errand to the lodge there—and I could show you the way back, if I may."

"Thank you," said the lady; "if you are going to the yacht—and if you will be so good."

If he would be so good! Berkeley hurried up the length of road to the Briller lodge blessing the very name of the unknown, absent Hoppleton who had unconsciously brought about this meeting—Hoppleton, who, they told him on the wire, had not yet reached Briller Place. Berkeley strove to leave coherent directions, and he was back to the meadow in the time that it had taken the lady to gather half a dozen great, knowing-looking daisies for her belt. And then the two walked together through the lush, gray-green grass, in the fairy light of the yellow sky.

Berkeley was not imaginative. But as he looked across the meadows in the high moment of that sunset he half wondered if he had not, as he walked that path before, trodden on a bit of magic ground while he made his wish—so that the wish had come partly true. And Berkeley was not inconstant—for surely it was not inconstancy to forget a Blue Linen Lady whom he had never seen.

She said: "These fields are very confusing. I was certain that I had the right one, quarter of a mile away."

And he answered, with a half-belief in his own words: "These are very remarkable fields. I believe that if people walk here and make a wish, the wish comes true."

"How interesting!" she said, with a smile in her eyes; "I wonder whether any one has ever tried it."

"I dare say that everybody who goes through here makes a wish, whether he knows about the meadow or not," Berkeley suggested. "But I should like to hear some one wish, so as to be sure."

"I wish," she said promptly, "for that extremely pretty bit of goldenrod by this rock here."

Berkeley broke the stalk and, as he gave it to her:

"Do you not see?" he said gravely. "I more than half believed it all the time!"

Then they laughed a little, perhaps for the very sake of the yellow light in the meadow, and after that Berkeley never could remember exactly of what they did talk. Not that it mattered in the very least; for he remembered perfectly the way the sun caught the bright tendrils of hair about her forehead and the way in which, twice in their progress, her eyes, grave and direct, met his as they talked. It was all swift and bewildering, but all the time Berkeley knew that he was never to forget the walk or the meadow—or this lady. And she would be on the Mer-boat too!

When they emerged on the smooth white sand of the beach, with the very waves of the Sound running in toward them with little curtsies, every one had been rowed out to the yacht, and the dory was returning for him. On the deck of the Mer-boat stood Cardle, big in his yachting flannels; and he turned and looked curiously at Berkeley and the lady, taking their serene way toward the water's edge. Her hair was uncovered to the low-slanting brightness, and she stood slim and erect between Berkeley and the blinding water as they waited for the little boat. Berkeley was smiling—perhaps for the sake of the yellow light that smote the sand; perhaps because it had just come to him that if this were to be his love-story, it had had a perfect beginning. The "star and a blazing moon and a cue for a nightingale" could not more delicately have heralded the hour. And Cardle, watching from the deck of his yacht—Cardle, the resourceful, the hearty—remembered inspirationally that these two must be strangers to each other. Therefore, there being a megaphone at his elbow, he lifted it.

"Berke-ley!" he roared in his might, "E-dith! Both of you listen. Miss Fairmont, this is Berkeley. Berke-ley, my niece. Hustle up. We are *sta-arving*."

Berkeley never forgot Edith Fairmont's smile.

"I wonder," she said, as he handed her to the stern, "whether anybody ever did that before. I hope not."

"In some respects," said Berkeley, and his eyes met hers across the bent back of the man who was pushing out, "in some respects the moment *was* a revelation."

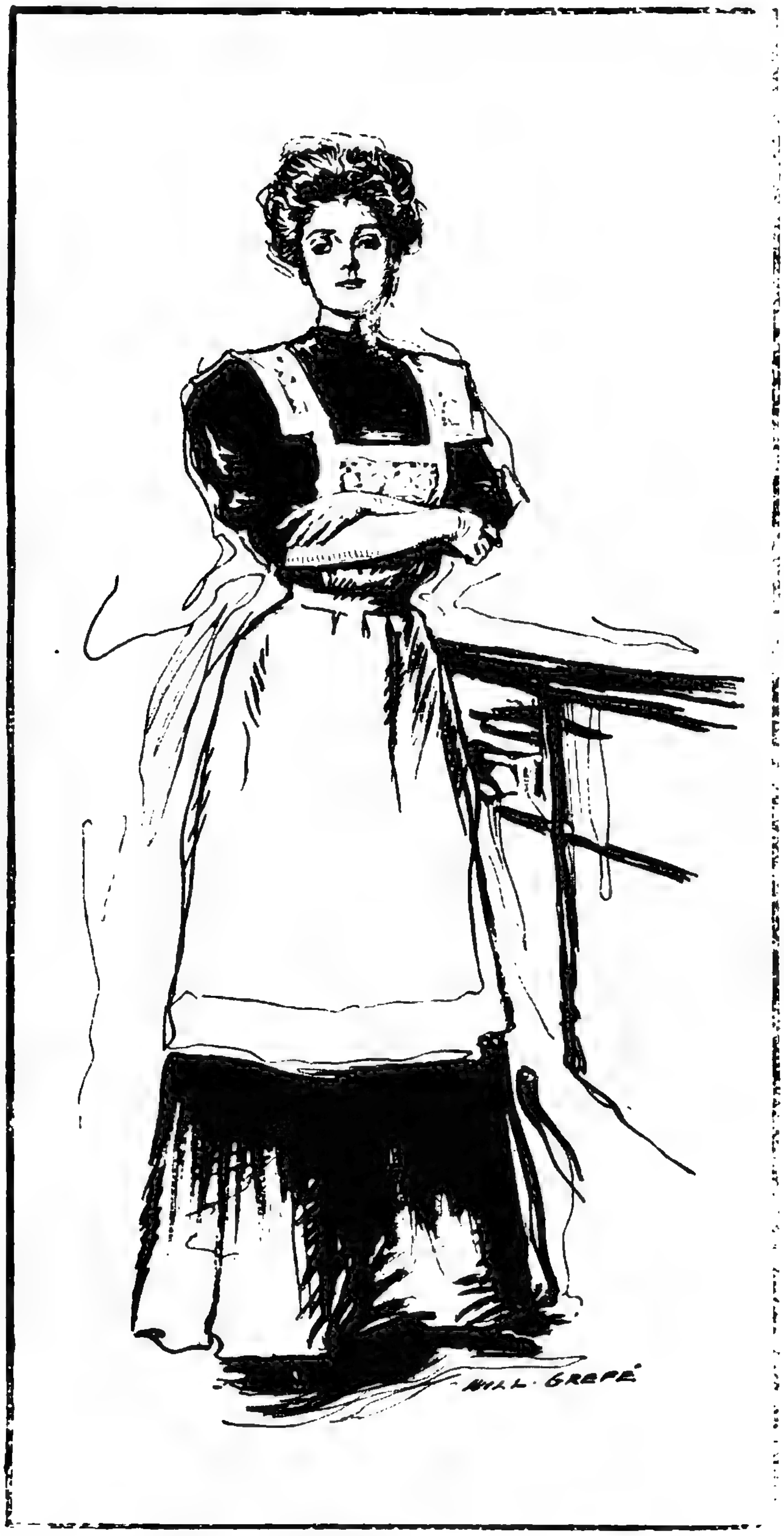
Then they dipped away over the near rosy water to where the Mer-boat fluttered, like a great silver bow pinned to the far blue. Star or blazing moon or nightingale or megaphone, it was all one to Berkeley now.

On deck they found Mrs. Briller, still in agitation over one Hoppleton, forgotten; and Mrs. Cardle, a shawl slipping from her shoulders and a magazine in her hand—fussy and sweet and given to commonplace; and Cardle, big and genuine and sta-arving; and the two who were engaged and who were so self-absorbed that they might be counted out. All of whom mattered not at all to Berkeley, who was utterly resigned to awaiting the absent Hoppleton or every one else, so long as things were as things were.

"I wish Hoppy would hurry," said Cardle presently. "I wanted to make Reed's Hollow before the mail-boat goes."

Berkeley heard that. Reed's Hollow, where he had lately thought of going down in natty, up-to-date armor.

"Reed's Hollow?" he repeated vaguely.



THE MAID WAS STANDING BY THE DECK-RAIL.

"Yes," said Cardle, "that's where I live. That's where my summer-place is, you know."

Berkeley listened, though his interest—now—was merely the interest which a conscientious observer takes in a coincidence. And not at all the sort of interest which he felt, say, in watching Miss Fairmont's bright hair stir in the freshening wind, or the envy with which he saw her maid come folding a wrap about her. A maid whose trim back annoyed Berkeley subconsciously, because it interposed for the briefest time between him and Edith Fairmont's deck-chair. A maid who, as she was leaving, paused for a moment, arrested by some trivial word of direction. And Berkeley glanced up.

The maid was standing by the deck-rail, and she wore blue linen. Her hair was rippling back from her face and, though she had a very pretty air of deference, her eyes were smiling. And her arms were so folded that a hand touched either elbow where the blue sleeve stopped. And, in spite of her little cap and apron, she was so finely picturesque that a hundred belted earls might have been in their graves to account for her. So as soon as Berkeley saw her he knew past all doubting that it was she—that *this* was the Blue Linen Lady of his two days of dreams!

He watched her, smiling a little—with the conscientious interest of an impartial observer of a coincidence.

"Hasn't that maid posed for some magazine advertisement lately?" he asked idly of Cardle—but even then he hardly smiled at the way that his dream had ended, because he was so content.

"Yes," said Cardle delightedly, "I thought people'd notice that advertisement. Yes, she posed for Peyson's Paints. You and I were talkin' about 'em, Berkeley. I always talk with everybody about 'em. You know my niece Edith there—she's Peyson. She owns the paint-works," he said confidentially, "root and branch—old Peyson was her great-uncle. That's what I meant about my being interested. Come down some time and I'll show you around."

Berkeley listened, with mirth in his eyes for the sake of this coincidence that meant something—as coincidences seldom do. He looked away to the beach and saw the figure of one who he supposed would be Hoppleton hurrying down to the dingey. Hoppleton. And he, Berkeley, had actually thought that Destiny intended him to be solely concerned with the affairs of one Hoppleton, whom he had never seen! Oh, there lay the meadow of lush green grass, starred with meadowsweet, and here was he himself; and there in the steamer-chair was proof that the delightful things are the most possible of all. And Berkeley's smile was by no means for the sake of the fading light in the cloud-piled sky.

"How perfect the meadows look!" said Edith Fairmont when the Blue Linen Lady had gone below.

"They are wishing meadows," offered Berkeley. "I know of a wish that was made there, and the wish came true."

"And was it about goldenrod?" she asked gravely.

"Ah, well, partly perhaps," Berkeley said, telling the truth.

Then Mrs. Cardle bent forward, her shawl slipping from her shoulders, a magazine in her hand.

"You were speaking of a magazine advertisement," she said plaintively. "Well, don't you think that the magazine advertisements in these days are simply wonderful?"

Upon which Mrs. Briller passed the subject around as if it had been bonbons.

"So original—such pains taken to make them artistic—such pretty girls to pose for the pictures," she said. "I always look the advertisements through just as much as I do the magazine matter," she contributed, with a kind of pride.

But Berkeley did not even think of a groan. How should he—in a world where the delightful things are so uncompromisingly possible?

The Turkey

By ARTHUR COLTON

OBSERVE the turkey's ill-bred air,
His gobble, strut, and vulgar stare.
Light-hearted folk have mocked at him,
But thoughtful ones are shocked at him,
And feel with pain they must conclude
'Tis his intention to be rude.

A Christmas Thought

by Eugene Wood

EVERYBODY, I suppose, likes to muse on what Mr. Tilden once described as "consequences of what never happened." What if Lincoln had not been shot? What if there had been no Sunken Road at Waterloo? What if, the day before the day Columbus had yielded to the sailors, with a "Well, all right. Let us go back"? The field is endless.

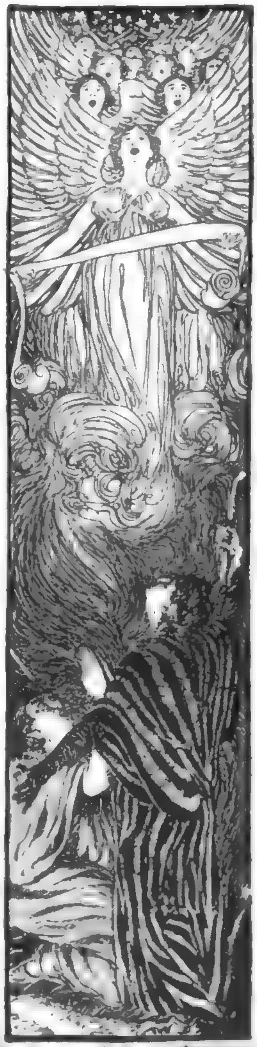
Everybody, I suppose too, has been fascinated by the mystery about the old Norse settlements in pre-Columbian America, and has tried to piece out the few and broken bits of fact. Some there were, we know, among these people, like enough kin of ours, that worshiped Thor and Woden, that mourned the fair god Balder, and despised the soft, new-fangled faith their fellows had adopted. What if a colony of Norsemen had lived and flourished in America till this day, holding to that old faith? Dear as is to us the sweeter, kindlier belief that came to us from Palestine, yet blood is thicker than water. We are children of the Northmen. Our skin is fair, our hair is fulvous, and our eyes are blue by blood-right. Racial pride and prejudice—patriotism, if you will—link us rather to the Vikings than to the black-eyed Israelites, who never would stand up and fight for their rights; give us sentimental reason for regret that our own brave fathers' faith, the faith of men that never were in bondage and never mourned a Seventy Years' Captivity, a faith bred in the bone for centuries should utterly have perished from the earth. But it is gone forever.

Ah, but wait a moment. Is it gone? Isn't it living yet, softened and purified, loving and altogether lovable? No need to dream of Norse colonies that survived. Look at home.

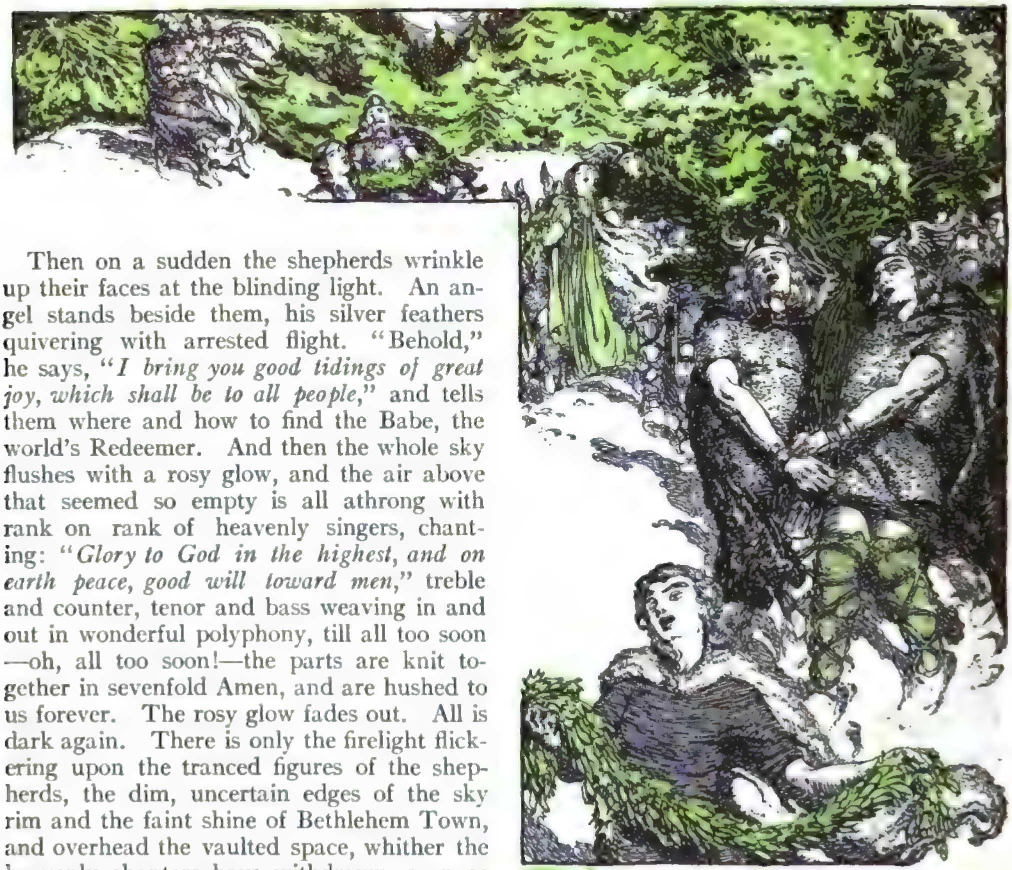
This is Christmas-tide. And what is Christmas?

Comes to us at once the picture of the shepherds abiding in the fields by night. We see them gathered about the fire, all high lights and deep shadows in the flickering orange glow. Formless masses in the outer gloom show where the sheep are resting. Beyond them circles the uncertain sky-rim, broken by the faint shine of lights from David's town. Above, star-sprinkled, vaults a space so vast, so vast, so lacking in a thither side, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth. It cannot fly so far.

It is very still. An old shepherd sighs; a boy yawns drowsily; an ember sinks in crumbling fall; a sheep-bell tinkles; a lamb bleats tremulously, and then forgets its dream and sleeps again; the night-wind rustles in the grasses; it is very still.



"Glory, Glory be to God on high"



Then on a sudden the shepherds wrinkle up their faces at the blinding light. An angel stands beside them, his silver feathers quivering with arrested flight. "Behold," he says, "*I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people*," and tells them where and how to find the Babe, the world's Redeemer. And then the whole sky flushes with a rosy glow, and the air above that seemed so empty is all athrong with rank on rank of heavenly singers, chanting: "*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men*," treble and counter, tenor and bass weaving in and out in wonderful polyphony, till all too soon—oh, all too soon!—the parts are knit together in sevenfold Amen, and are hushed to us forever. The rosy glow fades out. All is dark again. There is only the firelight flickering upon the tranced figures of the shepherds, the dim, uncertain edges of the sky rim and the faint shine of Bethlehem Town, and overhead the vaulted space, whither the heavenly chanters have withdrawn, a space so vast, so far to go in, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth.

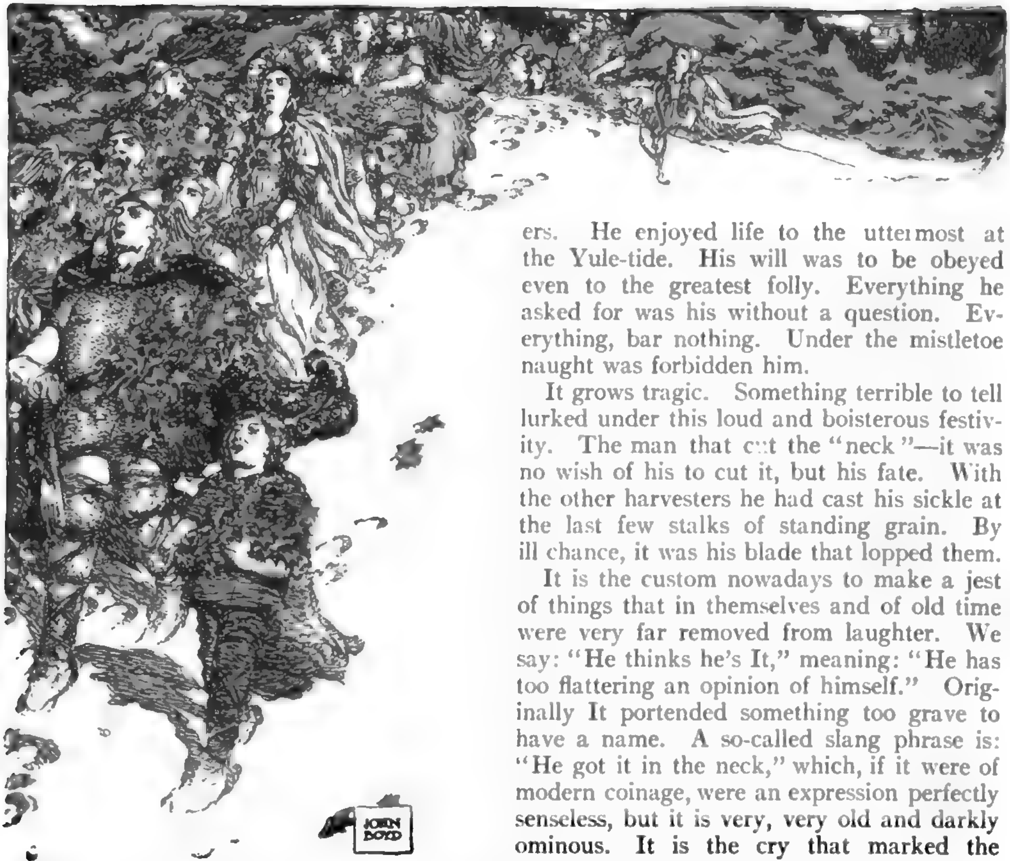
The shepherds harken if they can catch one last faint antiphon, but there are only the ember's crumbling fall, the tremulous bleating of a lamb, the night-wind's rustle, and the blood beating in their ears.

This is why Christmas is.

BUT what have shepherds to do with fir-trees glittering with candles and semblances of gilded fruits? What have angel choirs to do with holly bound in wreaths with blood-red ribbons, pale mistletoe and the license that it gives? What has the Babe, the world's Redeemer, to do with a mysterious being that cannot bear that we shall look upon him, but comes at midnight, riding behind reindeer and showering gifts on every one? Nothing at all.

[illegible] ule, not Christmas; the old faith, not the new. The old religion is like the men that made it; it is unconquered and unconquerable. It will never die and be forgot.

Ages and ages before the star hung over where the Young Child lay, all of North Europe kept a feast on December 25th. This is no place to talk of the precession of the equinox, but the stubborn fixity of that date proves the high antiquity of the feast. In almost every month of all the twelve, good Christian men have celebrated the Nativity. Yule-tide never varied. Perhaps the missionaries hoped to smother out this heathen festival by crowding Christmas in upon it, but it would not die. It has learned to keep step with Christmas; it has been sweetened and softened by it, but it is Yule, not Christmas, to this day.



The men and women we could all trace back to it

We had the records, men and women that knew well enough how to make the sign of Thor's hammer over what they ate and drank, before there was a Cross to make the sign of, used at the Yule to bring trees of fir into the house, to deck them with nuts and apples and lighted candles. A log of sacred oak they dragged to the fireplace and burned there. The last sheaf of wheat, left unthrashed, they set up on the ridge-pole of the house, not that the hungry winter birds might feast as well as they, but for a weightier reason. The mistletoe they cut from trees, especially the oak, and brought it home with singing. I pray you heed and you shall see why mistletoe never should hang in a Christian church.

The man that cut that last sheaf of the harvest, the "neck" as it was called, drank deeper and ate more than all the other revellers. He enjoyed life to the uttermost at the Yule-tide. His will was to be obeyed even to the greatest folly. Everything he asked for was his without a question. Everything, bar nothing. Under the mistletoe naught was forbidden him.

It grows tragic. Something terrible to tell lurked under this loud and boisterous festivity. The man that cut the "neck"—it was no wish of his to cut it, but his fate. With the other harvesters he had cast his sickle at the last few stalks of standing grain. By ill chance, it was his blade that lopped them.

It is the custom nowadays to make a jest of things that in themselves and of old time were very far removed from laughter. We say: "He thinks he's It," meaning: "He has too flattering an opinion of himself." Originally It portended something too grave to have a name. A so-called slang phrase is: "He got it in the neck," which, if it were of modern coinage, were an expression perfectly senseless, but it is very, very old and darkly ominous. It is the cry that marked the Yule-tide victim, "He's gotten the neck." In the last few stalks of standing grain the spirit of the harvest took her refuge. He that cut it, cut her throat. His friends made up to him as best they could the unutterable misfortune that had befallen him in being It; they made a king of him, as in other places other victims were made king and wore a purple robe. As this man had served the harvest spirit, so was he served.

In these days we call that mysterious being, on whom we must not look, by the name of Santa Claus. Santa Claus is St. Nicholas, the Wonder-worker. As he grows older, I think he grows more gentle and forbearing with the children. We may say: "Now, Kenneth, unless you are a very much better little boy than you have been, Old Santy will not bring you anything. No drum, no express-wagon, not a single thing."

But I take notice that naughty, perverse Kenneth, who kicks and screams with temper, gets just as many pretty toys on Christmas eve from the fat saint as Dorothy, who never answers saucily and always does what she is told. Not so very many years ago bad children used to find lumps of coal in their stockings on Christmas morning. A century or so ago, if we may trust old German prints, he used to whip the naughty boys; and still more anciently, he scourged the first-born son, be he well or ill behaved. This has a sinister appearance. It means that this mysterious midnight visitor is older far than Santa Claus, St. Nicholas, or any Christian saint. He is of Moloch's age, brother to Saturn. I speak as discreetly but as meaningly as possible when I say that he is older than the Passover, and not remote from Abraham.

I think that none of us can help a sigh and a cold chill as we bethink us what this means. Terrible as it seems to us, our kinfolk long and long ago deemed it a solemn duty. Gloomy and tragic as it seems to us, it was to them the very pith and heart of Yule-tide. It was done for the selfsame reason that the holly and mistletoe were brought in, the fir-tree hung with nuts and apples, and the Yule log lighted.

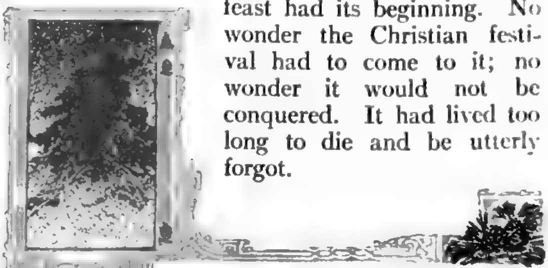
That reason was . . .

Suppose you had to let somebody know that you were very hungry, somebody that did not use your language, how would you do? You would make signs of eating, would you not?

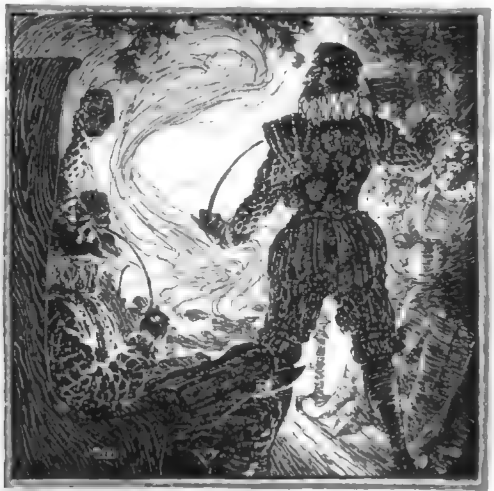
And suppose that everything about you, plants, animals, rocks, rivers, clouds, sun, moon, stars, and all were living beings like yourself, but not knowing or not choosing to use your language, you would pantomime your wants to them as best you could. If the country needed rain, you would sprinkle water solemnly and with due process. If you forgot or left out no detail, sung the right words to the right tune and all, it would rain. It couldn't help itself. If it didn't rain, then it was your fault; you had left out something of the compelling act. Every morning while it was yet dark, somebody had to light a fire to give the sun his cue to rise. If no such fire were lighted—but it is idle speculating on the "consequences of what never happened." Evidently there has always been some one in some place to light the fire, for the sun has always risen regularly.

(It seems ridiculous to us that human beings ever should have seriously believed that what they did could change the ordered sequence of the universe, but all men have believed this, and tied knots in string to keep the sun from going down till they got home. Perhaps our most pretentious efforts will seem as comical to our children that shall come after us.)

Even we, who take but little heed of the sky (Men of the Muck-rake that we are), must notice that at this season of the year the sun hangs low in the south. It is nothing like so nearly overhead as in the glad summer-time, when there is grass for cattle and wild game to feed on, when fruits and berries gem the trees and bushes, when nuts and seeds are ripening, when you can live a life full-fed and free, and are not prisoners of the cold, kept on short and juiceless rations. Day by day the sun sinks lower, then seems to falter. On this day, if the right things are done, he will begin to inch a little higher in the southern heaven until summer comes again. This day is Yule. That it is December 25th, and not December 22d, which is now the shortest day of all the year, proves that very, very long ago this feast had its beginning. No wonder the Christian festival had to come to it; no wonder it would not be conquered. It had lived too long to die and be utterly forgot.



IN the green holly, in the green firs, the spirits of the growing things took refuge when the low sun brought frost and long nights. The spirit of the sacred oak crept upward into the mistletoe. Our kinfolk brought these spirits into the house and pantomimed the summer to them. They strung the boughs with nuts and apples; they counterfeited light and warmth with many candles and the Yule log; they counterfeited the full-fed summer with their feasting. The spirit of the harvest was in the man that cut the "neck." The old growth must be clean done away with to make room for the harvest of the new year. God of the harvest he was, and priest and sacrifice all in one. So . . . that happened which happened, under the mistletoe, the Golden Bough.


"the Yule-log burns brightly"

In our Bibles we may read how Mesha, King of Moab, besieged by Israel, in his dire need offered his first-born son upon the wall. It was his dearest possession. Figure to yourself a young man and his wife, from whose children you yourself are lineally descended. They have a little boy just beginning to walk and talk. He is their first-born. Just the same as you, that mother must have noted eagerly the day he raised himself by that stool yonder and made his first few staggering steps toward her, falling into her outstretched arms, crowing with pride at his own valor. Just the same as you, she must have told her husband when he returned that night. Just the same as you, young father, he took the boy and set him upon his foot and rode him a-cock-horse, and when the little fellow clambered into his lap and pulled at his beard and babbled "Da-da!" the father's bosom must have heaved, and his throat ached, and his eyes dimmed with sudden moisture.

HOW dear he must have been to them, their first-born child, their son! Dearer the more for that upon the Holy Night, some one would come, some one that none might look upon, come in midnight darkness and . . . No. No, I cannot say it!

Don't you suppose it was as hard for them to give him up as it would be for you? Don't you suppose it broke their hearts, as it would yours, to put that little form, with the red drops upon it (not holly-berries), out in the woods, under the frozen clods; to come back to the house and find it all so still and hushed? to see his toys about; to note the old dog going about seeking his little playfellow, and whining when he did not find him? It must have been hard for them, harder for her, perhaps, than him, but hard for him too.

If it had been you, if you had seen how cold and cruel was the winter; how difficult to bring in game, and feed for the tamed animals; if you had thought how terrible it would be if spring should never come again; if you felt certain as all men have done, in every age and every land, that there was no other way to bring the sun back to mid-heaven, to spread the earth again with a green carpet, to make the flowers blow, to set the seeds and fruits, so that your people might be full-fed and happy, you, too, would have realized that it was not seemly to be selfish. Other folk you had to think of. Though it broke your heart to kiss your first-born son when you laid him in his bed that night, you, too, would feel, as your own kinfolk felt so many years ago, that it was for the best. We must do all we can to help along.

IT is good sometimes to cast a backward look like this to see how far away the human race has come. We shall go farther yet, please God. Nothing can daunt us now. By the radiance of this holy season wherein our Savior Christ was born, we can see clearlier how and why the new faith spread like wild-fire. The young father with his first-born son in his arms, the young mother with her child upon her bosom, must have hung on the words of the preacher who told that once and for all, for all men everywhere, a Bloody Sacrifice had been offered on a hill called Calvary. On this day of all the year, as if a special emphasis were laid upon the fact, the Unbloody Sacrifice and Commemoration must be offered by every celebrating priest, not once only as on other days, but three times. Three times, remember that.

WE know now that the revolving year needs not our help. Summer and winter come and go without our let or hindrance. It must have seemed disheartening to our ancestors to find this out, as it seems to us whenever the cold suspicion comes to us that the great economic forces which we fondly dream we rule, are just as independent of us. There come the summers of prosperity, the winters of hard times. In the tropics of vast wealth some loll in never-ending ease; at the poles of poverty others fight a hard and losing battle for bare life itself.

The old faith lives in Yule-tide, but it is sweetened and chastened by its fellow Christmas-tide. And its word to us is: *We must do all we can to help along.* If we cannot bring the summer into every wintry life, we can simulate it for a few, at least, and for a little while. The Yule log burned out soon, and the green boughs were cast away at Twelfth Night, but they were cheery while they lasted. Let us make somebody happy at this holy season, if only for a moment.

THE scarlet holly-berries must remind us of those deep red drops, and tell us that if we really mean to help along, it must cost us something. Oh, I don't mean money. Money's the cheapest thing there is. It must cost us in our foolish belief, that we are of more worth than all the race of men. Just as our forebears long ago, that it might be well with all the folk, gave of their dearest and flinched not, so we must give and flinch not, out of our sympathy, of our blood-kinship with every living man and woman, because they are men and women, even though their skin be black, their table manners shocking, their language ungrammatical. Not alone for white men, I believe, nor well-bred men, nor even educated men, but "for us men, and for our salvation, He came down from heaven and was incarnate of the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary and was made man."

Through His Cross and Passion we no longer need to struggle with the question: "Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" but the answer remaineth from one generation to another, it shall not pass away: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Peace on Earth
Good will to Men

In the Deep of the Snow

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "Watchers of the Trails," etc.

Illustrations by Denman Fink

I

AROUND the little log cabin in the clearing the snow lay nearly four feet deep. It loaded the roof. It buried the low, broad, log barn almost to the eaves. It whitely fenced in the trodden, chip-littered, straw-strewn space of the yard, which lay between the barn and the cabin. It heaped itself fantastically, in mounds and domes and pillars, over the stumps that dotted the raw, young clearing. It clung densely on the drooping branches of the fir and spruce and hemlock. It mantled in a kind of breathless, expectant silence the solitude of the wilderness world.

Dave Patton, pushing down the blankets and the many-colored patchwork quilt, lifted himself on one elbow, and looked at the pale face of his young wife. She was sleeping. He slipped noiselessly out of the bunk, lightly pulled up the coverings again, and hurriedly drew on two pairs of heavy, home-knit socks of rough wool. The cabin was filled with the gray light of earliest dawn, and with a biting cold that made the woodsman's hardy fingers ache. Stepping softly as a cat over the rough plank floor, he made haste to pile the cooking-stove with birch-bark, kindling, and split sticks of dry, hard wood. At the touch of the match the birch-bark caught and curled with a crisp crackling, and with a roar in the strong draft the cunningly piled mass burst into blaze. Dave Patton straightened, and his gray eyes turned to a little, low bunk with high sides in the farther corner of the cabin.

Peering over the edge of the bunk with big, eager blue eyes was a round little face framed in a tousled mop of yellow hair. A red glare from the open draft of the stove caught the child's face. The moment she saw her father looking at her she started to climb out of the bunk; but Dave was instantly at her side, kissing her, and tucking her down again into the blankets.

"You mustn't git out o' bed, sweetie," he whispered, "till the house gits warmed up a bit. An' don't wake mother yet."

The child's eyes danced with eagerness, but she restrained her voice as she replied.

"I thought mebbe 'twas Christmis, popsie!" she whispered, clutching his fingers. "'T first, I thought mebbe you was Sandy Claus, popsie. Oh, I wisht Christmis 'ld hurry up!"

A look of pain passed over Dave Patton's face.

"Christmas won't be along fer 'most a week yit, sweetie!" he answered, in the soft undertone that took heed of his wife's slumbers. "An' anyways, how do you s'pose Sandy Claus is goin' to find his way, 'way out into these great woods, through all this snow?"

"Oh, *popsie!*" cried the child excitedly. Then, remembering, she lowered her voice again to a whisper. "Don't you know Sandy Claus kin go *any*wheres? Snow, an' cold, an' the—the—big black woods—they don't bother *him* one little, teenty mite. He knows where to find me out here, jest 's easy 's in at the Settlements, popsie!"

The mother stirred in her bunk, wakened by the little one's voice. She sat up, shivering, and pulled a red shawl about her shoulders. Her eyes sought Dave's significantly and sympathetically.

"Mother's girl must try an' not think so much about Sandy Claus," she pleaded. "I don't want her to go an' be disappointed. Sandy Claus lives in at the Settlements, an' you know right well, girlie, he couldn't git 'way out here, Christmas eve, without neglecting all the little boys an' girls at the Settlements. You wouldn't want *them all* disappointed, just so's he could come to our little girl 'way off here in the woods, what's got her father an' mother anyways!"

The child sat up straight in her bunk, her eyes grew very wide and filled with tears, and her lips quivered. This was the first really effective blow that her faith in Christmas and in Santa Claus had ever received. But instantly her faith recovered itself. The eager light returned to her face, and she shook her yellow head obstinately.

"He won't *have to* 'lect the childern in the Settlements, will he, popsie?" she cried. And without waiting for an answer, she went on: "He kin be everywheres to oncet, Sandy Claus can. He's so good an' kind, he won't forget *one* of the little boys an' girls in the Settlements, nor me, out here in the woods. Oh, mumsie, I wisht it was to-night was Christmis eve!" And in her happy anticipation she bounced up and down in the bunk, a figure of fairy joy in her blue flannel nightgown.

Dave turned away with a heavy heart, and jammed more wood into the stove. Then, pulling on his thick cowhide "larrigans," coat, and woolen mittens, he went out to fodder the cattle. With that joyous roar of fresh flame in the stove the cabin was already warming up, but outside the door, which Dave closed quickly behind him, the cold had a kind of still savagery, edged and instant like a knife. To a strong man, however, it was tonic and honest, challenging to resistance. In spite of his sad preoccupation, Dave responded to the cold air instinctively, pausing outside the door to fill his deep lungs and to glance at the thrilling mystery of the sunrise before him.

The cabin stood at the top of the clearing, against a background of dense spruce forest, which sheltered it on the north and northeast. Across the yard, on the western side of the cabin, the log barn and the "lean-to" thrust up their laden roofs from the surrounding snow. In front, the cleared ground sloped away gently to the woods below, a snow-swathed, mystically glimmering expanse, its surface tumbled by the upthrust of the muffled stumps. From the eastern corner of the clearing, directly opposite the doorway before which Dave was standing, the Settlements trail led straight away, a lane of miraculous glory, into the very focus of the sunrise.

For miles upon miles the slow slope of the wilderness was toward the east, so that the trail was like an open gate into the great space of earth and sky. The sky, from the eastern horizon to the zenith—and that was all that Dave Patton had eyes for—was filled with a celestial rabble of rose-pink vapors, thin aerial wisps of almost unimaginable color. Except the horizon! The horizon, just where the magic portals of the trail revealed it, was an unfathomable radiance of intense, transparent, orange-crimson flame, so thrilling in its strangeness that Dave seemed to feel his spirit striving to draw it in as his lungs were drawing in the vital air. From that fount of living light rushed innumerable streams of thin color, making threads and stains and patches of mystical red among the tops of the lower forest, and dyeing the snowy surface of the clearing with the tints of mother-of-pearl and opal. Dave turned his head to glance at the cabin, the barn, and the woods behind them. All were bathed in that transfiguring rush of glory. The beauty of it gave him a curious pang, which turned instantly, by some association too obscure for him to trace, into an ache of grief at the disappointment that was hanging over the little one's gaily trusting heart. The fairylike quality of the scene before him made him think, by a mingling of sympathy and far-off, dim remembrance, of the fairy glamour and unreal radiance of beauty that Christmas tree and Christmas toys stood for in the child's bright anticipations. He reminded himself of the glittering delights with which, during the past three Christmases, Lidey's kinsfolk in the Settlement had lovingly surrounded her. Now he, her father, could do nothing to make her Christmas different from all these other days in whose shut-in monotony she was wearying. Hope, now, and excited wonder, were giving the little one new life. Dave Patton cringed within at the thought of the awakening, the disillusionment, the desolation of sorrow that would come to the baby heart with the dawn of Christmas. He was overwhelmed with self-reproach, because he had not realized all this in time to make provision, before the deep snow had blocked the trail to the Settlement. Now, what *could* he do?

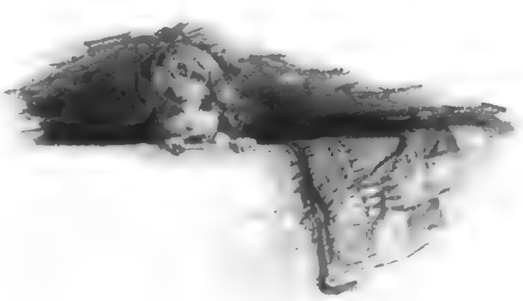
Heavily Dave strode across the yard to the door of the barn. At the sound of his feet crunching the trodden and brittle snow, there came low mooings of eagerness from the expectant cattle in the barn. As he lifted the massive wooden latch and opened the door, the horse whinnied to him from the innermost stall, there was a welcoming shuffle of hoofs, and a comfortable warmth puffed steamily out in his face. From the horse's stall, from the stanchions of the cattle, big soft eyes all turned to him. As he bundled the scented hay into the mangers, and listened to the contented snortings and puffings as soft muzzles tossed the fodder, he thought how happy these creatures were in their warm security. He thought how happy he was, and his wife, reunited to him after three years of forced and almost continuous separation. For him, and for the young wife, now recovering health in the tonic air of the spruce land after years of invalidism, this had promised to be a Christmas of unalloyed gladness. To one only, to the little one whose happiness was his continual thought, the day would be dark with the shattering of cherished hopes. The more he thought of it, the more he felt that it was not to be borne. Faint but piteous memories from his own childhood stirred in his brain, and he realized how irremediable, how final and desperate, seem a child's small sorrows. A sudden resolve took hold upon him. This bitterness, at least, his little one should not know. He jammed the pitchfork energetically back into the mow, and left the barn with the quick step of an assured purpose.

Three years before this Dave Patton, after a series of misfortunes in the Settlement, which had reduced him to sharp poverty, had been forced to leave his wife and three-year-old baby with her own people, while he betook himself into the remotest wilderness to carve out a new home for them on a tract of forest land which was all that remained of his possessions. The land was fertile, and carried good timber; and he had begun to prosper. But his wife's ill health had long made it impossible for her to face the hardships and risks of a pioneer's life two days' journey from the nearest civilization. Not till the preceding spring had Dave dared to bring his family out to the wilderness home that he had so long been making ready for them. Then, however, it had proved a success. In that high and healing air he had seen the color slowly come back to his wife's pale cheeks; and as for the child, until the great snows came and cut her off from this novel and interesting world, she had been absorbingly happy in the fellowship of the wilderness.

When Dave reentered the cabin he found the table set over by the window, and his wife beating up the batter for the buckwheat pancakes that she was about to griddle for breakfast. Lidey, still in her little blue-flannel nightgown, but with beaded deerskin moccasins on her tiny feet, and the golden wilfulness of her hair tied back demurely with a blue ribbon, was seated at one end of the table, her eager face half buried in a sheet of paper. She was laboriously inditing, for perhaps the twentieth time, an epistle to "Sandy Claus," telling him what she hoped he would bring her.

If anything had been needed to confirm Dave Patton in his resolve, it was this. From the rapt child his eyes turned and met his wife's inquiring glance.

"I reckon I've got to go, Mary!" he said quietly. "Think you two kin git along all right fer four or five days? We ain't likely to have no more snow this moon."



PEERING OVER THE EDGE OF THE BUNK.

The woman let a little sigh escape her, but the look she gave her husband was one of cheerful acquiescence.

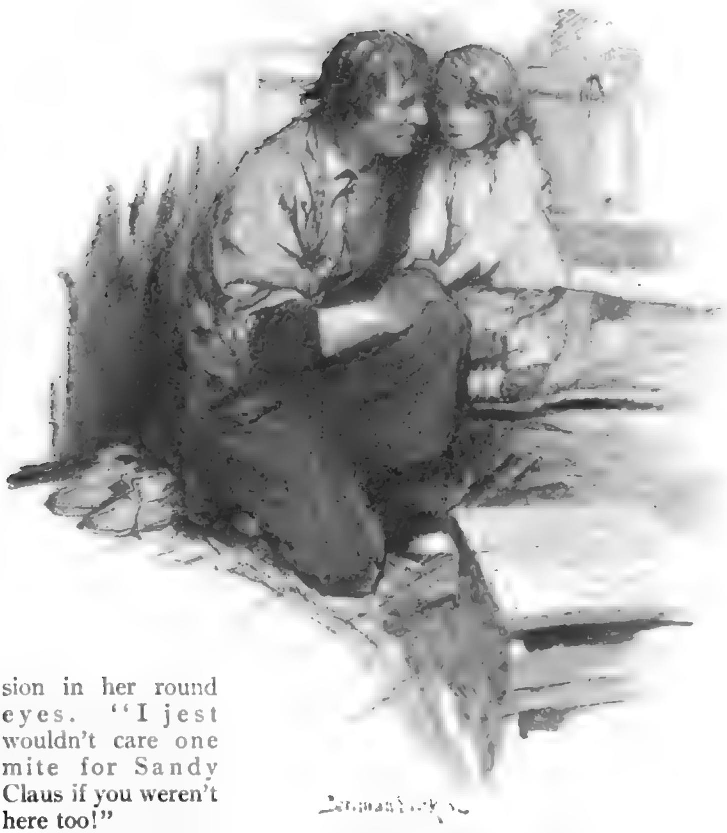
"I guess you're right, dear! I'll have to let you go, though five days seems an awful long time to be alone here. I've been thinkin' it over," she continued, guarding her words so that Lidey should not understand—"an' I just couldn't bear to see it, Dave!"

"That's so!" assented the man. "I'll leave heaps o' wood an' kindlin' cut, an' you'll jest have to milk an' look after the beasts, dear. Long's you're not *scairt* to be alone, it's all right, I reckon!"

"When'll you start?" asked the wife, turning to pour the batter in little, sputtering gray-white circles on to the hot greased griddle.

"First thing to-morrow mornin'!" answered Dave, seating himself at the table as the appetizing smell of the browning pancakes filled the room. "Snow's jest right for snowshoein', an' I'll git back easy Christmas eve."

"You sure won't be late, popsie?" interrupted the child, looking up with apprehen-



"I THOUGHT MEBBE 'TWAS CHRISTMIS, POPSIE!"

sion in her round eyes. "I jest wouldn't care one mite for Sandy Claus if you weren't here too!"

"Mebbe I'll git him to give me a lift in his little sleigh! Anyways, I'll be back!" laughed Dave gaily.

II

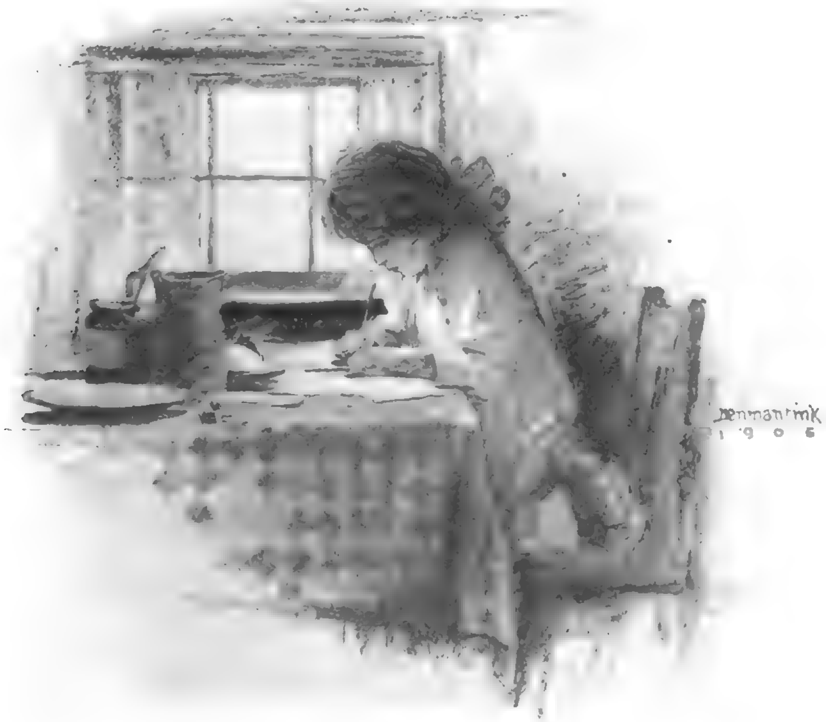
After Dave had gone, setting out at daybreak on his moose-hide snow-shoes, which crunched musically on the hard snow, things went very well for a while at the lonely clearing. It was not so lonely, either, during the bright hours about midday, when the sunshine managed to accumulate something almost like warmth in the sheltered yard. About noon the two red-and-white cows and the yoke of wide-horned red oxen would stand basking in front of the lean-to, near the well, contentedly chewing their cuds. At this time the hens, too, yellow and black and speckled, would come out and scratch in the litter, perennially undiscouraged by the fact that the only thing they found beneath it was the snow. The vivid crossbills, red and black and white, would come to the yard in flocks, and the quaker-colored snow-buntings, and the big, trustful, child-like, pine grosbeaks, with the glowing stain of rose-purple over their heads and necks. These kept Lidey interested, helping to pass the days that now, to her excited anticipations, seemed so long. Perhaps half a dozen times a day she would print a difficult communication to Santa Claus with some new idea, some new suggestion. These missives were mailed to the good Saint of Children by the swift medium of the roaring kitchen fire; and as the draft whisked their scorching fragments upward, Lidey was satisfied that they went straight to their destination. The child's joy in her anticipations was now the more complete, because, since her father's departure, her mother had ceased to discourage her hopes.

On the day before Christmas eve, however, the mother felt symptoms of a return of her old sickness. Immediately she grew anxious, realizing how necessary it was that she should keep well. This nervous apprehension hastened the result that she most dreaded. Her pain and her weakness grew worse hour by hour. Mastered by her memories of what she had been through before, she was in no mood to throw off the attack. That evening, crawling to the barn with difficulty, she amazed the horse and the cattle by coaxing them to drink again, then piled their mangers with a two days' store of hay, and scattered buckwheat recklessly for the hens. The next morning she could barely drag herself out of bed to light the fire; and Lidey had to make her breakfast—which she did contentedly enough—on bread and butter and unlimited molasses.

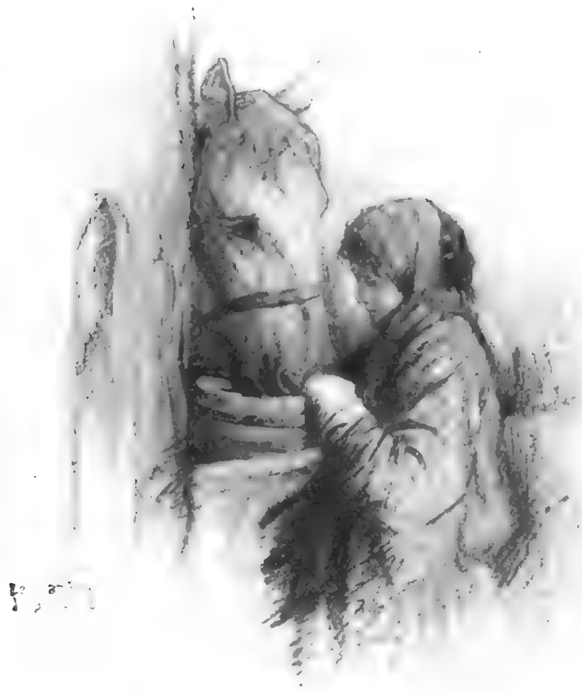
It was a weary day for the little one, in spite of her responsibilities. Muffled up and mittened, she was able, under her mother's directions, to carry a little water to the stock in a small tin kettle, making many journeys. And she was able to keep the fire going. But the hours crept slowly, and she was so consumed with impatience that all her usual amusements lost their savor. Not even the rare delight of being allowed to cut pictures out of some old illustrated papers could divert her mind from its dazzling anticipations. But before Christmas could come, must come her father; and from noon onward she would keep running to the door every few minutes to peer expectantly down the trail. She was certain that, at the worst, he could not by any possibility be delayed beyond supper-time, for he was needed to get supper—or rather, as Lidey expressed it, to help her get supper for mother! Lidey was not hungry, to be sure, but she was getting mortally tired of unmitigated bread and butter and molasses.

Supper-time, however, came and went, and no sign of Dave's return. On the verge of tears, Lidey munched a little of the now distasteful food. Her mother, worn out with the pain, which had at last relaxed its grip, fell into a heavy sleep. There was no light in the cabin except the red glow from the open draft of the stove, and the intense, blue-white moonlight streaming in through the front window. The child's impatience became intolerable.

Flinging open the door for the hundredth time, she gazed out eagerly across the moonlit snow and down the trail. The cloudless moon, floating directly above it, transfigured that narrow and lonely road into a path to wonderland. In the mystic radiance—blue-white, but shot with faint, half-imagined flashes of emerald and violet—Lidey could see no loneliness whatever. The monstrous solitude became to her eyes a garden of silver and crystal. As she gazed, it lured her irresistibly.



SHE WAS INDITING AN EPISTLE TO "SANDY CLAUS."



SHE AMAZED THE HORSE BY COAXING HIM TO DRINK AGAIN.

With a sudden resolve she noiselessly closed the door, lit the lamp, and began to put on her wraps, stealing about on tiptoe that she might not awaken her mother. She was quite positive that, by this time, her father must be almost home. As her little brain dwelt upon this idea, she presently brought herself to see him, striding swiftly along in the moonlight just beyond the turn of the trail. If she hurried, she could meet him before he came out upon the clearing. The thought possessed her. Stealing a cautious glance at her mother's face to be sure her sleep was sound, she slipped out into the shine. A moment more and her tiny figure, hooded and muffled and mittened, was dancing on moccasined feet across the snow.

At the entrance to the trail, Lidey felt the first qualm of misgiving. The path of light, to be sure, with all its fairy-book enticement, lay straight before her. But the solemn woods, on either side of the path, were filled with great shadows and a terrible stillness. At this point Lidey had half a mind to turn back. But she was already a young person of positive ideas, not lightly to be swerved from a purpose; and her too vivid imagination still persisted in showing her that picture of her father, speeding toward her just beyond the turn of the trail. She even thought that she could hear his steps upon the daunting stillness. With her heart quivering, yet uplifted by an exaltation of hope, she ran on, not daring to glance again into the woods. To sustain her courage she kept thinking of the look of gay astonishment that would flash into her father's face as he met her running toward him—just around the turn of the trail!

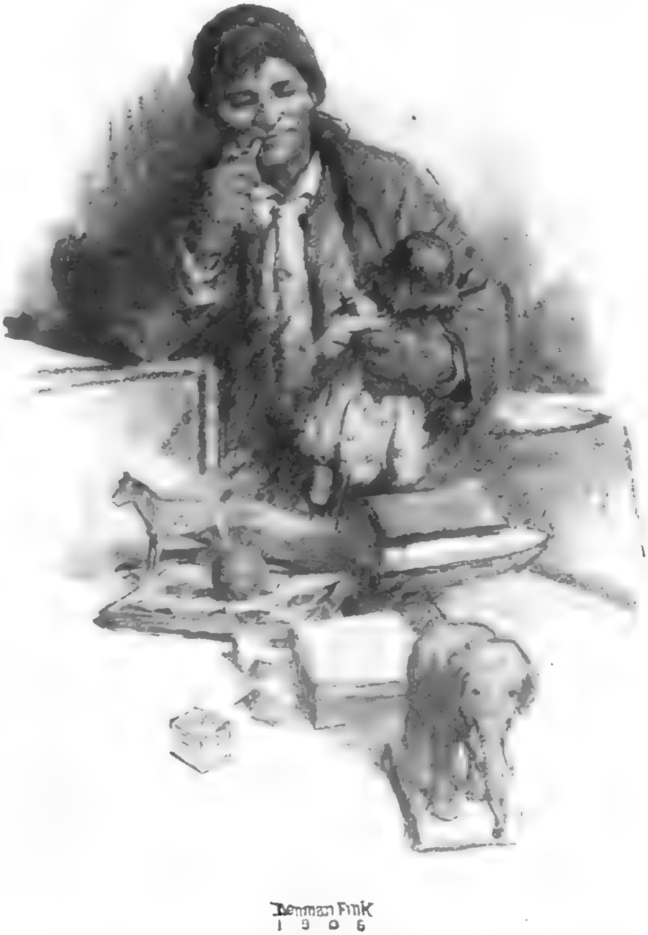
The turn was nearly a quarter of a mile distant, but the child reached it at last. With a little cry of confident relief she rushed forward. The long trail—now half in shadow from the slight change in its direction—stretched out empty before her. In the excess of her disappointment she burst into tears, and sat down on the snow irresolutely.

Her first impulse—after she had cried for a minute, and wiped her eyes with the little mittens, which promptly stiffened in the stinging frost—was to face about and run for home as fast as she could. But when she turned and glanced behind her, the backward path appeared quite different. When she no longer faced the moonlight, the world took on an unfriendly, sinister look. There were unknown terrors all along that implacable blue-white way through the dread blackness of the woods. Sobbing with desolation, she turned again toward the moon. Ahead, for all her fears, the trail still held something of the glamour and the dazzle. Ahead, too, as she reminded herself, was surely her father, hastening to meet her, only not quite so near as she had imagined. Summoning back her courage, and comforting her lonely spirit with thoughts of what Santa Claus was going to bring her, she picked herself up and continued her journey at a hurried little walk.

She had not gone more than a few steps when a strange, high sound, from somewhere far behind her, sent her heart into her throat and quickened her pace to a run.

Again came that high, long-drawn, quavering sound; and the child's heart almost stopped beating. If only she could see her father coming! She had never heard any sound just like that; it was not savage, nor very loud, but somehow it seemed to carry a kind of horror on its floating cadence. It reminded her, very faintly, of the howling of some dogs that she had heard in the Settlement. She was not afraid of dogs. But she knew there were no dogs in the forest.

Just as she was beginning to lose her breath and slacken her pace, that terrible cry came wavering again through the trees, much louder now and nearer. It lent new strength to her tired little feet, and she fled on faster than ever, her red lips open and her eyes wide. Another slight turn of the trail, and it ran once more directly toward the moon, stretching on and on till it narrowed from sight. And nowhere in the shining track was Dave to be seen. Lidey had now, however, but one thought in her quivering brain, and that was to keep running and get to her father before those dreadful voices could overtake her. She knew they were coming up swiftly. They sounded terribly near. When she had gone about two hundred yards beyond the last bend of the trail, she noticed, a few steps ahead of her, a tiny clearing, and at its farther edge the gable of a little hut rising a couple of feet above the snow. She knew the place. She had played in it that summer, while Dave was cutting the coarse hay on the clearing. It was a place that had been occupied by lonely trappers and lumber prospectors. Being a work of men's hands it gave the child a momentary sense of comfort, of companionship in the dreadful wild. She paused, uncertain whether to continue along the trail or to seek the shelter of the empty hut.



WHERE ANYTHING FROM A BABY'S RATTLE TO A BAG OF FERTILIZER COULD BE PURCHASED.

When the crunching of her own little footsteps stopped, however, she was instantly aware of the padding of other feet behind her. Looking back, she saw a pack of gray beasts just coming around the turn. They were something like dogs. But Lidey knew they were not dogs. She had seen pictures of them—awful pictures. She had read stories of them, which had frozen her blood as she read. Now, her very bones seemed to melt within her. They were wolves. For a moment her throat could form no sound. Then—"Father!" she screamed despairingly, and rushed for the hut.

As she reached it the wolves were hardly a dozen paces behind. The door stood half open, but drifted full of snow to within little more than a foot of the top. Into the low opening the child dived head first, like a rabbit, crept behind the door, and fell upon the snow, gasping, too horror-stricken to make any outcry.

A step from the hut door the wolves halted abruptly. The half-buried hut; and the dark hole leading into it—these were things they did not understand, except that they recognized them as belonging to man. Anything belonging to man was dangerous. In that dark hole they suspected a trap. The leader went up to it, and almost poked his nose into it, sniffing. But he backed away sharply as if he had met with a blow on the snout, and his nostrils wrinkled in savage enmity. The man smell was strong in the hut. It seemed very like a trap.

Lying flat on her stomach behind the door, Lidey stared out through the narrow crack with eyes that seemed starting from her head. Out there in the clear glitter of the moonlight she saw the wolves go prowling savagely to and fro, and heard their steps as they cautiously circled the hut, seeking another entrance. They kept about five or six feet distant from it at first, so suspicious were they of that man smell that had greeted the leader's first attempt at investigation. When they had prowled about the hut for several minutes, they all sat down on their haunches before the door, and seemed to deliberate. The child felt their dreadful eyes piercing her through and through, as they searched her out through the crack and penetrated her vain hiding.

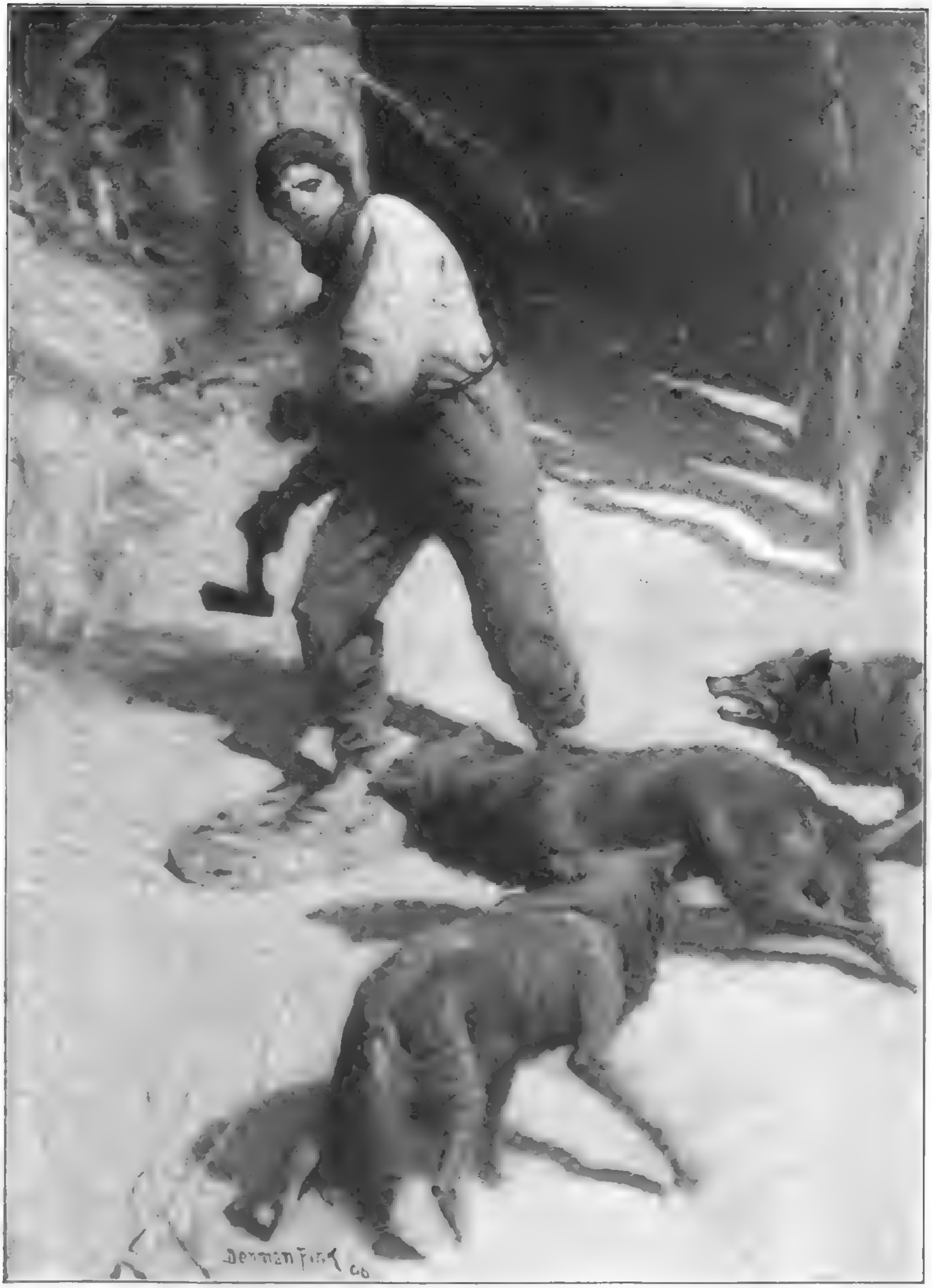
Suddenly, while the eyes of all the pack were flaming upon her, she saw the leader come swiftly forward and thrust his fierce snout right against the crack of the door. In a sort of madness she struck at it with her little mittened hand. The wolf, apparently still disconcerted by the man smell that greeted his nostrils, sprang back warily. Then the whole pack drew a foot or two closer to the open doorway. Ravenous though they were, they were not yet assured that the hut was not a trap. They were not yet quite ready to crawl in and secure their prey. But, gradually, they were edging nearer. A few moments more and the leader, no less crafty than savage, would creep in. Already he had accustomed himself to the menace of that scent. Now, he did creep in, as far as the middle of his body, investigating. His red jaws and long white teeth appeared around the edge of the door. At the sight Lidey's voice returned to her. Shrinking back against the farthest wall, she gave shriek after shriek that seemed to tear the dreadful stillness. In the madness of her terror she hardly noticed that the wolf's head was suddenly withdrawn.

III

When Dave Patton set out for the Settlement he found the snow-shoeing so good, the biting air so bracing, and his own heart so light with hope and health, that he was able to make the journey in something less than a day and a half. Out of this time he had allowed himself four hours for sleep, in an old lumber camp beside the trail. At the Settlement, which boasted several miscellaneous stores where anything from a baby's rattle to a bag of fertilizer or a bedroom suite could be purchased, he had no difficulty in gathering such gay-colored trifles, together with more lasting gifts, as he thought would meet Lidey's anticipations. When he went to see his wife's people, he found that all had something to add to his Santa Claus pack, for Mary as well as for the little one; and he hugged himself with elation at the thought of what a Christmas there was going to be in the lonely wilderness cabin. He had bought two or three things for his wife; and when he shouldered his pack, slinging it high and strapping it close that it might not flop with his rapid stride, he found the burden no light one. But the lightness of his heart made compensation.

That night he took but two hours' sleep in the old lumber camp, aiming to reach home soon after noon. In the morning, however, things began to go wrong. First the pack, as packs sometimes will for no visible reason, developed a kink that galled his shoulders obstinately. Again and again he paused, and tried to readjust it. But in vain. Finally, he had to stop, undo the bundle, and rearrange every article in it, before he could induce it to "carry" smoothly.

Half an hour later, as he turned a step off the trail to get a drink at a bubbling spring that kept open all through the bitterest winter, he caught his snow-shoe on a buried branch, and fell forward, breaking the frame. In his angry impatience he attempted no more than a temporary repair of the damage, such as he thought might see him to the end of his


Denman Fink 09

DAVE GRIPPED HIS AX AND SILENTLY DARTED FORTH.

journey. But the poor makeshift broke down before he had gone a mile. There was nothing for him to do but stop long enough to make a good job of it, which he did by chopping out a piece of ash, whittling down a couple of thin but tough strips, and splicing the break securely with the strong "salmon twine" that he always carried. Even so, he realized that to avoid further delay he would have to go cautiously, and humor the mend. And soon he had to acknowledge to himself that it would be long after supper-time, long after Lidey's bedtime, before he could get home.

As the moon rose, he was accompanied by his shadow, a gigantic and grotesque figure that danced fantastically along the snow before him. As the moon climbed the icy heaven, the shadow shortened, and acquired more sobriety of demeanor. Plodding doggedly onward, too tired to think, Dave amused himself with the antics of the shadow, which seemed responsible for a portion of the crisp music that came from his snow-shoes.

From this careless reverie Dave was suddenly aroused by a ghost of sound that drifted toward him through the trees. It was a long, wailing cry, which somehow stirred the roots of his hair. He did not recognize it. But he felt that it was nothing human. It came from somewhere between himself and home, however; and he instinctively quickened his steps, thinking with satisfaction of the snug and well-warmed cabin that sheltered his dear ones.

Presently the long cry sounded again, nearer and clearer now, and tremulous. Dave had heard wolves before, in Labrador, and in the West. Had he not been quite sure that wolves were unknown in this part of the country, he would have sworn that the sound was the hunting cry of a wolf-pack. But the idea was impossible. He had no sooner made up his mind to this, however, than the cry was repeated once more. Thereupon Dave reluctantly changed his mind. That the sound meant wolves was not only possible, but certain. It filled him with resentment to think that those ravening marauders had come into the country.

It was soon manifest to Dave's initiated ears that the wolves were coming directly toward him. But he gathered, too, that they were in pursuit of some quarry. Dave had the Eastern woodsman's contempt for wolves, unless in a very large pack; and he soon decided that this pack was a small one. He did not think that it would dare to face him. Nevertheless, he recognized the remote possibility of their being so hungry as to forget their dread of man. That in such case his ax would be an all-sufficient defense he did not doubt. But he was in a fierce hurry to get home. He did not want to be stopped and forced into any fight. For a moment he thought of turning off through the woods and giving these night foragers a wide berth. Then he remembered his uncertain snow-shoes. The snow would be very soft off the trail, and there would be the chance of breaking the shoe again. Who was he, to be turned out of his path by a bunch of wild curs? It was the snow-shoe that settled it. He set his jaws grimly, unslung his ax, and pressed forward. The clamor of the pack was now so near and loud that it quite drowned one single piercing cry of "Father" that would otherwise have reached his ears. There was a new note in the howling, too, which Dave's ear interpreted as meaning that the quarry was in sight. Then the noise stopped abruptly save for an impatient yelp or two.

"Whatever it be they're after, it's took to cover," said Dave to himself. "An' in the old shanty, too!" he added, as he saw the little patch of clearing open before him.

Realizing that the wolves had something to occupy fully their attention, he now crept noiselessly forward just within the edge of the wood. Peering forth from behind the cover of a drooping hemlock branch, he saw the roof of the hut, the half-open doorway nearly choked with snow, and the wolves prowling and sniffing around it, but keeping a couple of yards away.

"Scairt of a trap!" he thought to himself, with a grin; and cursed his luck that he had not his rifle with him.

"A couple o' them thick gray pelts," he thought—"what a coat they'd make for the little one!"

There were six wolves, and big ones—enough to make things look pretty ugly for one man with only an ax. Dave was glad they had something to keep them from turning their attention to him. He watched them for a few moments, then decided to go around by the other side of the clearing and avoid trouble.

He drew back as silently as a lynx. Where the woods overhead were thick, the snow was soft, with no crispness on the surface; and instead of the crunching that his steps made on the trail, here the snow made no sound under his feet but a sort of thick sigh.

Dave had taken several paces in retreat, when an idea flashed up that arrested him. *Why* were the wolves so wary about entering the hut, when their quarry was certainly inside? Their dread of a trap was not, of itself, quite enough to explain their caution. The thought gave him a qualm of uneasiness. He would return, and have another look at them! Then his impatience got the better of him. Mary and the little one were waiting and watching for him at home. He retreated another pace or two. What should he be doing, wasting his time over a parcel of wolves that had got a fox cornered in the old shanty? Dave felt sure it was a fox. But no! He could not escape the conviction—much as he wished to—that if the fugitive were a fox, or any other animal of the Northeastern woods, it would not take six hungry wolves much more than six seconds to get over their suspicions and go in after him. What if it should be some half-starved old Indian, working his way in to the Settlement after bad luck with his hunting and his trapping? Whoever it was, he had no gun, or there would have been shooting before this. Dave saw that he must go back and look into the matter. But he was angry at this new delay. Cursing the wolves, and the Indian who didn't know enough to take care of himself, Dave stole back to his covert behind the hemlock branch, and peered forth once more, no longer interested, but aggrieved.

The wolves were now sitting on their haunches around the hut door. Their unusual behavior convinced him that there was a man inside. Well, there was no getting around the fact that he was in for a fight. He only hoped that the chap inside was some good, and would have "somethin' to say fer himself, darn him!" Dave gently lowered the bundle from his back, and threw off his thick coat to allow his arms freer play.

It was at this moment that the leader of the pack made up his mind to crawl into the hut.

As the wolf's head entered the low opening, Dave gripped his ax, thrust aside the hemlock branch, and silently darted forth into the clearing. He did not shout, for he wanted to take his enemies, as far as possible, unawares. He had but a score of yards to go. So intent were they upon their leader's movements that Dave was almost upon them ere they heeded the sound of his coming. Then they looked around. Three shrank back, startled at the tall and threatening shape. But two sprang at his throat, with snapping jaws. The first met the full sweep of his ax in the chest, and dropped in a heap. The second dodged a short blow, and warily drew back again. Then—from within the darkness of the hut came those screams of the madness of terror.

For one beat Dave's heart stopped. He knew the voice.

The big wolf was just backing out. He turned, jerking himself around like a loosed spring, as he saw Dave towering over him. But he was not in time. The ax descended, sheering his haunches across, and he stretched out, working his great jaws convulsively. Dave saw that the jaws had no blood upon them, and his own blood returned to his heart. He had come in time. The screams within the hut died into piteous sobs.

Across Dave's mind flamed a vision of the agony of horror that Lidey had been suffering since first those howlings fell upon his ears. His heart-break transformed itself into a mad rage of vengeance. As he turned, with a hoarse shout, upon the rest of the pack, he felt a hot breath on his neck, and bare fangs snapped savagely within an inch of his throat. His assailant sprang back in time to escape the deadly sweep of the ax, but at the same instant the other three were leaping in. One of these caught a glancing blow, which drove him off, snarling. But the other two were so close that there was no time for Dave to recover. Instinctively he jabbed a short back-stroke with the end of the ax-handle, and caught one of his assailants in the belly. Sickened, and daunted by this unexpected form of reprisal, the brute hunched itself with a startled yelp and ran off with its tail between its legs. At the same moment, dropping the ax, Dave caught the other wolf fairly by the throat. The gripping hand was a kind of weapon that the beast had never learned to guard against, and it was taken at a disadvantage. With a grunt of fury and of effort Dave closed his grip inexorably, braced himself, and swung the heavy brute off its feet. Whirling it clear around his head, he let go. The animal flew sprawling and twisting through the air, and came down on its back ten feet away. When it landed, there was no more fight left in it. Before Dave could reach it with his ax it was up and away in a panic after its two remaining fellows.

Breathing heavily from his effort and from the storm of emotion still surging in his breast, Dave turned to the hut door, and called:

"Lidey! Lidey! Are you there?"

"Popsie! Oh, popsie *dear!* I thought you weren't goin' to come!" cried a quivering little voice. And the child crept out into the moonlight.

"Oh, popsie!" she sobbed, hiding her eyes in his neck as he crushed her to his heart, "they were goin' to eat me up, an' I thought you wouldn't come!"

IV

With the bundle on his back and Lidey in his arms, Dave strode homeward, his weariness forgotten. His first anxiety about his wife was somewhat eased when he learned that Lidey had left her asleep; for he remembered that a heavy sleep always marked the end of one of her attacks. He only hoped that the sleep would hold her until they got home, for his heart sank at the thought of her terror if she should wake and find Lidey gone. As they came out on the edge of the clearing, and saw that all was quiet in the cabin, Dave said:

"We won't tell mother nothin' about the wolves to-night, sweetie, eh? It 'ld jest git her all worked up, an' she couldn't stand it when she's sick. We won't say nothin' about that till to-morrow!"

"Yes!" murmured Lidey, "she'd be awful scairt!"

They were just about half-way up the slope when from the cabin came a frightened cry of "Lidey! Lidey!" The door was flung open, the lamplight streamed out in futile contest with the moonlight, and Mrs. Patton appeared. Her face was white with fear. As she saw Dave and the little one hurrying toward her, both hands went to her heart in the extremity of her relief, and she sank back into a chair before the door.

Dave kicked off his snow-shoes with a dexterous twist, stepped inside, slammed the door, and with a laugh and a kiss deposited Lidey in her mother's lap.

"She jest run down to meet me!" explained Dave truthfully but deceptively.

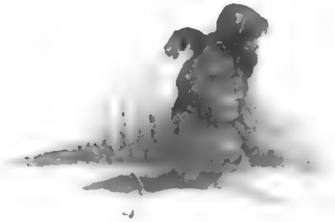
"Oh, girlie, how you frightened me!" cried the woman, divided between tears and smiles. "I woke up, Dave, an' found her gone, an' bein' kind o' bewildered I couldn't understand it!"

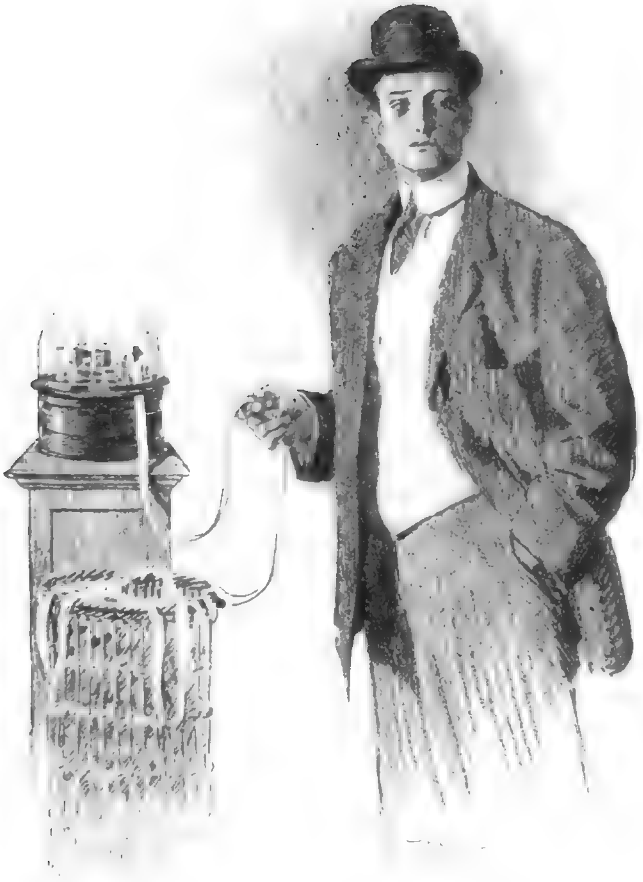
She clung to his hand, while he looked tenderly down into her face.

"Poor little woman," he murmured, "you've had a bad turn ag'in, Lidey tells me. Better now, eh?"

"I'm plumb all right ag'in, Dave, now you're back," she answered, squeezing his hand hard. "But land's sakes, Dave, how ever did you git all that blood on your pants?"

"Oh," said the man lightly, "that's nothin'. Tell you about it bime-by. I'm jest starvin' now. Let's have supper quick, and then give old Mr. Sandy Claus a chance. To-morrow we're goin' to have the greatest Christmas ever was, us three!"





BOB.

Friday, the 13th

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna

"FRIDAY, the 13th; I thought as much. If Bob has started, there will be hell, but I will see what I can do."

The sound of my voice, as I dropped the receiver, seemed to part the mists of five years and usher me into the world of Then as though it had never passed on.

I had been sitting at my desk, letting the tape slide through my fingers while its every yard spelled "panic" in a constantly rising voice, when they told me that Brownley on the floor of the Exchange wanted me at the 'phone, and "quick." Brownley was our junior partner and floor man. He talked with a rush. Stock Exchange floor men in panics never let their speech hobble.

"Mr. Randolph, it's coming real hot here, and it's getting fiercer every second. It's Bob—that is evident to all. If he keeps up this pace for twenty minutes longer, the sulfur will overflow 'the Street' and get into the banks and into the country, and no man can tell how much territory will be burned over by to-morrow. The boys have begged me to ask you to throw yourself into the gap and stay him. They agree you are the only one who can do it."

"Are you sure, Fred, that this is Bob's work?" I asked. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I have just come from his office, and glad I was to get out. He's on the war-path, Mr. Randolph—uglier than I ever saw him. The last time he broke loose was child's play to his mood to-day. Mother sent me word this morning that she saw last night the spell was coming. He had been up to see her to get her to run down to Florida with him, and she felt he was trying to flee the shadow. She was too ill to leave the house. Also I heard of his being about town till long after midnight. The minute I opened his den door this morning, he flew at me like a panther. I told him I had only dropped in on my rounds for an order, as they were running off pretty smart, and I didn't know but he might like to pick up some bargains. 'Bargains!' he yelled; 'don't you know the day? Don't you know it is Friday, the 13th? Go back to that hell-pit and sell, sell, sell.' 'Sell what and how much?' I asked. 'Anything, everything. Give the thieves every share they will take, and when they won't take any more, ram as much again down their crops until they spit up all they have been taking for the last six months!' Going out I met Jim Holliday and Frank Swan rushing in. They are evidently executing Bob's orders, and have been pouring shares out for an hour. They will be on the floor again in a few minutes, so I thought it safer to call you before I started to sell. Mr. Randolph, they cannot take much more of anything in here, and if I begin to throw shares over, it will bring the gavel inside of ten minutes; and that will be to announce a dozen failures. It's yet twenty minutes to one and God only knows what will happen before three. It's up to you, Mr. Randolph, to do something, and unless I am on a bad slant, you haven't many minutes to lose."

It was then I dropped the receiver with "I thought as much!" As I had been sliding the tape through my fingers, watching five and ten millions crumbling from price values every few minutes, I had felt this was the work of Bob Brownley. No one else in Wall Street had the power, the nerve, and the devilish cruelty to rip things as had been done during the last twenty minutes. The night before I had passed Bob in the theatre lobby, and, receiving no answer to my "Good evening," I gave him close scrutiny and saw the look of which I of all men best knew the meaning. The big brown eyes were set on space; the outer corners of the handsome mouth were drawn hard and tense as though weighted. It was then impossible to follow him, but when I got home I called up his house and his clubs, intending to ask him to run up and smoke a cigar with me, but could locate him nowhere. He had slipped my mind in the morning, but when just before noon the tape began to jump and flash and snarl, I remembered Bob's ugly mood, and all it meant.

Fred Brownley was Bob's youngest brother, twelve years his junior. He had been with Randolph & Randolph from the day he left college, and for over a year had been our most trusted Stock Exchange man. The elder Brownley, when himself, was as fond of his "baby brother," as he called him, as his beautiful Southern mother was of both, but when the devil had possession of Bob—and his option during the past five years had been exercised many a time—mother and brother had to take their place with all the rest of the world, for then Bob knew no kindred, no friends. All the wide world was to him during those periods a jungle peopled with savage animals and reptiles to hunt and fight and tear and kill.

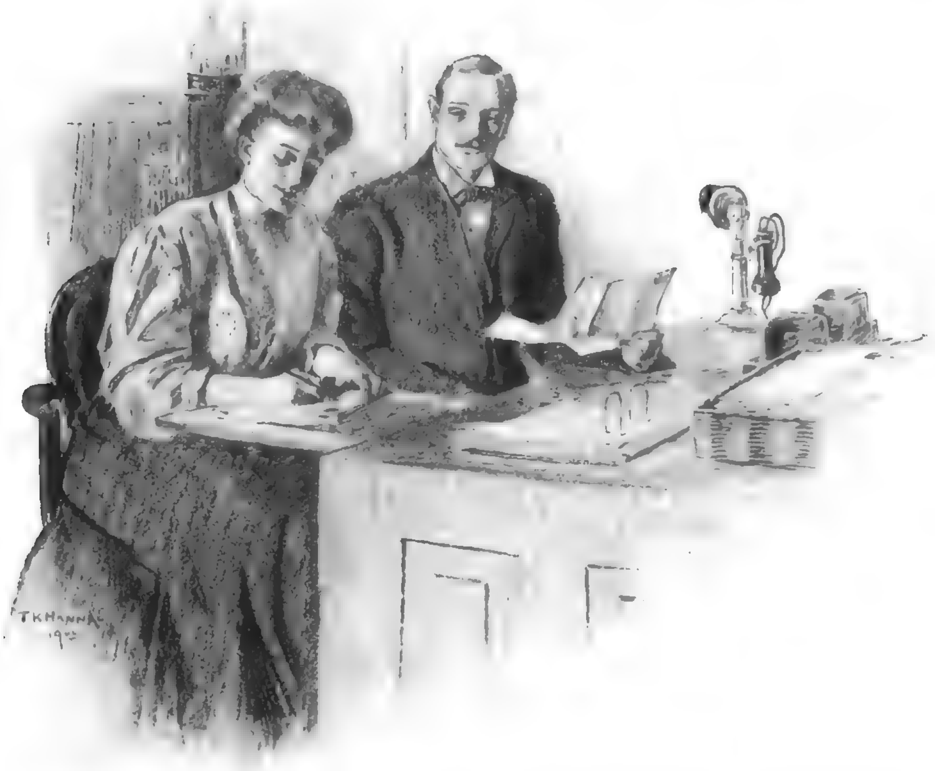
It's hardly necessary for me to explain who Randolph & Randolph are. For more than sixty years the name has spoken for itself in every part of the world where dollar-making machines are installed. No railroad is financed, no great "industrial" projected, no nation on the globe enters the market for loans without by force of habit asking a by-your-leave of Randolph & Randolph. I pride myself that at forty-two, at the end of the ten years I have had the helm of Randolph & Randolph, I have done nothing to mar the great name my father and uncle created, but something to add to its sterling reputation for honest dealing, fearless, old-fashioned methods, and all-round integrity. Bradstreet's and other mercantile agencies say, in reporting Randolph & Randolph, "Worth fifty millions and upward, credit unlimited." I can take but small praise for this, for the report was about the same the day I left college and came to the office to "learn the business." But, as the survivor of my great father and uncle, I can say, my Maker as my witness, that Randolph & Randolph have never loaned a dollar of their millions at over legal rates, six per cent. per annum; have never added to their hoard by any but fair, square business methods; and that blight of blights, frenzied finance, has yet to find a lodging-place beneath the old black-and-gold sign that father and uncle tacked up with their own hands over the entrance.

Nineteen years ago I was graduated from Harvard. My classmate and chum, Bob Brownley, of Richmond, Va., was graduated with me. He was class poet, I yard marshal. We had been four years together at St. Paul previous to entering Harvard. No girl and lover were fonder than we of each other.

My people had money, and to spare, and with it a hard-headed, Northern horse-sense. The Brownleys were poor as church mice, but they had the brilliant, virile blood of the old Southern oligarchy and the romantic, "salaam-to-no-one" Dixie-land pride of before-the-war days, when Southern prodigality and hospitality were found wherever women were fair and men's mirrors in the bottom of their julep-glasses.

Bob's father, one of the big, white pillars of Southern aristocracy, had gone through Congress and the Senate of his country to the tune of "Spend and not spare," which left his widow and three younger daughters and a small son dependent upon Bob, his eldest.

Many a warm summer's afternoon, as Bob



THE FOLLOWING WEEK SAW "MISS SANDS OF VIRGINIA" PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE HEAD OF "RANDOLPH & RANDOLPH."

and I paddled down the Charles, and many a cold, crispy night as we sat in my shooting-box on the Cape Cod shore, had we matched up for our future. I was to have the inside run of the great banking business of Randolph & Randolph, and Bob was eventually to represent my father's firm on the floor of the Stock Exchange. "I'd die in an office," Bob used to say, "and the floor of the Stock Exchange is just the chimney-place to cook my hoe-cake in." So when our college days were over my able old father stood us up against the wall in his office, and tried us by his tests, and proud we both were when dad said, "Jim, you and Bob have chosen well. You, Jim, are just the chap to step into my shoes, and Bob is cut to a thirty-second and sixty-fourth for the floor." Proud we were, not so much because of what my father's decision meant for our future, for we knew we should get into the business all right, but because our judgment was indorsed by one we both thought as near infallible as man could be in anything pertaining to business affairs.

Bob was then twenty-two and I a year older—I one of your raw-boned New England lads, not much for prettiness, but willing to weigh in race-day with any of them for steadiness and staying qualities; Bob as handsome as they made them, six feet tall in his gym sandals, straight as an arrow, with the form of an Indian, and one of those clean, brave, smiling faces to which men yield willing friendliness, and women, idolatry. Bob's eyes were as big and round and purple-brown as an English bulldog's, unfathomable, at once mild and stern, with a childish come-and-go perplexity; his nose as straight as though chiseled by a master for a Greek medallion, with thin curved lips to correspond, and a high, broad forehead, whose whiteness was set off by a luxuriance of hair that seemed jet-black, but was of the same rare purple-brown as his eyes. But it was the poise of Bob's head that gave his good looks their crown. Whoever has seen a bunch of two-year-old colts in a long-grass Kentucky paddock, when the darky boy lets loose his shrill whistle at "taking-up time," is sure to remember one that threw up its head and kept it poised to make sure it had caught the call. Grace, strength, and unharnessed wayward leadership are there personified. Some such suggestion was ever in the carriage of Bob's shapely head and vigorous figure, and dull indeed would be the man or woman who failed to recognize the man's rare distinction and masterfulness.

Indeed, as I said a bit back, Bob Brownley was by all odds one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, but besides that, he was a sterling, manly, unaffected fellow, as true as steel, as brave as a lion, and the best comrade friend ever had.

Perhaps it was because his father's death had saddled Bob's youth with the heavy responsibilities of husbanding and directing his family's slim finances that he took to business as a swallow to the air. We entered the office of Randolph & Randolph on the same day, and on its anniversary, a year later, my father summoned us into his office for a palaver. Neither of us quite knew what was coming, and never in my life was I so pleased as when he said:

"Jim, you and Bob have fairly outdone my expectations. I've had my eye on both of you and I want you to know that the kind of industry and business intelligence you have shown here would have won you recognition in any banking-house on 'the Street.' I want you both in the firm—Jim to learn his way round so he can step into my shoes; you, Bob, to take the firm's seat on the Stock Exchange."

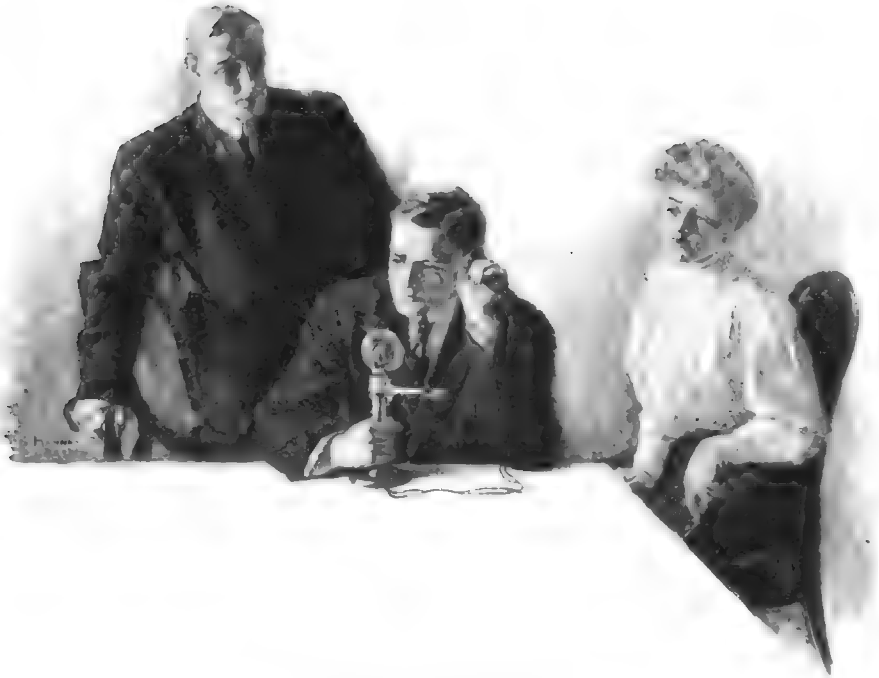
Bob's face went red and then pale with happiness as he reached for my father's hand.

"I'm very grateful to you, sir, far more so than any words can say, but I want to talk this proposition of yours over with Jim here first. He knows me better than any one else in the world and I've some ideas I'd like to thrash out with him."

"Speak up here, Bob," said my father.

"Well, sir, I should feel much better if I could go over there into the swirl and smash it out for myself. You see if I could win out alone and pay back the seat price, and then make a pile for myself, if you felt later like giving me another chance to come into the firm, then I should not be laying myself open to the charge of being a mere pensioner on your friendship. You know what I mean, sir, and won't think I am filled with any low-down pride, but if you will let me have the price of a Stock Exchange seat on my note, and will give me the chance, when I get the hang of the ropes, to handle some of the firm's orders, I shall be just as much beholden to you and Jim, sir, and shall feel a lot better myself."

I knew what Brownley meant; so did father, and we were glad enough to do what



BOB JUMPED FOR THE RECEIVER.

he asked. Four years after Bob entered the Stock Exchange he had paid back the forty thousand, with interest, and not only had a snug fifty thousand to his credit on Randolph & Randolph's books, but was sending home six thousand a year while living up to, as he jokingly put it, "an honest man's notch." I may say, in passing, that a Wall Street man's notch would make twice six thousand cast an uncertain shadow. Bob was the favorite of the Exchange, as he had been the pet at school and at college, and had his hands full of business three hundred days in the year. Besides Randolph & Randolph's choicest commissions, he had the confidential orders of two of the heavy plunging cliques.

I had just passed my thirty-second birthday when the kind old dad suddenly died. For the previous six years I had been getting ready for such an event; that is, I had grown accustomed to hearing my father say: "Jim, don't let any grass grow in getting the hang of every branch of our business, so that when anything happens to me there will be no disturbance in 'the Street' in regard to Randolph & Randolph's affairs. I want to let the world know as soon as possible that after I am gone our business will run as it always has. So I will work you into my directorships in those companies where we have interests and gradually put you into my different trusteeships."

Thus at father's death there was not a ripple in our affairs and none of the stocks known as "The Randolph's" fluttered a point because of that, to the financial world, momentous event. I inherited all of father's fortune other than four millions, which he divided up among relatives and pet charities, and took command of a business that gave me an income of two millions and a half a year.

Once more I begged Bob to come into the firm.

"Not yet, Jim," he replied. "I've got my seat and about a hundred thousand capital, and I want to feel that I'm free to kick my heels until I have raked together an even million all of my own making; then I'll settle down with you, old man, and hold my section of the bag, and if some good girl happens along about that time—well, then it will be 'An ivy-covered little cot' for mine."

He laughed, and I laughed too. Bob was looked upon by all his friends as a bad case of woman-shy. I don't think there was ever a woman, young or old, who had in any way crossed Bob's orbit but felt the man's strong fascination, but he never seemed to see it. As my wife—for I had been three years married and had two little Randolphs to show that both Katherine Blair and I knew what marriage was for—never tired of saying, "Poor Bob! He's woman-blind, and it looks as though he would never get his sight in that direction."

"Then again, Jim," he continued in a tone of great seriousness, "there's a little secret I have never let even you into. The truth is I am not safe yet—not safe to speak for the old house of Randolph & Randolph. Yes, you may laugh—you who are, and always have been, as stanch and steady as the old bronze John Harvard in the yard, you who know Monday mornings just what you are going to do Saturday nights and all the days and nights in between, and who always do it. Jim, I have found since I have been over on the floor that the Southern gambling blood that made my grandfather, on one of his trips back from New York, though he had more land and slaves than he could use, stake his land and slaves—yes, and grandmother's too—on a card-game, and—lose, and change the whole face of the Brownley destiny—those same gambling microbes are in my blood, and when they begin to claw and gnaw I want to do something; and, Jim"—and the big brown eyes suddenly shot sparks —"if those microbes ever get unleashed, there'll be hell to pay on the floor—sure there will!"

Bob's handsome head was thrown back; his thin nostrils dilated as though there was in them the breath of conflict. The lips were drawn across the white teeth with just part enough to show their edges, and in the depths of the eyes was a dark-red blaze that somehow gave the impression one gets in looking down some long avenue of black at the instant a locomotive-headlight rounds a curve at night.

Twice before, 'way back in our college days, I had had a peep at this gambling tempter of Bob's. Once in a poker game in our rooms, when a crowd of New York classmates tried to run him out of a hand by the sheer weight of coin. And again at the Pequot House at New London on the eve of a varsity boat-race, when a Yale crowd shook a big wad of money and taunts at Bob until with a yell he left his usually well-leaded feet and frightened me, whose allowance was dollars to Bob's cents, at the sum total of the bet-cards he signed before he cleared the room of Yale money and came to with a white face streaming with cold perspiration. These events had passed out of my memory as the ordinary student breaks that any hot-blooded youth is liable to make in like circumstances. As I looked at Bob that day, while he tried to tell me that the business of Randolph & Randolph would not be safe in his keeping, I had to admit to myself that I was puzzled. I had regarded my old college chum not only as the best mentally harnessed man I had ever met, but I knew him as the soul of honor, that honor of the old story-books, and I could not credit his being tempted to jeopardize unfairly the rights or property of another. But it was habit with me to let Bob have his way, and I did not press him to come into our firm as a full partner.

Five years later, during which time affairs, business and social, had been slipping along as well as either Bob or I could have asked, I was preparing for another sit-down to show my friend that the time had now come for him to help me in earnest, when a queer thing happened—one of those unaccountable incidents that God sometimes sees fit to drop across the life-paths of his children, paths heretofore as straight and far-ahead-visible as public highways along which one has never to look twice to see where he is traveling; one of those events that, looked at retrospectively, are beyond all human understanding.

It was a beautiful July Saturday noon and Bob and I had just "packed up" for the day preparatory to joining Mrs. Randolph on my yacht for a run down to our place at Newport. As we stepped out of his office one of the clerks announced that a lady had just come in and had particularly asked to see Mr. Brownley.

"Who the deuce can she be, coming in at this time on Saturday, just when all good men are in a rush to shake the heat and dirt of business for food and the good air of all outdoors?" growled Bob. Then he said, "Show her in."

Another minute and he had his answer.

A lady entered.

"Mr. Brownley?" She waited an instant to make sure he was the Virginian.

Bob bowed.

"I am Beulah Sands, of Sands Landing, Virginia. Your people know our people, Mr. Brownley, probably well enough for you to place me."

"Of the Judge Lee Sands?" asked Bob, as he held out his hand.

"I am Judge Lee Sands's oldest daughter," said the sweetest voice I had ever heard, one of those mellow, rippling voices that start the imagination on a chase for a mocking-bird, only to bring it up at the pool beneath the brook-fall in quest of the harp of moss and watercresses that sends a bubbling cadence into its eddies and swirls. Perhaps it was the Southern accent that nibbled off the corners and edges of certain words and languidly let others mist themselves together, that gave it its luscious penetration—however that may be, it was the most arresting voice I had ever heard. Before I grew fully conscious of the exquisite beauty of the girl, this voice of hers spelled its way into my brain like the breath of some bewitching Oriental essence. Nature, environment, the security of a perfect marriage have ever combined to constitute me loyal to my chosen ones, yet as I stood silent, like one dumb, absorbing the details of the loveliness of this young stranger who had so suddenly swept into my office, it came over me that here was a woman intended to enlighten men who could not understand that shaft which in all ages has without warning pierced men's hearts and souls—love at first sight. Had there not been Katherine Blair, wife and mother—Katherine Blair Randolph, who filled my love-world as the noonday August sun fills the old-fashioned well with nestling warmth and restful shade — after this interval, looking back at the past, I dare ask the question—who knows but that I too might have drifted from the secure anchorage of my slow Yankee blood and floated into the deep waters?

Beauty, the cynic's scoff, is in the eye of the beholder, or in an angle of vision—mere product of lime-light, point of view, desire—but Beulah Sands's was beauty beyond cavil, superior to all analysis, as definite as the evening star against the twilight sky. In height girlish, but with a figure maturely modeled, charmingly full and rounded, yet by very perfection of proportion escaping suggestion of "plumpness." The head, surrounded and crowned with a wealth of dark golden hair, rested on a neck that would have seemed short had its slender column sprung less graciously from the lovely lines of the breast and shoulders beneath. It was on the face, however, and finally on the eyes that one's glances inevitably lingered—the face rose-tinted, with dimples in either of the full cheeks, entering laughing protest against the sad droop that drew slightly down the corners of a mouth too large perhaps for beauty, if the coral curve of the lips had been less exquisitely perfect. The straight, thin-nostriled nose, the broad forehead, the square, full jaw almost as low at the points where they come beneath the ears as at the chin, suggested dignity and high resolve coupled with a power of purpose rare in woman. The combination of forehead, jaw, and nose was one seldom seen. Had it been possessed by a man it would surely have driven him to the tented field for his profession. But the greatest glory of Beulah Sands was her eyes—large, full, very gray, very blue, vivid with all the glamour of her personality, full of smiles and tears and spirituality and passion; one instant, frankly innocent, they illuminated the face of a blonde Madonna; the next, seen through the extraordinary, long, jet-black eyelashes underneath the finely penciled black brows, they caressed, coquetted, allured. I afterward found much of this girl's purely physical fascination lay in this strange blending of English fairness with Andalusian tints, though the abiding quality of her charm was surely in an exaltation of spirit of which she might make the dullest conscious. As she stood looking at Bob in my office that long-ago noon, gracefully at ease in a suit of gray, with a gray-feathered turban on her head, and tiny lace bands at neck and wrist, she was very exquisite, exceedingly dainty, and, though Southerner of Southerners, very unlike the typical brunette girl who comes from Dixie land.

This girl who came into our office that July Saturday, just in time to interfere with the outing Bob Brownley and I had laid out, was destined to divert my chum's heretofore smooth-flowing river of existence and turn it into an alternation of roaring rushes and deadly calms. She was truly the most exquisite creature one could conceive of. I know my thought must have been Bob's too, for his eyes were riveted on her face. She dropped the black lashes like a veil as she went on:

"Mr. Brownley, I have just come from Sands Landing. I am very anxious to talk with you on a business matter. I have brought a letter to you from my father. If you have other engagements I can wait until Monday, although," and the black, veiling lashes lifted, showing the half-laughing, half-pathetic eyes, "I wanted much to lay my business before you at the earliest minute possible."

There was a faint touch of appeal in the charming voice as she spoke that was irresistible, and we were both willing to forget we had lunch waiting us on the Tribesman.

"Step into my office, Miss Sands, and all my time is yours," said Bob, as he opened the door between my office and his. After I had sent a note to my wife, saying we should be delayed for an hour or two, I settled down to wait for Bob in the general office, and it was a long wait. Thirty minutes went into an hour and an hour into two before Bob and Miss Sands came out. After he had put her in a cab for her hotel, he said in a tone curiously intent: "Jim, I have got to talk with you, got to get some of your good advice. Suppose we hustle along to the yacht and after lunch you tell Kate we have some business to go over. I don't want to keep that girl waiting any longer than possible for an answer I cannot give until I get your ideas." After lunch on the bow end of the upper deck Bob relieved himself. Relieved is the word, for from the minute he had put Miss Sands into the carriage until then, it was evident even to my wife that his thoughts were anywhere but upon our outing.

"Jim," he began in a voice that shook in spite of his efforts to make it sound calm, "there is no disguising the fact that I am mightily worked up about this matter, and I want to do everything possible for this girl. No need of my telling you how sacred we have got to keep what she has just let me into. You'll see as I go along that it is sacred, and I know you will look at it as I do. Miss Sands must be helped out of some of her trouble.

"Judge Lee Sands, her father, is the head of the old Sands family of Virginia. The Virginia Sands don't take off their bonnets to another family in this country, or elsewhere, for that matter, for anything that really counts. They have had learning, brains, money, and fixed position since Virginia was first settled. They are the best people of our State. It is a common saying in Virginia that a Sands of Sands Landing can go to the bench, Congress, the United States Senate, or the governor's chair for the asking, and nearly all of the men folks have held one or all of these honors for generations. The present judge has held them all. I don't know him personally, although my people and his have been thick from away back. Sands Landing on the James is some fifty miles above our home. The judge, Beulah Sands's father, is close on to seventy, and I have heard mother and father say is a stalwart, a Virginia stalwart. Being rich—that is, what we Virginians call rich, a million or so—he has been very active in affairs, and I knew before his daughter told me, that he was the trustee for about all the best estates in our part of the country. It seems from what she tells that of late he has been very active in developing our coal-mines and railroads, and that particularly he took a prominent hand in the Seaboard Air Line. You know the road, for your father was a director, and I think the house has been prominent in its banking affairs. Now, Jim, this poor girl, who, it seems, has recently been acting as the judge's secretary, has just learned that that coup of Reinheart and his crowd has completely ruined her father. The decline has swamped his own fortune, and, what is worse, a million to a million and a half of his trust funds as well, and the old judge—well, you and I can understand his position. Yet I do not know that you just can, either, for you do not quite understand our Virginia life and the kind of revered position a man like Judge Sands occupies. You would have to know that, to understand fully his present hell and the terrible position of this daughter, for it seems that since he began to get into deep water he has been relying upon her for courage and ideas. From our talk I gather she has a wonderful store of up-to-date business notions, and I am convinced from what she lays out that the judge's affairs are hopeless, and, Jim, when that old man goes down it will be a smash that will shake our State in more ways than one.

"Up to now the girl has stood up to the blow like a man and has been able to steady the judge until he presents an exterior that holds down suspicion as to his real financial condition, although she says Reinheart and his Baltimore lawyer, from the ruthless way they put on the screws to shake out his holdings in the Air Line, must have a line on it that the judge is overboard. The old man can keep things going for six months longer without jeopardizing any of the remaining trust funds, of which he has some two millions in other securities, and neither his wife nor his other daughter suspects the real condition, although Mrs. Sands, who is an invalid, knows the judge is in some trouble. His daughter says that when the blow came, that day of the panic, when Reinheart jammed the stock out of sight and scuttled her father's bankers and partners in the road, the Wilsons of Baltimore, she had a frightful struggle to keep her father from going insane. She told me that for three days and nights she kept him locked in their rooms at their hotel in Baltimore, to prevent him from hunting Reinheart and his lawyer Rettybone and killing them both, but that at last she got him calmed down and together they have been planning.

"Jim, it was tough to sit there and listen to the schemes to recoup that this old man and this child, for she is only twenty-one, have tried to hatch up. The tears actually rolled down my cheeks as I listened; I couldn't help it; you couldn't either, Jim. But at last out of all the plans considered, they found only one that had a tint of hope in it, and the serious mention of even that one, Jim, in any but present circumstances, would make you think we were dealing with lunatics. But the girl has succeeded in making me think it worth trying. Yes, Jim, she has, and I have told her so, and I hope to God that that hard-headed horse-sense of yours will not make you sit down on it."

Bob Brownley had got to his feet; he was slipping the shackles of that fiery, romantic, Southern passion that years in college and Wall Street had taught him to keep prisoner. His eyes were flashing sparks. His nostrils vibrated like a deer buck's in the autumn woods. He faced me with his hands clinched.

"Jim Randolph," he went on, "as I listened to that girl's story of the terrible cruelty and hellish treachery practised by the human hyenas you and I associate with, human hyenas who, when in search of dirty dollars—the only thing they know anything about—put to shame the real beasts of the wilds—when I listened, I tell you that I felt it would not give me a twinge of conscience to put a ball through that slick scoundrel Reinheart. Yes, and that hired cur of his, too, who prostitutes a good family name and position, and an inherited ability God Almighty intended for more honest uses than the trapping of victims on whose purses his gutter-born master has set lecherous eyes. And, Jim, as I listened, a troop of old friends invaded my memory—friends whom I have not seen since before I went to Harvard, friends with whom I spent many a happy hour in my old Virginia home, friends born of my imagination, stalwart, rugged crusaders, who carried the sword and the cross and the banner inscribed 'For honor and for God.' Old friends who every day of my boyhood would troop up and shout, 'Bob, don't forget, when you're a man, that the goal is honor, and the code: Do unto your neighbor as you would have your neighbor do unto you. Don't forget that millions is the crest of the groundlings. And, Jim, I thought my friends looked at me with reproachful eyes, as they said, 'You are well on the road, Bob Brownley, and in time your heart and soul will bear the hall-mark of the snaky S on the two upright bars, and you will be but a frenzied fellow in the dirty dollar army.' Jim, Jim Randolph, as I listened to that agonizing tale of the changing of that girl's heaven to hell, I did not see that halo you and I have thought surrounded the sign of Randolph & Randolph. I did not see it, Jim, but I did see myself, and I didn't feel proud of the picture. My God, Jim, is it possible you and I have joined the nobility of Dirty Dollars? Is it possible we are leaving trails along our life's path like that Reinheart left through the home of these Virginians, such trails as this girl has shown me?"

Bob had worked himself into a state of frenzy. Never in my life had I seen him so excited as when he stood in front of me and almost shouted this fierce self-denunciation.

"For heaven's sake, Bob, pull yourself together," I urged. "The captain on the bridge there is staring at you wild-eyed, and Katherine will be up here to see what has happened. Now, be a good fellow, and let us talk this thing over in a sensible way. At the gait you are going we can do nothing to help out your friends. Besides, what is there for you and me to take ourselves to task for? We are no wreckers and none of our dollars is stained with Frenzied Finance. My father, as you know, despised Reinheart and his sort as much as we do. Be yourself. What does this girl want you to do? If it is anything in reason, call it done, for you know there is nothing I won't do for you at the asking."

Bob's hysteria oozed. He dropped on the rail-seat at my side.

"I know it, Jim, I know it, and you must forgive me. The fact is, Beulah Sands's story has aroused a lot of thoughts I have been a-sticking down cellar these late years, for, to tell the truth, I have some nasty twinges of conscience every now and then when I get to thinking of this dollar game of ours."

I saw that the impulsive blood was fast cooling, and that it would only be a question of minutes until Bob would be his clear-headed self.

"Now, what is it she wants you to do?" I persisted. "Is it a case of money, of our trying to tide her father over?"

"Nothing of that kind, Jim. You don't know the proud Virginia blood. Neither that girl nor her father would accept money help from any one. They would go to smash and the grave first."

He paused and then continued impressively:

"This is how she puts it. She and her father have raked together their fag-ends of cash, a matter of sixty thousand dollars, and she got him to consent to let her come up here to see if during the next six months she might not, in a few desperate plunges in the market, run it up to enough to tide them over. Yes, I know it is a wild idea. I told her so at the beginning, but there was no need; she knew it, for she is not only bright, but she has the best idea of business I ever knew a woman to have. But it is their only chance, Jim, and while I listened to her argument I came around to her way of thinking."

"But how did she happen to come to you with this extraordinary scheme?" I interrupted.

"It's this way—her father, who knew Randolph & Randolph through your father's handling of the Seaboard's affairs, learned of my connection with the house, and gave her a letter, asking me to do what I could to help his daughter carry out her plans. She wants to get a position with us, if possible, in some sort of capacity, secretary, confidential clerk, or, as she puts it, any sort of place that will justify her being in the office. She tells me she is good at shorthand, on the machine, or at correspondence, also that she has been a contributor to the magazines. If this can be arranged, she says she will on her own responsibility select the time and the stock, and hurl the last of the Sands fortune at the market, and, Jim, she is game. The blow seems to have turned this child into a wonderfully nervy creature, and, old man, I am beginning to have a feeling that perhaps the cards may come so she will win the judge out. You and I know where less than sixty thousand has been run up to millions more than once, and that, too, without the aid she will have, for I'll surely do all I can to help her steer this last chance into soft places."

Bob in his enthusiasm had completely lost sight of the fact that he was indorsing a project that but a moment previously he had pronounced insane, and with a start I realized what this sudden transformation betokened. Inevitably, if the project he outlined were carried out, Bob and the beautiful Southern girl would be thrown into close association with each other, and further acquaintance could only deepen the startling influence Beulah Sands had already won over my ordinarily sane and cool-headed comrade. As I looked at my friend, burning with an ardor as unaccustomed as it was impulsive, I felt a tug at my heart-strings at thought of the sudden crossroading of life's highway. But I, too, was filled with the glamour of this girl's wondrous beauty, and her terrible predicament appealed to me almost as strongly as it had to Bob. So, although I knew it would be fatal to any chance of his weighing the matter by common sense, I burst out:

"Bob, I don't blame you for falling in with the girl's plans. If I were in your shoes, I should too."

Tears came to Bob's eyes as he grabbed my hand and said:

"Jim, how can I ever repay you for all the good things you have done for me—how can I!"

It was no time to give way to emotional outbursts, and while Bob was getting his grip on himself, I went on:

"Come along down to earth now, Bob; let us look at this thing squarely. You and I, with our position in the market, can do lots of things to help run that sixty thousand to higher figures, but six months is a short time and a million or two a world of money."

"She knows that," he said, "and the time is much shorter and the road to go much longer than you figure," he replied. "This girl is as high-strung as the E string on a Stradivarius, and she declares she will have no charity tips or unusual favors from us or any one else. But let us not talk about that now or we'll get discouraged. Let's do as she says and trust to God for the outcome. Are you willing, Jim, to take her into the office as a sort of confidential secretary? If you will, I'll take charge of her account, and together we will do all that two men can for her and her father."

The following week saw Miss Sands, of Virginia, private secretary to the head of Randolph & Randolph, established in a little office between mine and Bob's. She had not been there a day before we knew she was a worker. She spent the hours going over reports and analyzing financial statements, showing a sagacity extraordinary in so young a person. She explained her knowledge of figures by the hand-work she had done for the judge, all of whose accounts she had kept. Bob and I saw that she was bent on smothering her memory in that antidote for all ills of heart and soul—work. Her office life was simplicity itself. She spoke to no one except Bob, save in connection with such business matters of the firm's as she was given to attend to. To the others in the banking-house she was just an unconventional young literary woman whose high social connections had gained her this opportunity of getting at the secrets of finance, from actual experience, for use in forthcoming novels. It had got abroad that she was the writer of great distinction who, under a *nom de plume*, had recently made quite a dent in the world's literary shell—a suggestion that I rightly guessed was one of Bob's delicate ways of smoothing out her path. I had tried in every way to make things easy for her, but it was impossible for me to draw her out in talk, and finally I gave it up. Had it not been that every time I passed her office door I was compelled by the fascination which I had first felt, and which, instead of diminishing, had increased with her reticence, to look in at the quiet figure with the downcast eyes, working away at her desk as though her life depended on never missing a second, I should not have known she was in the building. My wife, at my suggestion, had tried to induce her to visit us; in fact, after I let her into just enough of Beulah Sands's story so that she could see things on a true slant, she had decided to try to bring her to our house to live. But though the girl was sweetly gentle in her appreciation of Kate's thoughtful attentions, in her indescribable way she made us both feel that our efforts would be for naught, that her position must be the same as that of any other clerk in the office. We both finally left her to herself. Bob explained to me, some three weeks after she came to the office, that she received no visitors at her home, a hotel on a quiet uptown street, and that even he had never had permission to call upon her there.

But from the day she came to occupy her desk in our office, Bob was a changed man, whether for better or for worse neither Kate nor I could decide. His old bounding elasticity was gone, and with it his rollicking laugh. He was now a man where before he had been a boy, a man with a burden. Even if I had not heard Beulah Sands's story, I should have guessed that Bob was staggering under a strange load. While before, from the close of the Stock Exchange until its opening the next morning, he was, as Kate was fond of putting it, always ready to fill in for anything from chaperon to nurse, always open for any lark we planned, from a Bohemian dinner to the opera, now he often disappeared from our view, outside of business hours, for weeks at a time. In the office it used to be a saying that outside gong-strikes, Bob Brownley did not know he was in the stock business. Every clerk knew when Bob came or went, for it was with a rush, a shout, a laugh, and a bang of doors; and on the floor of the Stock Exchange no man played so many pranks, or filled his orders with so much jolly good-nature and hilarious boisterousness. But from the day the Virginian lady crossed his path, Bob Brownley was a man who was thinking, thinking, thinking all the time. It was only with an effort that he would keep his eyes on whomever he was talking with long enough to take in what was said, and if the saying occupied much time it would be apparent to the talker that Bob was off in the clouds. All his friends and associates remarked the change, but I alone, except perhaps Kate, had any idea of the cause. I knew that two million dollars and the coming New Year were hurdling like kangaroos over Bob's mental rails and ditches, though I did not know it from anything he told me, for after that talk on the upper deck of the Tribesman he had shut up like a clam.

He did not exactly shun me, but showed me in many ways that he had entered into a new world, in which he desired to be alone. That Beulah Sands's plight had roused into intense activity all the latent romance of my friend's nature, did not surprise me. I foresaw from the first that Bob would fall head over heels in love with this beautiful, sorrow-laden girl, and it was soon obvious that the long-delayed shaft had planted its point in the innermost depths of his being. His was more than love; a fervid idolatry now had possession of his soul, mind, and body. Yet its outward manifestations were the opposite of what one would have looked for in this gay and optimistic Southerner. It was rather priestlike worship, a calm imperturbability that nothing seemed to distract or upset, at least in the presence of the goddess who was its object. Every morning he would pass through my office headed straight for the little room she occupied as if it were his one objective point of the day, but once he heard his own "Good morning, Miss

Sands," he seemed to round to, and while in her presence was the Bob Brownley of old. He would be in and out all day on any and every pretext, always entering with an undisguised eagerness, leaving with a slow, dreamy reluctance. That he never saw her outside the office, I am sure, for she said good night to him when he or she left for the day with the same don't-come-with-me dignity that she exhibited to all the rest of us. I had not attempted to say a word to Bob about his feeling for Beulah Sands, nor had he ever brought up the subject to me. On the contrary, he studiously avoided it.

Three months of the six had now passed, and with each day I thought I noted an increasing anxiety in Bob. He had opened a special account for Miss Sands on the books of the house in his name as trustee, with a credit of sixty thousand dollars, and we both watched it with a painful tenseness of scrutiny. It had grown by uneven jerks, until the balance on October 1st was almost four hundred thousand dollars. On some of the trades Bob had consulted me, and on others, two in particular where he closed up after a few days' operations with nearly two hundred thousand dollars profit, I did not even know what the trading was based on until the stocks had been sold. Then he said:

"Jim, that little lady from Virginia can give us a big handicap and play us to a standstill at our own game. She told me to buy all the Burlington and Sugar her account would stand, and did not even ask for my opinion. In both cases I thought the operations were more the result of a wakeful night and an I-must-do-something decision than anything else, and I tackled both with a shiver; but when she told me to sell them out at a time I thought they looked like going higher and the next day they slumped, I could not help thinking about the destiny that shapes our end."

On my part I tried to help. On one occasion, without consulting her, I put her account in on a sure thing underwriting, wherein she stood to make a profit of a quarter of a million, but when Bob told her what I had done, she insisted with great dignity that her name be withdrawn. After that neither of us dared help her to any short cuts. Bob was deeply impressed by her principles, and, commenting on them, said: "Jim, if all Wall Street had a code similar to Beulah Sands's to hew to in their gambles, ours would be a fairer and more manly game, and many of the multimillionaires would be clerking, while a lot of the hand-to-mouth traders would come downtown in a new auto every day in the week. She does not believe in stock-gambling. She has worked it out that every dollar one man makes, another loses; that the one who makes gives nothing in return for what he gets away with; and that the other fellow's loss makes him and his as miserable as would robbery to the same amount. Yet she realizes that she must get back those millions stolen from her father and is willing to smother her conscience to attempt it, provided she takes no unfair advantage of the other players. The other day she said to me, 'I have decided, because of my duty to my father, to put away my prejudice against gambling, but no duty to him or to any one can justify me in playing with marked cards.' Jim, there is food for reflection for you and me, don't you think so?"

I did not argue it with him, for, after that Saturday's outburst, I had made up my mind to avoid stirring Bob up unnecessarily. Also, I had to admit to myself that the things he had then said had raised some uncomfortable thoughts in me, thoughts that made me glance less confidently now and then at the old sign of Randolph & Randolph and at the big ledger which showed that I, an ordinary citizen of a free country, was the absolute possessor of more money than a hundred thousand of my fellow beings together could accumulate in a lifetime, although each one had worked harder, longer, more conscientiously, and with perhaps more ability than I.

As to how Beulah Sands's code had affected my friend, I was ignorant. For the first time in our association I was completely in the dark as to what he was doing stockwise. Up to that Saturday I was the first to whom he would rush for congratulations when he struck it rich over others on the exchange, and he invariably sought me for consolation when the boys "upper-cut him hard," as he would put it. Now he never said a word about his trading. I saw that his account with the house was inactive, that his balance was about the same as before Miss Sands's advent and I came to the conclusion that he was resting on his oars and giving his undivided attention to her account and the execution of his commissions. His handling of the business of the house showed no change. He still was the best broker on the floor. However, knowing Bob as I did, I could not get it out of my mind that his brain was running like a mill-race in search of some successful solution to the tremendous problem that must be solved in the next three months.

Shortly after the October 1st statements had been sent out, Bob dropped in on Kate and me one night. After she had retired and we had lit our cigars in the library he said:

"Jim, I want some of that old-fashioned advice of yours. Sugar is selling at 110, and it is worth it; in fact it is cheap. The stock is well distributed among investors, not much of it floating round 'the Street.' A good, big buying movement, well handled, would jump it up to 175 and keep it there. Am I sound?"

I agreed with him.

"All right. Now what reason is there for a good, big, stiff uplift? That tariff bill is up at Washington. If it goes through, Sugar will be cheaper at 175 than at 110."

Again I agreed.

"'Standard Oil' and the Sugar people know whether it is going through, for they control the Senate and the House and can induce the President to be good. What do you say to that?"

"O. K.," I answered.

"No question about it, is there?"

"Not the slightest."

"Right again. When 26 Broadway* gives the secret order to the Washington boss and he passes it out to the grafters, there will be a quiet accumulation of the stock, won't there?"

"You've got that right, Bob."

"And the man who first knows when Washington begins to take on Sugar is the man who should load up quick and rush it up to a high level. If he does it quickly, the stockholders, who now have it, will get a juicy slice of the ripening melon, a slice that otherwise would go to those greedy hypocrites at Washington, who are always publicly proclaiming that they are there to serve their fellow countrymen, but who never tire of expressing themselves to their brokers as not being in politics for their health."

"So far, good reasoning," I commented.

"Jim, the man who first knows when the Senators and Congressmen and members of the Cabinet begin to buy Sugar, is the man who can kill four birds with one stone: Win back a part of Judge Sands's stolen fortune; increase his own pile against the first of January, when, if the little Virginian lady is short a few hundred thousand of the necessary amount, he could, if he found a way to induce her to accept it, supply the deficiency; fatten up a good friend's bank account a million or so, and do a right good turn for the stockholders who are about to be, for the hundredth time, bled out of profit rightfully theirs."

Bob was afire with enthusiasm, the first I had seen him show for three months. Seeing that I had followed him without objection so far, he continued:

"Well, Jim, I know the Washington buying has begun. All I know I have dug out for myself and am free to use it anyway I choose. I have gone over the deal with Beulah Sands, and we have decided to plunge. She has a balance of about four hundred thousand dollars, and I'm going to spread it thin. I am going to buy her 20,000 shares and to take on 10,000 for myself. If you went in for 20,000 more, it would give me a wide sea to sail in. I know you never speculate, Jim, for the house, but I thought you might in this case go in personally."

"Don't say another word, Bob," I replied. "This time the rule goes by the board. But I will do better: I'll put up a million and you can go as high as 70,000 for me. That will give you a buying power of 100,000, and I want you to use my last 50,000 shares as a lifter."

I had never speculated in a share of stock since I entered the firm of Randolph & Randolph, and on general, special, and every other principles was opposed to stock-gambling, but I saw how Bob had worked it out, and that to make the deal sure it was necessary for him to have a good reserve buying power to fall back on if, after he got started, the "System" masters, whose game he was butting into and whose plans he might upset, should start in to jam the price down to drive him off the track. Bob knew how I looked at it and ordinarily would not have allowed me to have the short end of the deal, but so changed had he become in his anxiety to make that money for the Virginians that he grabbed at my acceptance.

"Thank you, Jim," he said fervently, and he continued: "Old man, I see what's going through your head, but I'll accept the favor, for the deal is bound to be successful. I know your reason for coming in is just to help out, but you won't feel badly or suffer any, because your 50,000 shares will be used more as a guarantee for the deal's success than for profit. And Miss Sands could not object to the part you play, as she did at the underwriting, for you will get a big profit anyway."

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* "26 Broadway" is the Wall Street figure of speech for "Standard Oil," which has its home there.

Next day Sugar was lively on the Exchange. Bob bought all in sight and handled it in a masterly way. When the closing gong struck, Beulah Sands had 20,000 shares, which averaged her 115; Bob and I had 30,000 at an average of 125, and the stock had closed 132 bid and in big demand. Miss Sands's 20,000 showed $340,000 profit, while our 30,000 showed $210,000 at the closing prices. All the houses with Washington wires were wildly scrambling for Sugar as soon as it began to jump. And it certainly looked as though the shares were good for the figures set for them by Bob, $175, at which price the Sands's profits would be $1,200,000. Bob was beside himself with joy. He dined with Kate and me, and as I watched him my heart almost stopped beating at the thought—"if anything should happen to upset his plans!" His happiness was pathetic to witness. He was like a child. He threw away all the reserve of the past three months and laughed and was grave by turns. After dinner, as we sat in the library over our coffee, he leaned over to my wife and said:

"Katherine Randolph, you and Jim don't know what hell I have been in for three months, and now—will to-morrow never come, so I may get into the whirl and clean up this deal and send that girl back to her father with the money! I wanted her to telegraph the judge that things looked as if she would win out and bring back the relief, but she would not hear of it. She is a marvelous woman. She has not turned a hair to-day. I don't think her pulse beats a stroke faster to-night. She has not sent home a word of encouragement since she has been here, more than to tell her father she is doing well with her stories. It seems they both agreed that the only way to work the thing out was 'whole hog or none,' and that she was to say nothing until she could herself bring the word 'saved' or 'lost.' I don't know but she is right. She says if she should raise her father's hopes, and then be compelled to dash them, the effect would be fatal."

Bob rushed the talk along, flitting from one point to another, but invariably returning to Beulah Sands and to-morrow and its saving profits. Finally, he got to a pitch where it seemed as though he must take off the screws, and before Kate or I realized what was coming he placed himself in front of us and said:

"Jim, Kate, I cannot go into to-morrow without telling you something that neither of you suspects. I must tell some one, now that everything is coming out right and that Beulah is to be saved; and whom can I tell but you, who have been all to me?—I love Beulah Sands, surely, deeply, with every bit of me. I worship her, I tell you, and to-morrow, to-morrow if this deal comes out as it must come, and I can put $1,500,000 into her hands and send her home to her father, then, then, I will tell her I love her, and Jim, Kate, if she'll marry me, good-by, good-by to this hell of dollar-hunting, good-by to such misery as I have been in for three months, and home, a Virginia home, for Beulah and me." He sank into a chair and tears rolled down his cheeks. Poor, poor Bob, strong as a lion in adversity, hysterical as a woman with victory in sight.

The next day Sugar opened with a wild rush: "25,000 shares from 140 to 152." That is the way it came on the tape, which meant that the crowd around the Sugar-pole was a mob and that the transactions were so heavy, quick, and tangled that no one could tell to a certainty just what the first or opening price was; but after the first lull, five minutes after the gong, there were reported transactions aggregating 25,000 shares and at prices varying from 140 to 152. I was over on the first floor to see the scramble, for it was noised about long before ten o'clock that Sugar would open wild, and then, too, I wanted to be handy if Bob should need any quick advice.

A minute before the gong struck, there were 300 men jammed around the Sugar-pole; men with set, determined faces; men with their coats buttoned tight and shoulders thrown back for the rush to which, by comparison, that of a football team is child's play. Every man in that crowd was a picked man, picked for what was coming. Each felt that upon his individual powers to keep a clear head, to shout loudest, to forget nothing, to keep his feet, and to stay as near the center of the crowd as possible, depended his honor, perhaps his fortune, or, what was more to him, his client's fortune. Nearly every man of them was a college graduate who had won his spurs at athletics, or a seasoned floor man whose training had been even more severe than that of the college campus. When it is known before the opening of the Exchange that there are to be "things doing" in a certain stock, it is the rule to send only the picked floor men into the crowd. There may be a fortune to make or to lose in a minute or a fraction of a minute. For instance, the man who that morning was able to secure the first 5,000 shares sold at 140 could have resold them five minutes afterward at 152 and secured sixty thousand profit. And the man who was sent into the crowd by his client to sell 5,000 shares at the opening and who got but 140, when the price would be 152 by the time he reported to his customer, was a man to be pitied. Again, the trader who the night before had decided that Sugar had gone up too fast, and who had gone short (that is, sold what he did not have, with the intention of repurchasing at a lower price than he sold it for) 5,000 shares at 140 and who, finding himself in that surging mob with sugar selling at 152, could only get out by taking a loss of $60,000, or by taking his chance of later paying 162—such a trader was also to be pitied.

No one who scanned the crowd that morning would have believed that the calm, set face on that erect Indian figure, occupying the very center of that horde of gamblers who were only awaiting the ringing clang of the gong to hurl themselves like madmen at each other, was the hysterical youth who the night before was wildly praying God for this moment. Nearly every man in that crowd was calm, but Bob Brownley was the calmest of them all. It's the Exchange code that at any cost of heart or nerve-tear a man must retain good form until the gong strikes. Then, that he must be as near the uncaged tiger as human mind and body can be made. Only I realized what volcano raged inside my friend's bosom. If any other man of the crowd had known, Bob would have been lost. Nine-tenths of the Stock Exchange game is not letting your left brain-lobe know what your right is going to do until you've done it. If one of those 300 chain-lightning thinkers or any of their 10,000 alert associates knew in advance the intentions of a fellow broker, the word would sweep through that crowd with the rapidity of uncorked ether, and the other 299, at gong-strike, would be at his throat, and in an instant would have his bones picked to a vulture-finish cleanness.

Suddenly, as I watched the scene, there rang through the great hall the first sharp stroke of the gong. There were no echoes heard that morning. The metallic voice was yet shaping its command to "at 'em, you fiends" when from 300 throats burst the wild sound of the Stock Exchange yell. No other sound in any of the open or hidden places of all nature duplicates the yell of a great Stock Exchange at an exciting opening. It not only fills and refills space, for the volume is terrific, but it has an individuality all its own, coming from the incisive "take-mine-I'll-take-yours," from the aggressive, almost arrogant "you-can't-you-won't-have-your-way," the confident "by-heaven-we-will" individual notes that enter into the whole, as they blend with the shrill yell of triumph and the piercing note of disappointment, when the floor men realize their success or their failure. I picked Bob's magnificently resonant voice from the mass—"40 for any part of 10,000." It was this daring bid that struck terror to the shorts and filled the buyers with a frenzy of encouragement. Again it rang out—"45 for any part of 25,000"; and a third time—"50 for any part of 50,000."

The great crowd was surging all over the room. Hats were smashed and coats were being stripped from their owners' backs as though made of paper, and now and then a particularly frantic buyer or seller would be borne to the floor by the impetus of those who sought to get his bid or his offer. Through all the wild whirl, straight and erect and commanding was the form of Bob, his face cold and expressionless as an iceberg. In five minutes the human mass had worked back to the Sugar-pole and there was the inevitable lull while its members "verified."

I could see by the few entries Bob was making on his pad that he had been compelled to buy but little. This meant that his campaign was working smoothly, and that he had the greater part of my fifty thousand yet unbought, which in turn meant he could continue to push up the price, or in the event of his opponents' attempting to run it down, he would be under the market with big supporting orders.

Suddenly the lull was broken. Bob's voice rang out again—"153 for any part of 10,000 Sugar." Again the gamblers closed in and for another five minutes the opening scene was duplicated, with only a shade less fierceness. After ten minutes' mad trading a mighty burst of sound told that Sugar was 160 bid. Then Bob worked his way out of the crowd, and passing by me fairly hissed, "By heaven, Jim, I've got them!"

I went back to the office. In a few minutes Bob without a word strode through my office and into the little room occupied by

Beulah Sands. He closed the door behind him, a thing that he had never done before. It was only a minute till he opened it and called to me. In his eyes was a strange look, a look that came from the blending of two mighty passions, one joy, the other I could not make out, unless it was that soft one, which suppressed love, emerging from terrible uncertainty, generates in deep natures and which usually finds vent in tears. Beulah Sands was a study. Her heart was evidently swaying and tugging with the news Bob had brought her. She must have seen the nearness of release from the torture that had been filling her soul during the past three months, and yet such was the remarkable self-control of the woman, such her noble courage, that she refused to show any outward sign of her feelings. She was the reserved, dignified girl I had ever seen her.

"Jim, Miss Sands and I thought it best that we should have a little match up at this stage of our deal," Bob began. "I want to know if you both agree with me on adhering to the original plans to close out at 175. I never felt surer of my ground than in this deal. The stock is 163 on the tape right now." He glanced at the tape as it rolled out of the ticker in the corner of the office. "Yes, there she goes again—3¾, 4, 4¼ and 1,200 at a half. There is a tremendous demand from all quarters. Washington's buying is unlimited; the commission-houses are tumbling over one another to get aboard and the shorts are scared to a paralyzed muteness. They don't know whether to jump in and cover or to hold their present hands, but they have no pluck to oppose the rise, that is certain. The news bureaus have just published the story that I am buying for Randolph & Randolph, and they for the insiders; that the new tariff is as good as passed; and that at the directors' meeting to-morrow the Sugar dividend will be increased, and that it is agreed on all sides she won't stop going until she crosses 200. I've been obliged to take on only 18,000 of your 50,000, and at present prices there is over two hundred thousand profit in them. I think I could go back there and in thirty minutes have it to 180. Then if I rested on it until about one o'clock and threw myself at it for real fireworks up to the close, I could under cover of them, let slip about half our purchases, and to-morrow at the opening let them have the balance. If I'm in luck I'll average 180–185 for the whole bunch, but I'll be satisfied if I get an average of 175, which would allow me to sell it on a dropping scale to 160."

I agreed that his campaign was perfect, and Beulah Sands said in her usual quiet way, "It is entirely in your hands, Mr. Brownley. I don't see how any advice from us can help."

Bob went back to the Exchange and I into my office. Bob had been right again. In ten minutes the tape began to scream about Sugar. With enormous transactions it ran up in fifteen minutes to 188, in three more it dropped to 181, and then steadily mounted to 185½, dulled up, and was steady. Presently Bob was back and we sat down again.

"I've bought 20,000 more for you, Jim, on that whirl. I've 38,000 in all of the last 50,000, which leaves me 12,000 reserve. The average is about 75, and there must be 400,000 for you in it now and a strong 1,400,000 in Miss Sands's 20,000, and a 1,800,000 in our 30,000. They say it's bad business to count chickens in the shell, but ours are tapping so hard to get out I can't help doing it this once. I'm going to keep away from the floor for an hour or so, then I will go over and wind it up and—good God, Beulah—Miss Sands—are you ill?"

The girl's face was ashen gray and she seemed to be gasping for breath. I rushed for some water while Bob seized both her hands, but in an instant the blood came to her cheeks with a rush and she said, "I was dizzy for a moment. It must have been the thought of taking $1,400,000 back to father that upset me. With that amount father could make good all the trust funds, and have back enough of his own fortune to make us seem, after what we have been going through, richer than we were before. Pardon me, Mr. Randolph, won't you, when I say—God bless you and every one whom you hold dear, God bless you? What could I or my father have done but for you and Mr. Brownley?"

She turned her big eyes full upon Bob, filled with a light such as can come only to a woman's eyes, only to a woman before whom, as she stands on the brink of hell, suddenly looms her heaven.

Sharp and shrill rang Bob's Exchange telephone. The ring seemed shriller; it certainly was longer than usual. Bob jumped for the receiver.

The second instalment of "*Friday, the 13th*" will appear in the January issue.

THE DISILLUSION

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

SHE heard them talking.

"He never came las' time." Dilly's sad little voice and the hopelessness in it hurt her.

Billy's voice was only scornful.

"Huh, no, 'course not! Don't you see *why* he didn't?"

The listener flinched from what she felt was coming. She had tried so hard to keep it back.

"Pa?" suggested Dilly shyly. The children were always shy when they spoke of pa, and that again hurt.

"*Pa?*—no, sir!" and she thrilled to hear the championship in Billy's tone. She had tried to teach them both championship of pa. It had not been easy. "It was 'cause the trolley didn't run out here las' year, that's why he didn't come. I s'pose you thought he'd *walk*—with that big pack on!"

Dilly looked crestfallen; then leaped into sudden animation: "Oh, Billy—oh, Billy, then this time he's going to come! We can hang up our stockings this time!"

"Sure pop."

"You certain—*certain?*"

"'Course, ninny, he'll come out on the trolley a-flying."

But in a lapse of faith Dilly harked back to the beliefs of her babyhood. "But, Billy, I thought he came in reindeers——"

"Useter; that's all over now," loftily, the boy person. "I suppose he *might* in an automobile if he's well enough off, but it would be heaps cheaper on the trolley. I bet he'll come that way— Say, Dilly——"

"What?" eagerly.

"It'll be on the last car—the one that goes past after we're in bed. He'll stop off here and *we'll keep awake!*"

"Oh, Billy!"

She wrapped her work about her ears to keep out the rest. She rocked back and forth in the mother anguish of her soul. It was going to be worse—worse—worse than last year, and that—well she remembered how it had been last year! All her elaborate little explanations, her spurious cheerfulness, her self-immolation on the altar of the day, in an agony to make up to them—her indignation, resentment, misery—she remembered them all with cruel clearness.

Santa Claus had so many to remember, she had told them, and how was he to know they had moved? Perhaps there had been—she was certain of it, there *had been*—no little children in this house before. Of course if he'd never been here before——

Of course, they had agreed, but regretfully. She had seen the sharpness of their disappointment in their little troubled faces and felt the sharpness of her own in her troubled soul. She was living it all over again now. She rocked faster.

"Lord in heaven, not this year, too!" and it was a prayer. She could not make elaborate explanations again this Christmas; they would fall to pieces on her lips. The lies would turn about and smite her before the little faces. The spirit of Santa Claus would haunt her ever after. Once she might do it and live—not twice.

Of course there was pa—there was David. But there was also the vow she had vowed. "Never"—it had been—"I will never ask him again!"

When they were very tiny she had managed. She had fashioned little satisfying gifts for them herself. And David had handed her a grudging little sum to supplement them. "It's pandering to sentiment," he had said. "It's a waste of good money. I don't believe in it." But she had believed for two and laughed and spent the money joyously. It had not been so hard to laugh then, when they were very tiny.

David and she had been married nine years. In nine years life may grow complex—love and rebellion, faith and doubt, may tilt at one another with spears that prick and bring the blood. She had learned that, as by a miracle, it was possible for them all to live together. For she loved David now as then. If only he had not loved money quite so much!

"He earns it — it is his — he has a right to love it," the love in her for David contended.

"They are his children. He has no right to sacrifice them!" disputed hotly her mother love. There was always this contention. She lived in the weary grip of it.

For herself, long ago she had arrived at a sorry semblance of indifference.

It was different when the babies came—both together, one beautiful gift. Henceforth things mattered for them. David loved them, but in his David-way; this love, she bitterly realized, was subservient to the other love that marred him. But he did not know—she held fast to that comfort.

Last year she had gone to him, ashamed and angry because she went on her knees. "David—the children—Christmas," she had faltered, not lifting her eyes.

"What? What's that? You want more money?" He need not have said "more"; it was cruel. "Maggie, it's time those children learned a little sense! They're old enough to quit nonsense. *I* never had any Christmas presents. I never was stuffed full of Santa Claus nonsense. What was good enough for me is good enough for them. It's a waste of money—good money."

She wished he had not said Maggie. She could have borne it better if he had called her Margaret. She had not given up weakly. The children were so little yet—had he forgotten how little they were? See, the little trousers she was mending—such short little legs! They were looking ahead so, too—if he had heard them planning! If he had only seen their eyes when they talked of Santa Claus! Such little, little things, David!

She remembered it all now. And after it had come the vow. She would keep it, but the babies should have their Christmas. There were two vows to keep. "I can beg or steal," she wanly smiled. "There are ways."

The next day the children came storming home from school. Something had happened that had whitened the boy's face with rage, the girl's with grief. She met them in alarm at the door.

"Dearies! Why, what in the world!"

"Is it honest true? It isn't! It isn't!" Billy exploded. "I told 'em they lied!"

"They said to ask you," came sobbingly from Dilly. She got them into her arms and waited, but her heart misgave her. It might be the thing she had expected always.

"It was that mis'able ole Wells boy. I hate him!"

"Billy—*William!*"

"Well, he said there wasn't any Santy Claus and there is. There is!"

Dilly turned her wet face upward. "Is there, ma?" she said, her soul in her eyes for the answer.

"He said only babies b'lieved it. I hit him," stormed the little man-person.

"*Is* there, ma?" again. She drew a long breath. The time had come, then. While she got her wits together Billy's angry little voice ran on and on.

"He said 'twas your pa—*he* was Santy Claus and filled your stockings. I told him mine never, and then he laughed, so I hit him again," triumphed Billy.

"*Is* it your pa?" Dilly's clear eyes held her. She caught her breath and plunged in.

"Yes," she said steadily.

"*Ours*—our pa?"

"Yes. Tell that Wells boy yes." She met two pairs of clear eyes without flinching, but in her heart she was sobbing.

"Gra-cious!" the little man-person breathed, whistling through his lips. It was surprising. It was so—different. Still——

"Dilly, it's *so;* it's pa! That's all right."

"No, no, I want it to be Santy Claus. I'd druther!" flared gentle Dilly. Old idols came down hard. She stood dismayed in the ruins.

The boy appealed eagerly to his mother. "Then we'll have *things*, won't we, if it's pa?"

"Yes, yes."

"Dilly, we'll have *things!*" He put his arm man-wise across her little sloping shoulders and led her off. All the way he talked and his mother heard. She tried not to.

"Say, I *like* it now! I'm sorry I hit that boy. Dilly Pope, you stop thinking of Santy Claus and think of pa! We didn't ever s'pose he was like that, did we? Gracious!"

Margaret Pope's ears strained to catch it all, against her will. She waited breathless for the inevitable demand that must come, but she had thought it would come from the boy-one, disillusioned, not from gentle Dilly.

"Then why didn't he do it las' time—why didn't he, Billy Pope?" And she knew that for once Billy was floored. The silence she expected dropped down dully. She crept away in it to her work.

A day or two later she went out to David in the great barn among his beautiful cows. David never stinted his flocks and herds.

"I want to go away, David, for—for a

visit," she said. He went on pulling down hay from the great mows. David was not one to be surprised.

"I thought—I think—" how hard it was to say it!—"I'd like to go to Chilton." (She had meant to say, "I am going," not "I'd like to.") "I haven't ever been to see Aunt Margaret. She lives alone; it would be a nice place to—to rest."

"When you going?"

David's acquiescence surprised her. She had been reasonably sure of objection.

"Why, I thought—I think I will see Annis Pickett to-day and get her to come over and do for you and the babies——"

"Children," he corrected her. He objected to her calling them babies.

"You and the children. Annis is a real good hand. She'll know exactly what to do if Dilly has the sore throat or Billy cuts himself. I'll show her all about your clothes, too, and tell her what you like cooked." She hurried resolutely ahead. The momentum of her courage astonished her. Now she stopped, ready to parry his blow, for Annis Pickett meant added expense.

"How long'll you stay?"

He was patting a beautiful Jersey nose affectionately. His voice did not sound troubled.

"She will ask $2 a week, David, and her board, but she'll only eat my meals. I won't stay but a month."

"A month's about's long's we can spare you," he said kindly. And no blow to parry! He went into the house with her, scuffling aside the loose snow to make her a path. She felt a sudden homesick whimsey to put her arms around his neck and demand to be missed when she was gone. To ask him to kiss the ba—the children when they went to bed. To kiss him, herself. She all but yielded to it.

"You look tuckered, Maggie. Didn't sleep much last night, did you? I guess it's a good idea, going to visit your Aunt Margaret. Chilton's a good place to go to."

Her parting with the babies was hard, but soon over. Annis Pickett put on her mantle willingly. It did not fit, but Annis was smilingly unaware of that. The babies rather welcomed the change and dried their tears quickly. It was to David Pope the flitting came hardest; he jogged back from the country station slowly, to put off getting home, because Maggie would not be there. He was used to finding Maggie. The first night, he remembered what she had whispered as he helped her up the car steps, and he went in to kiss the children. It was a new experience for David Pope.

The light was out. "Where are you?" he said uncertainly, at the door. They giggled softly, and he followed the sound. It was a new thing to feel about and come suddenly upon little warm bodies—to hunt for little lips to kiss. "There! that's for ma—and that," he said. But the second night he did not say it, for it was for himself. He got to looking ahead to the nights. A pleasant, unexpected little intimacy sprang up between him and his children. They talked oftener together and he found himself taking pride in their bright minds and round, sweet faces. He kept discovering fresh attractions in them both.

The children themselves accepted the new relationship naturally enough. It seemed part of the delightful atmosphere that had surrounded pa since their discovery that he was Santa Claus. Anything nice was to be expected now. But they said nothing of this to pa. They only nudged each other and looked enticingly mysterious.

The month dragged in spite of all. Annis Pickett's ministrations lacked the tender solicitude of ma's. Gentle little Dilly voiced the sentiments of the three when she said: "It's empty without ma."

"We'll go get her," announced pa, midway of the fourth week. "We'll go to Chilton—get your cloaks and hats on." And the three of them started forth, leaving Annis and her brother to take care of things at home. It was noon when they arrived at Aunt Margaret's.

"Where's ma? Where's ma? Where is Maggie?" they demanded, disappointed at not seeing her at once. The fair old face of Aunt Margaret flushed faintly.

"She's down-town—Maggie's down-town," she said; "you'll have to wait a spell. She won't be home to dinner, but you'll see her to-night. You just make yourselves at home till she comes. There's books and pictures. It's right close to the holidays, you know," she added, she scarcely knew why; but it seemed the wrong thing to add. David eyed her sharply.

"It's Christmas shopping folks go down-town to do now, isn't it?" he asked. "That what Maggie's gone for?"

Old Aunt Margaret repiled the papers on the center-table with elaborate pains. Gentle defiance lurked behind the faded curtains of her eyes.

"Maggie's right in the thick o' Christmas," she said enigmatically, "but she'll be home by night. You folks make yourselves as comfortable's you can."

But David could not be comfortable. The time after dinner dragged drearily. He made up his mind not to wait for Maggie, but to go and find her. Aunt Margaret followed him to the door. An odd little twinkle was in her eyes.

"You going out? Well, if you get as far as down-town I wish you'd do an errand for me. I wish you'd get me a cream pie at McCoy's. I guess the children would relish one for supper. McCoy's ain't a bake shop, it's a restaurant—on Harper Street, right off o' Main. They make the best cream pies there. If you're going as far as that——"

"I am," David Pope nodded.

Aunt Margaret stopped in the little hallway and debated with herself. Had she done right? Old folks, maybe, had no business interfering. "But it's time he knew," Aunt Margaret said, and went back to the children.

An odd assortment of conflicting emotions warred within David's breast. The evil suspicion that Maggie might be running up a bill for him to pay he tried to thrust behind the others. He kept his real yearning to "set eyes" on the little woman again well to the front. Maggie could not have changed in a month, he told himself, though Heaven knew some months were long enough to change in! He would go among the crowds and find Maggie. No other woman would have Maggie's soft brown eyes, Maggie's soft brown hair, Maggie's smart little walk; it would be easy enough to find her.

"We'll tell her we can't stand it any longer. We'll take her home with us to-morrow—the babies and I," he mused, and did not correct himself, for they had been babies since he got acquainted with them. The car did not go fast enough for David Pope.

He went the rounds of all the dry-goods stores, searching among all the eager Christmas faces for Maggie's face. In the heart of the man was born a sad little doubt that Maggie's would be a Christmas face. He remembered it as gentle and unsmiling—not joyous, like most of those about him. From counter to counter he went patiently—from floor to floor, store to store. He walked the streets, hunting eagerly.

The afternoon wore away in the fruitless search. It was nearly night when David gave it up and concluded to go back to Aunt Margaret's and wait for Maggie there. Then he remembered Aunt Margaret's errand and set about doing it. He did not, however, go in at once, when he had found the busy restaurant, but stood outside, watching the little stream of women flowing in and out of the doors. One of them might so easily be Maggie, and he might so easily swing into step beside her and go in there and sit down with her at one of the neat little tables, as other couples were doing. David Pope's imagination had never been a keen one, but he furbished it hastily now and set it to work. They, too, would have their arms full of bundles, like the other couples; they would be smiling and talking. Maggie's face, too, would be a Christmas face then. Perhaps they would jostle each other in the doorway and drop their bundles and he would pick them up, and they would laugh together. Perhaps——

With something like a groan David strode in at the door. But he saw no counter at which to buy Aunt Margaret's cream pie, and, beset by the natural shyness of a countryman, he sank into the empty chair nearest him. When some one came his way he would ask for the pie. He was momentarily grateful that his back was toward the main body of the room and he was thus a little screened from view. Then his thoughts veered back to Maggie.

It was a big place, full of the bubbling laughter of happy women. Was Maggie a happy woman? David felt a little stab at his heart. He did not remember when he had heard Maggie laugh, but in a dim corner of his memory a clear little tinkle sounded hauntingly.

Opposite him at the small table was one of the merry couples. The woman was near Maggie's age; he did not look at the man. While they waited they were opening some of their bundles. The woman displayed proudly a child's toy.

"Won't Barney's eyes shine!" she laughed. "It's a beauty, but it cost—oh, William, I've spent every cent you gave me! It's awful, I know, but it's Christmas!"

"'Christmas comes but once a year,'" quoted the man, and now David looked at him. "Can't scold your wife at Christmas!"

"No," she tinkled. "Just give her more money!"

"Sure," he agreed, fumbling in his pockets. They were not remarkable-looking people, nor very brilliant, but they seemed to David to be very happy. Why should they be happier than he and Maggie? He was conscious of a dull resentment. He felt foolishly angry with the gay trinkets that came out of the bundles, because they did not come out of his and Maggie's bundles.

"Have you given your ord—" The gentle voice got no farther, for it was Maggie's voice and Maggie stood at his elbow looking down at him. It was Maggie—*Maggie*, in the waitress's white apron!—Maggie, wanting to know if any one had taken his order!

Revelations came fast to David Pope. In the instant of sitting there gazing speechlessly into the sweet, startled face he found out many things! That Maggie was here working to earn the money she had been too proud to ask him for and that he would have grudged her if she had asked. That this was why she had come to Chilton—and why Aunt Margaret had sent him here.

In little crises like this it is oftenest the women who have presence of mind.

"David, *sh!* Order something from this," Maggie murmured in his ear and thrust a bill of fare before him. Then as he stared down at it bewilderedly, she nodded and said in a distinct voice: "Coffee and rolls? And nothing else?" and was gone. He sat on, looking at the bill of fare and seeing a list of his own sins printed there in black letters. A sudden rage seized him that Maggie should be waiting on these people and not sitting among them — here, beside him — being waited upon. He made a wild resolve to put his hands on her shoulders and force her down into the chair next to him, when she should return. But slowly reason asserted itself. He was ready for Maggie when she came with the coffee and rolls. The couple opposite had finished their dessert and gone away.

"You're going back with me, Maggie, up to Aunt Margaret's?" he said eagerly.

"I can't, David. I can't go till eight, to-night. There's such a rush; that's why I'm helping wait on table. I've been cooking up to now. Just since the rush began I've been waiting noons and nights."

"But Maggie—great heavens——"

"Don't David—here," she pleaded. "I've got to go now. I must finish out to-day, but, if you'd rather, I can stop to-night—if you'd rather, David——"

"Yes, to-night—to-night, Maggie," he said hoarsely and she saw with wonder that his eyes were full of tears.

She went back to her work, and he sat for a little over his untasted coffee and rolls. When he got up finally and went out, he knew more than he had known when he came in. He knew so many things that he did not want to know! He had been introduced to David Pope, and the new acquaintance embarrassed him.

He went back to Aunt Margaret's and waited for Maggie, and the man he had been introduced to dogged his steps and said taunting, shaming things in his ears.

The children were on a little side porch, talking. He sat down beside the window and heard, without listening or wanting to hear. The little voices introduced him to yet another David Pope, whose name was pa and who masqueraded as Santa Claus.

"Do you s'pose he's been getting 'em this afternoon, Dilly?"

"He didn't bring home any bundles, not a single one, Billy Pope. They'd have to be in bundles, wouldn't they?" Dilly was gently skeptical. But Billy's faith held good.

"Don't be a ninny! I s'pose he could have 'em sent on the cars, couldn't he? What kind of a Santy'd he be if he brought 'em all up here, right before our faces and eyes!"

"Billy"—the girl-one's thoughts wandered to ma, "I'm glad we came, aren't you? It would have been awful if she hadn't got home in time—for Christmas, I mean."

"Yes," Billy agreed with commendable fervor, "a Christmas 'thout a ma would be pretty bad, but not as bad"— Billy laughed out hugely—"as one 'thout a pa! It takes pa's to make Christmases, yes, sir!"

The man who did not want to hear heard it all. He was learning all the time, but in a hard school. There was one thing more left him to learn.

"Billy, you *sure?*" Strange how a little girl-one needs assuring!

"Sure what?"

"That it's pa?"

Billy's scorn flowed over into his voice. "Dilly Pope!" he cried, "didn't ma *say* it was pa? Didn't she? Didn't she?"

"Hear that, will you?" whispered in David's ear his new acquaintance. "They think you are Santa Claus. She told them so."

"*God bless her!*" David groaned.

THE PLAYERS

"CLOTHES" is an excellent name for a play—novel, individual, and suggestive. When one comes to think of it, it is curious that, in these days of universal dramatization, so important an institution as clothes has not long before been caught in the theatric drag-net. Of course clothes have always been a factor on the stage. For ever so long the problem was to array the characters in the fewest possible garments; in this more modern time theatric fashion, especially in musical comedy, decrees that an eighteen-dollar-a-week chorus lady shall wear a thousand dollars' worth of clothes provided by the management.

There is precedent in literature for serious consideration of the things we wear. Did not Carlyle, writing nearly three-quarters of a century ago, win everlasting fame by his Clothes-Philosophy? "Sartor Resartus" would hardly lend itself to adaptation to the stage. One does not readily imagine a player sending forth such a sentence as:

> The fire-baptized soul, so long scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom; which feeling is its Baphometic fire-baptism; the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep impregnable; onwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated.

The authors of the modern play of "Clothes" have wisely limited themselves to a quotation from "Sartor Resartus" at the head of the program: "Society, which the more I think of it astonishes me the more, is founded on cloth." Surely no one would dream of saying that Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock, who wrote "Clothes," are modern prototypes of *Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh* and *Counselor Heuschrecke.* These young men haven't concerned themselves about sartorial philosophy, but about telling the story of a young woman whose fondness for dress and luxuries leads her cold-bloodedly to set about making a man with a lot of money propose to her, although she doesn't in the least care for him. It happens that she falls in love with her victim after she discovers that the income which she supposed she received from her father's estate, is really an allowance made her by a cad of a lawyer, whose wife showed more sense than morality in running away from him.

It starts finely, this play, with large promise of being strikingly original, but after a time it falls into conventional lines, and one recognizes characterizations and situations that have helped to make other plays successful. That they are absolutely safe lines is proven by the fact that "Clothes" really scored. For one thing, it is always interesting; it has many dramatic moments and the dialogue is brilliant—too showy at times and too heavily laden with epigrams. Also the play is finely mounted and admirably acted.

Grace George, the star, has, in *Olivia Sherwood*, a rôle that suits her personality and displays her great natural charm to the best advantage. She acts with sincerity and real skill. She is a very determined little blond woman, as determined as her husband, W. A. Brady, is energetic—which is saying much. Long ago they both decided that Grace George should be a celebrated and successful star. It cost something like a quarter of a million dollars to educate the young woman and the public to this point, because expensive productions failed of financial return, before "Pretty Peggy" turned the tide. Now Grace George is firmly established and "Clothes" is likely to make a great deal of money.

Beautiful in its simplicity, cool and lovely in its soft color-scheme, is the new Astor Theatre, which was opened after so many postponements that it is remarkable that any one had sufficient faith to attend the first performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It will be remembered that the New Amsterdam Theatre, the handsomest yet constructed, was opened with the same comedy, N. C. Goodwin playing *Bottom*. At that time the play was presented on a scale of spectacular magnificence that made it a sort of panorama with mighty little of Mr. Shakespeare, and it failed utterly. When the announcement was made this season that Annie Russell would essay *Puck*, many people gasped at the incongruity. For Miss Russell has always been identified with the sweet, winsome "ongynoo" type, which she plays better than any one else on the stage, especially when the character has to suffer in an intense, well-bred way. And *Puck* isn't like that at all. Some of us had not stopped to think that Miss Russell is first of all a consummate actress of long experience, which, coupled with her native endowments, insures her against failure in any kind of a part.

HARRY KELLY AS *DEACON FLOOD* IN "HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR."

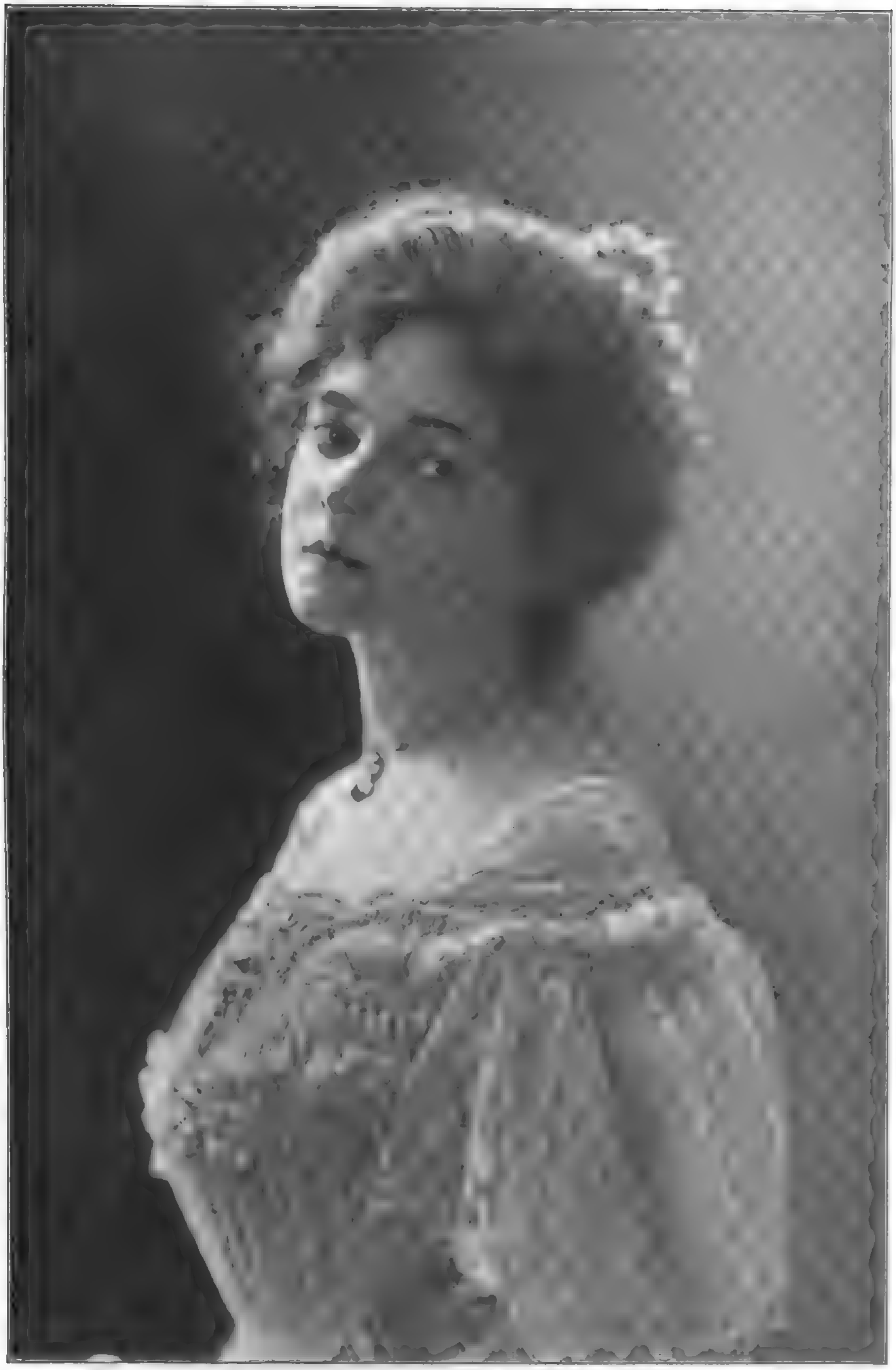
As *Puck* she has youth, exquisite grace, fairy delicacy, and gentle humor; she is a sprightly, household-pet kind of *Puck*. And if she is lacking in that elfish, wayward malice, that good-natured, satirical contempt which most of us associate with *Robin*, she is none the less charming. She enters into the rôle with enthusiasm, with keen enjoyment, and she reads blank verse with fine intelligence if not great skill. Apart from Miss Russell, the fantasy is not especially well acted, but on the other hand it is not badly done. The text has been cut with discretion, the aim being to emphasize the fun in the comedy. It is indeed brought out most effectively; people laugh in a hearty, surprised fashion, as if they had not suspected that Shakespeare had so much fun in him. John Bunny plays *Bottom* with elephantine humor, and his fellow stage-struck artisans, especially Richard Lee as *Flute*, are excellent. In the last act, where these worthies present their "Pyramus and Thisbe," the broad burlesque is drawn out in a way that makes the high-brows grieve, but delights the groundlings beyond measure.

On the whole it is a very admirable production. The text is transposed with intelligence, so that the story flows smoothly, and the familiar quotations in which "A Midsummer Night's Dream" abounds are carefully preserved. This is really important. Of course most of us are supposed to be reasonably familiar with Shakespeare, but it is amazing how few have really intimate acquaintance with him. When we are listening to one of his plays, the familiar quotation is like a friend in a strange land. It may be a very beautiful land, but it is not so fine nor so good as an old friend. And if he turns up unexpectedly, the surprise adds to the delight of the meeting. Whether it be the popular "Richard III" or the little-played "King Lear," we are always pleasantly titillated by a line we recognize. Ever so many people find a large part of their pleasure in attending a performance of a classical play in waiting for the familiar, friendly quotation.

When Stephen Phillips put forth "Ulysses," the critics pronounced it a truly great dramatic poem, and when "Paola and Francesca" came from the same author's pen, they held it an even finer work. Therefore

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

MRS. FISKE WHO IS STARRING IN
"THE NEW YORK IDEA."

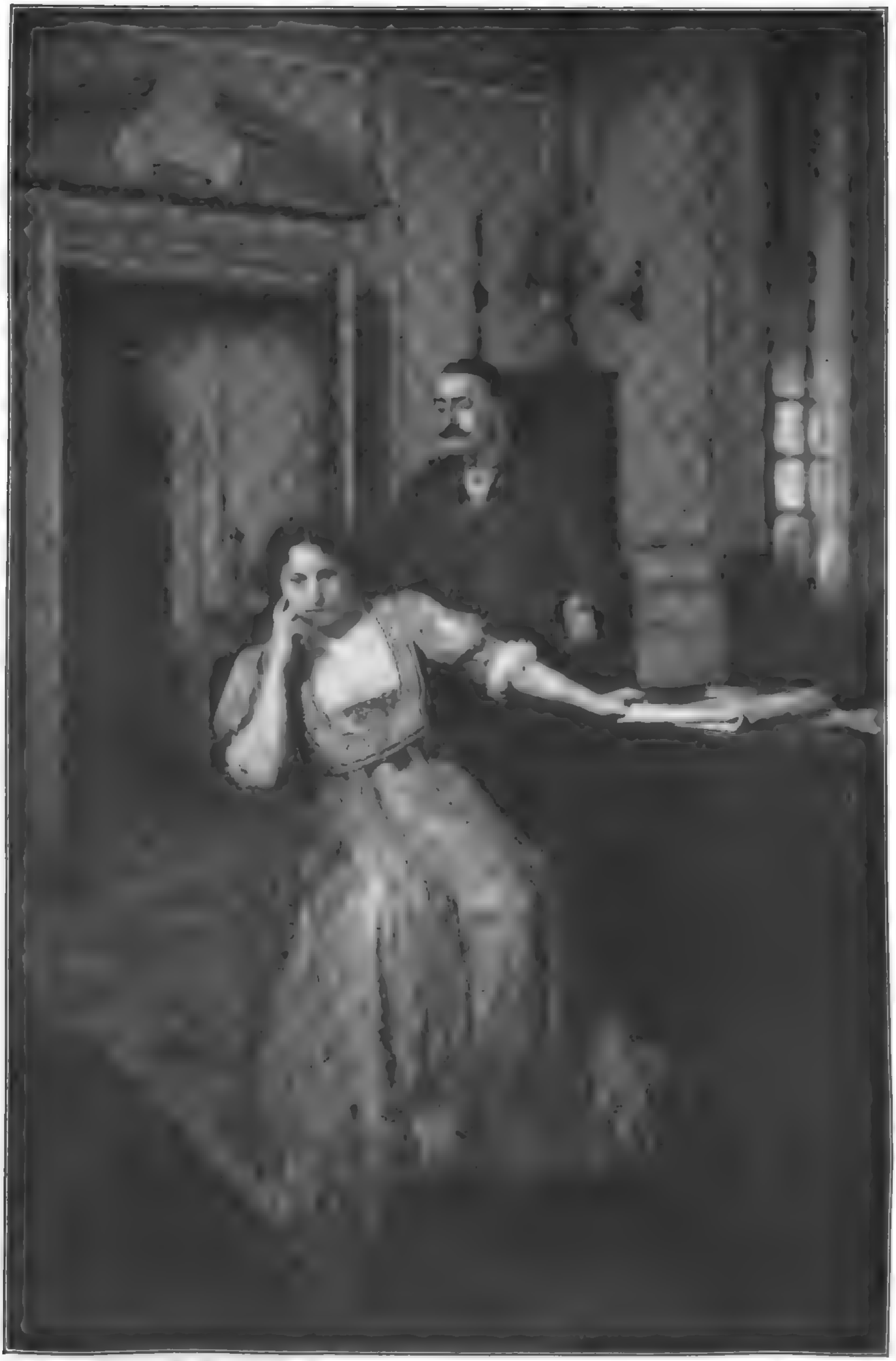


Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

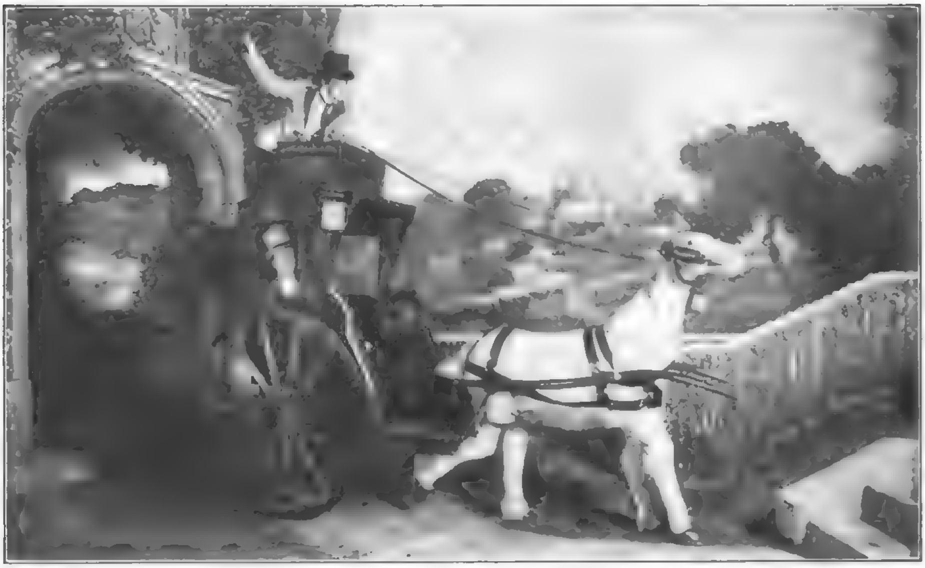
MARIE DORO AS *CLARICE* IN WILLIAM GILLETTE'S PLAY OF THAT NAME.

Photograph by Hall, New York.

JESSIE MILWARD AS *MRS. WILMORE* AND RICHARD BENNETT AS *LENNARD WILMORE* IN "THE HYPOCRITES."



JOHN DREW AS *HILLARY JESSEN* AND MARGARET ILLINGTON AS *NINA* IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."



Photograph by Hallen, New York.

LEW FIELDS AND LAWRENCE GROSMITH IN "ABOUT TOWN."

scholarly folk, who had read it, were deeply interested in its production on the stage. And the thousands who admired Henry Irving felt a certain personal concern in the first appearance here as a star of the son who was said to have inherited much of his father's great ability.

Most of us are familiar with the story of Francesca da Rimini through the play that was written by George H. Boker half a century ago, and that Lawrence Barrett played for so many years. Afterward, Otis Skinner toured the country in it. There are many who hold that, though the Boker play is far inferior as a poem, it is better adapted for stage purposes than the Phillips drama. Without doubt it has stronger physical situations, more obvious opportunities for emotional acting, but on the other hand it does not strike the profound note of tragedy that makes one understand why Phillips is hailed as a genius. "Paola and Francesca" is an acting play as well as a fine poem. The story, clearly, logically developed, grips one's interest, while the lines, strong and beautiful, clear and forceful, flow along with majestic grace. To me the situations are much more powerful than the more melodramatic ones of the Boker play, with its stilted, applause-seeking blank verse.

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

BEVERLY SITGREAVES AS *MISS TYRO* IN "THE STOLEN STORY."

With the same classical incidents to draw upon, the two dramatists tell an entirely different story because they present quite different characters. The *Malatesta* of "Francesca da Rimini" is deformed, cruel, unlovable; *Paola* and *Francesca* are young people who glory in their love for each

Photograph by Byron, New York.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS *BEVERLEY CLAY* AND WILLIAM W. JEFFERSON AS *PERCY CHARLTON* IN "PLAYING THE GAME."

other, and the court fool, a part which Louis James used to play so splendidly and in which William Norris won fame with Otis Skinner, brings about the final tragedy. In "Paola and Francesca" *Malatesta* has a noble dignity; he is strong, fine, and lovable. The character of the court fool is eliminated altogether. The play exemplifies the Schopenhauer philosophy of the blind, impersonal will, utterly beyond all laws within our knowledge and beyond our control, which governs us absolutely. *Paola* and *Francesca* love each other unwillingly, struggling against their passion with all their little strength; *Malatesta*, who loves them both, understands this and as unwillingly slays them. He does not strike in blind passion; he, too, is driven by that force he cannot understand, and his grief moves us to the very depth of our capacity for feeling.

The younger Irving is not seeking to trade upon his father's fame—he even announces himself as "H. B. Irving"—and there is no reason why he should, for his own achievements place him in the front rank of his contemporaries. He has the big way with him, the air of authority, so difficult to define, so easily recognized, that distinguishes the really great players from the mediocre ones. He impresses one as having intellectual force and powerful emotions; he reads blank verse with beautiful skill, and his carriage has that superb dignity so characteristic of his father. He does not look unlike the elder Irving; he has the same clear-cut, classical features, the scholarly brow, the fine eyes. His

Photograph by Hall, New York.

FLORENCE LESTER, LEADING WOMAN WITH CHAUNCEY OLCOTT IN "EILEEN ASTHORE."

voice is fine; but he uses it less effectively than did the elder his weak voice. Plainly he has schooled himself to avoid Henry Irving's mannerisms, and in the main he succeeds admirably, yet there are little likenesses that creep in unaware to call up pleasant memories of the master who is gone.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio.

FAY DAVIS AS *LILY BART* IN "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH."

It is not impossible that Henry Brodribb Irving may reach as high a place as that occupied by his father as an actor if not as a producer of plays. He is only thirty-six and he commands a higher position to-day than his father did at the same age. He had not intended to become an actor. After his graduation from Oxford in 1891, he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, but decided to adopt the stage. He had already attracted attention to himself in the University Dramatic Society. His first professional appearance was at the Garrick Theatre in London as *Captain Beaujoy* in "School," under John Hare's management. Later he joined Ben Greet's company, playing the leading rôles in a large number of classical plays. It was while playing in the Greet company that he met his wife, Dorothea Baird, who was the original *Trilby* in England, and who is now a co-star with her husband. Mr. Irving returned to London to play with George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre for five years. Last year in London he made a profound impression in "Hamlet" and afterward increased his fame by his *Iago* to Lewis Waller's *Othello*.

Mr. Irving has a very excellent company. Dorothea Baird is a slender young woman with a little, wistful face that is appealingly lovely in her rôle of *Francesca*, and her skill as an actress is shown by her triumph over a pronounced lisp.

Musical comedy seems to me to reach the highest plane yet attained in America by that kind of a show, in "The Red Mill," by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. It was written for Montgomery and Stone, best known as the *Tin Woodman* and the *Scarecrow* in "The Wizard of Oz," which they played for four years. Mr. Blossom is proving himself a master in writing musical plays, which, constructively, appear to be very different from those that have no songs. The art seems to lie in creating a situation, swiftly leading up to a climax, and then hurdling over a musical number to the next situation, binding them together with something that can be recognized as a plot. It is possible, however, to set a real farce to music, as is proved by "Marrying Mary." The author of "Checkers," "The Yankee Consul," and "Mlle. Modiste" shows much ingenuity in creating laughter-making situations and his lines are always clever. "The Red Mill" has nothing to compare with those two gems in "Mlle. Modiste" where the promoter describes himself as one who will "provide the ocean if other people will furnish the ships," and where, after his wife tells of an admirer who wanted her to run away with him, he dryly asks, "Why run?"

The newest Blossom-Herbert production has an amusing story in picturesque Dutch setting that gives opportunity for the daintiest effects in costume and scenery. Fred Stone is "*Con*" *Kidder* and David Montgomery is "*Kid*" *Conner*, two young Americans who are "doing" Europe, and are dangerously near starvation when the play opens. Their efforts to further the love affair of two of the natives, with a view to repaying a bothersome burgomaster, as well as their attempts to advance a love affair of "*Con*" *Kidder's*, provide the action.

Though the text is admirable, Victor Herbert's music is even better. He seems to have a real genius for composing melody which appeals to the popular taste, and at which even the elect hesitate to scoff. There are songs rich in humor, sentiment, imagination, as well as sonorous concerted numbers. Mr. Herbert is an Irishman by birth, a German in education, and an American from choice, which may partly account for his versatility. He had won a high place in the classical musical world as a 'cello soloist, a conductor, and a composer, before he began writing the lighter form of music.

The cast of "The Red Mill" is extraordinarily effective. The stars are even better than their fondest admirers expected. Probably not one person in a thousand recognized them when they appeared in their own proper persons, so completely were they disguised by their make-up in "The Wizard of Oz." The others in the comedy are worthy of the stars: the Burgomaster of Edward Begley; the Wilhelm of David L. Don, who has a fine syncopated dialect and real humor, and Neil McCay, who, as the Governor of Zeeland, vivifies an exquisite bit of aged foppery. Then there are Augusta Greenleaf and Aline Crater to sing, and Ethel Johnson, one of the nimblest of soubrettes, to dance.

"The Red Mill" made one of the biggest hits of the season, and it has established Montgomery and Stone in a commanding place on Broadway. It was only a few years ago that they were "song-and-dance men" drafted from the variety stage to play in that utter failure "The Girl from Up There" with Edna May. The boneless Stone, who had previously been an acrobat in a circus, thought this a great honor.

A dainty, gently humorous, soothingly melodious English musical comedy is "My Lady's Maid," or rather it was that before its "adaptation." But even the tiresome, vulgar innovations haven't altogether destroyed its charm. It is the work of Paul Rubens, who is the author and composer of "The Three Little Maids," a play that scored without being "adapted" to the American taste. The same young women who were the three little maids, Madge Crichton, Elsa Ryan, and Delia Mason, are in this later maid show, and they are as irresistible as ever. The story is a strain on one's credulity, but one doesn't mind, so amusing is it. There used to be a slogan that "everything goes in burlesque," which has been revised to apply to musical comedy.

The chief comedian is Joseph Coyne, who makes a specialty of playing a modern English fop of the kind created by George Huntley, who was in this country with "The Three Little Maids." Mr. Coyne is better in "My Lady's Maid" than in anything in which he has appeared.

A very excellent idea goes to waste in "The Man from Now," in which Harry Bulger is the chief fun-maker. It was produced last year as "2905," a name that indicated the plot-idea of several characters projected far into the future.

In the cast also is Helen Hale, who shows what individuality and hard work can accomplish. She can't sing very well, and she is nimble rather than graceful when she dances. But she tries so hard to entertain every minute that she is on the stage, she is so earnest, so whole-souled, that audiences cheerfully accept her. She has already firmly established herself, and there are many players with far greater endowments who have not a tenth part of her following.

BEFORE ADAM

By JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—Big-Tooth is one of the Tree-Folk who lived in the far-off Mid-Pleistocene period. Thousands of years later he relives his experiences in the dream-memories of the author, who weaves these memories into the autobiography of Big-Tooth. The Tree-Folk baby's adventures begin with his escape from a murderous attack of wild boars. Later, his father dies and his mother marries a cruel ape-man, "The Chatterer," who drives the infant Big-Tooth from his tree home. After long wandering, the outcast comes upon a settlement of Cave-Folk and first encounters the formidable Red-Eye. There, too, he gains, in Lop-Ear, a comrade in adventure. From their common cave, the two help the horde pelt Saber-Tooth, the tiger. In a game of tree-tag they are attacked by a dreaded Fire-Man, and Big-Tooth is wounded. Afterward, the youngsters capture a pair of wild puppies, and still later they unwittingly call down upon themselves the fearful wrath of Red-Eye.

CHAPTER IX (*Continued*)

BUT he was too large. He could not get in to us. Suddenly he went away. This was suspicious. By all we knew of Folk nature he should have remained and had out his rage. I crept to the entrance and peeped down. I could see him just beginning to mount the bluff again. In one hand he carried a long stick. Before I could divine his plan, he was back at the entrance and savagely jabbing the stick in at us.

His thrusts were prodigious, capable of disemboweling us. We shrank back against the side walls, where we were almost out of range. But by industrious poking he got us now and again—cruel, scraping jabs with the end of the stick, which raked off the hide and hair. When we screamed with the hurt, he roared his satisfaction and jabbed the harder.

I began to grow angry. I had a temper of my own in those days, and considerable courage, too, albeit it was largely the courage of the cornered rat. I caught hold of the stick with my hands, but such was Red-Eye's strength that he jerked me into the crevice. He reached for me with his long arm, and his nails tore my flesh as I leaped back from the clutch and gained the comparative safety of the side wall.

He began poking again, and caught me a painful blow on the shoulder. Beyond shivering with fright and yelling when he was hit, Lop-Ear did nothing. I looked for a stick with which to jab back, but found only the end of a branch, an inch through and a foot long. I threw this at Red-Eye. It did no damage, though he howled with a sudden increase of rage at my daring to strike back. He began jabbing furiously. I found a fragment of rock and threw it at him, striking him on the chest.

This emboldened me, and, besides, I was now as angry as he, and had lost all fear. I ripped a fragment of rock from the wall. The piece must have weighed two or three pounds. With all my strength I slammed it full into Red-Eye's face. It nearly finished him. He staggered backward, dropping his stick, and almost fell off the cliff.

He was a ferocious sight. His face was covered with blood, and he was snarling and gnashing his fangs like a wild boar. He wiped the blood from his eyes, caught sight of me, and roared with fury. His stick was

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gone, so he began ripping out chunks of crumbling rock and throwing them in at me. This supplied me with ammunition. I gave him as good as he sent, and better; for he presented a good target, while he caught only glimpses of me as I snuggled against the side wall.

Suddenly he disappeared again. From the lip of the cave I saw him descending. All the horde had gathered outside and in awed silence was looking on. As he descended, the more timid ones scurried for their caves. I could see old Marrow-Bone tottering along as fast as he could. Red-Eye sprang out from the wall and finished the last twenty feet through the air. He landed alongside a mother who was just beginning the ascent. She screamed with fear, and the two-year-old child that was clinging to her released its grip and rolled at Red-Eye's feet. Both he and the mother reached for it, and he got it. The next moment the frail little body had whirled through the air and shattered against the wall. The mother ran to it, caught it up in her arms, and crouched over it, crying.

Red-Eye started over to pick up the stick. Old Marrow-Bone had tottered into his way. Red-Eye's great hand shot out and clutched the old man by the back of the neck. I looked to see his neck broken. His body went limp as he surrendered himself to his fate. Red-Eye hesitated a moment, and Marrow-Bone, shivering terribly, bowed his head and covered his face with his crossed arms. Then Red-Eye slammed him face downward to the ground. Old Marrow-Bone did not struggle. He lay there crying with the fear of death. I saw the Hairless One, out in the open space, beating his chest and bristling, but afraid to come forward. And then, in obedience to some whim of his erratic spirit, Red-Eye let the old man alone, and, passing on, recovered the stick.

He returned to the wall and began to climb up. Lop-Ear, who was shivering and peeping alongside of me, scrambled back into the cave. It was plain that Red-Eye was bent upon murder. I was desperate and angry, and fairly cool. Running back and forth along the neighboring ledges, I gathered a heap of rocks at the cave entrance. Red-Eye was now several yards beneath me, concealed for the moment by an outjut of the cliff. As he climbed, his head came into view, and I banged a rock down. It missed, striking the wall and shattering; but the flying dust and grit filled his eyes and he drew back out of view.

A chuckling and chattering arose from the horde that played the part of audience. At last there was one of the Folk who dared to face Red-Eye. As their approval and acclamation arose on the air, Red-Eye snarled down at them, and on the instant they were subdued to silence. Encouraged by this evidence of his power, he again thrust his head into view, and, by scowling and snarling and gnashing his fangs, tried to intimidate me. He scowled horribly, contracting the scalp strongly over the brows and bringing the hair down from the top of the head until each hair stood separate and pointed straight forward.

The sight chilled me, but I mastered my fear, and, with a stone poised in my hand, threatened him back. He still tried to advance. I drove the stone down at him and made a sheer miss. The next shot was a success. The stone struck him on the neck. He slipped back out of sight, but as he disappeared I could see him clawing for a grip on the wall with one hand, and with the other clutching at his throat. The stick fell clattering to the ground.

I could not see him any more, though I could hear him choking and strangling and coughing. The audience kept a deathlike silence. I crouched on the lip of the entrance and waited. The strangling and coughing died down, and I could hear him now and again clearing his throat. A little later he began to climb down. He went very quietly, pausing every moment or so to stretch his neck or to feel it with his hand.

At the sight of him descending, the whole horde, with wild screams and yells, stampeded for the woods. Old Marrow-Bone, hobbling and tottering, followed behind. Red-Eye took no notice of the flight. When he reached the ground he skirted the base of the bluff and climbed up and into his own cave. He did not once look around.

I stared at Lop-Ear and he stared back. We understood each other. Immediately, and with great caution and quietness, we began climbing up the cliff. When we reached the top we looked back. The abiding-place was deserted. Red-Eye remained in his cave, and the horde had disappeared in the depths of the forest.

We turned and ran. We dashed across the open spaces and down the slopes, unmindful of possible snakes in the grass, until we reached the woods. Up into the trees we went, and on and on, swinging our arboreal flight until we had put miles between us and the caves. And then, and not till then, in the security of a great fork, we paused, looked at each other, and began to laugh. We held on to each other, arms and legs, our eyes streaming tears, our sides aching, and laughed and laughed and laughed.

CHAPTER X

After we had out our laugh, Lop-Ear and I curved back in our flight and got breakfast in the blueberry swamp. It was the same swamp to which I had made my first journeys in the world, years before, accompanied by my mother. I had seen little of her in the intervening time. Usually, when she visited the horde at the caves, I was away in the forest. I had once or twice caught glimpses of the Chatterer in the open space, and had had the pleasure of making faces at him and angering him from the mouth of my cave. Beyond such amenities I had left my family severely alone. I was not much interested in it, and anyway I was doing very well by myself.

After eating our fill of berries, with two nestfuls of partly hatched quail eggs for dessert, Lop-Ear and I wandered circumspectly into the woods toward the river. Here was where stood my old home tree, out of which I had been thrown by the Chatterer. It was still occupied. There had been increase in the family. Clinging tight to my mother was a little baby. Also, there was a girl, partly grown, who cautiously regarded us from one of the lower branches. She was evidently my half-sister.

My mother recognized me, but she warned me away when I started to climb into the tree. Lop-Ear, who was more cautious by far than I, beat a retreat, nor could I persuade him to return. Later in the day, however, my sister came down to the ground, and there and in neighboring trees we romped and played all afternoon. And then came trouble. She was my sister, but that did not prevent her from treating me abominably, for she had inherited all the viciousness of the Chatterer. She turned upon me suddenly, in a petty rage, and scratched me, tore my hair, and sank her sharp little teeth deep into my forearm. I lost my temper. I did not injure her, but gave her what was undoubtedly the soundest spanking she had received up to that time.

How she yelled and squalled! The Chatterer, who had been away all day and who was only then returning, heard the noise and rushed for the spot. My mother also rushed, but he got there first. Lop-Ear and I did not wait his coming. We were off and away, and the Chatterer gave us the chase of our lives through the trees.

After the chase was over, and Lop-Ear and I had had out another laugh, we discovered that twilight was falling. Here was night with all its terrors upon us, and to return to the caves was out of the question. Red-Eye made that impossible. We took refuge in a tree that stood apart from others, and high up in a fork we passed the night. It was a miserable night. For the first few hours it rained heavily, then it turned cold, and a chill wind blew upon us. Soaked through, with shivering bodies and chattering teeth, we huddled in each other's arms. We missed the snug, dry cave that so quickly warmed with the heat of our bodies.

Morning found us wretched and resolved. We would not spend another such night. Remembering the tree shelters of our elders, we set to work to make one for ourselves. We built the framework of a rough nest, and on higher forks overhead even got in several ridge-poles for the roof. Then the sun came out, and under its benign influence we forgot the hardships of the night and went off in search of breakfast. After that—to show the inconsequentiality of life in those days—we fell to playing. It must have taken us all of a month, working intermittently, to make our tree house; and then, when it was completed, we never used it again.

But I run ahead of my story. When we fell to playing, after breakfast on the second day away from the caves, Lop-Ear led me a chase through the trees and down to the river. We came out upon it where a large slough entered from the blueberry swamp. It was wide at the mouth, and was practically without a current. In the dead water, just inside its mouth, lay a tangled mass of tree trunks. Some of these, what of the wear and tear of freshets and of being stranded long summers on sand bars, were seasoned and dry and without branches. They floated high in the water, and bobbed up and down or rolled over when we put our weight upon them.

Here and there between the trunks were

water cracks, and through them we could see schools of small fish, like minnows, darting back and forth. Lop-Ear and I became fishermen at once. Lying flat on the logs, keeping perfectly quiet, waiting till the minnows came close, we made swift passes with our hands. Our prizes we ate on the spot, wriggling and moist. We did not notice the lack of salt.

The mouth of the slough became our favorite playground. Here we spent many hours every day, catching fish and playing on the logs, and here, one day, we learned our first lessons in navigation. The log on which Lop-Ear was lying got adrift. He was curled up on his side, asleep. A light fan of air slowly drifted the log away from the shore, and when I noticed his predicament the distance was already too great for him to leap.

At first the episode seemed merely funny to me. But when one of the vagrant impulses of fear, common in that age of perpetual insecurity, moved within me, I was struck with my own loneliness. I was made suddenly aware of Lop-Ear's remoteness out there on that alien element a few feet away. I called a loud warning cry. He awoke frightened, and shifted his weight rashly on the log. It turned over, sousing him under. Three times again it ducked him as he tried to climb out upon it. Then he succeeded, crouching upon it and chattering with fear.

There was nothing either of us could do. We were already too far removed from the lower life forms to have the instinct for swimming, and we had not yet become sufficiently manlike to undertake it as the working out of a problem. I roamed disconsolately up and down the bank, keeping as close to Lop-Ear in his involuntary travels as I could, while he wailed and cried till it was a wonder that he did not bring down upon us every kind of hunting animal.

The hours passed. The sun climbed overhead and began its descent to the west. The light wind died down and left Lop-Ear on his log floating around a hundred feet away. And then, somehow, I know not how, Lop-Ear made the great discovery. He began paddling with his hands. At first his progress was slow and erratic. Then he straightened out and began laboriously to paddle nearer and nearer. I could not understand. I sat down and watched and waited until he gained the shore.

But he had learned something, which was more than I had done. Later in the afternoon he deliberately launched out from shore on the log. Still later he persuaded me to join him, and I, too, learned the trick of paddling. For the next few days we could not tear ourselves away from the slough. So absorbed were we in our new game that we almost neglected to eat. We even roosted in a near-by tree at night. And we forgot that Red-Eye existed.

We were always trying new logs, and we learned that the smaller the log the faster we could make it go. Also, we learned that the smaller the log the more liable it was to roll over and give us a ducking. Still another thing about small logs we learned. One day we paddled our individual logs alongside each other. And then, quite by accident, in the course of play, we discovered that when each, with one hand and foot, held on to the other's log, the logs were steadied and did not turn over. Lying side by side in this position, our outside hands and feet were left free for paddling. Our final discovery was that this arrangement enabled us to use still smaller logs and thereby gain greater speed. And there our discoveries ended. We had invented the most primitive catamaran, and we did not have sense enough to know it. It never entered our heads to lash the logs together with tough vines or stringy roots. We were content to hold the logs together with our hands and feet.

It was not until we had got over our first enthusiasm for navigation and had begun to return to our tree house to sleep at night, that we found the Swift One. I saw her first, gathering young acorns from the branches of a large oak near our tree. She was very timid. At first she kept perfectly still; but when she saw that she was discovered, she dropped to the ground and dashed wildly away. We caught occasional glimpses of her from day to day, and came to look for her when we traveled back and forth between our tree and the mouth of the slough.

And then, one day, she did not run away. She waited our coming, and made soft peace sounds. We could not get very near, however. When we approached too close, she darted suddenly away, and from a safe distance uttered the soft sounds again. This continued for some days. It took a long while to get acquainted with her, but finally it was accomplished and she joined us sometimes in our play.

I liked her from the first. She was of most pleasing appearance. She was very mild. Her eyes were the mildest I had ever seen. In this she was quite unlike the rest of the girls and women of the Folk, who were born viragos. She never made harsh, angry cries, and it seemed to be her nature to flee away from trouble rather than to remain and fight.

The mildness I have mentioned seemed to emanate from her whole being. Her eyes were larger than those of most of her kind, and they were not so deep set, while the lashes were longer and more regular. Nor was her nose so thick and squat. It had quite a bridge, and the nostrils opened downward. Her incisors were not large, nor was her upper lip long and down-hanging, nor her lower lip protruding. She was not very hairy, except on the outsides of the arms and legs and across the shoulders; and though she was thin-hipped, her calves were not twisted and gnarly.

Looking back upon her from the twentieth century through the medium of my dreams, it has always occurred to me that possibly she may have been related to the Fire People. Her father or mother might well have come from that higher stock. While such things were not common, still they did occur, and I have seen the proof of them with my own eyes, even to the extent of members of the horde turning renegade and going to live with the Tree People.

All of which is neither here nor there. The Swift One was radically different from any of the females of the horde, and I had a liking for her from the first. Her mildness and gentleness attracted me. She was never rough, and she never fought. She always ran away, and right here may be noted the significance of her name. She was a better climber than Lop-Ear or I. When we played tag we could never catch her except by accident, while she could catch us at will. She was remarkably swift in all her movements, and she had a genius for judging distances that was equaled only by her daring. Excessively timid in all other matters, she was without fear when it came to climbing or running through the trees, and Lop-Ear and I were awkward and lumbering and cowardly in comparison.

She was an orphan. We never saw her with any one, and there was no telling how long she had lived alone in the world. She must have learned early in her helpless childhood that safety lay only in flight. She was very wise and very discreet. It became a sort of game with Lop-Ear and me to try to find where she lived. It was certain that she had a tree shelter somewhere, and not very far away; but trail her as we would, we could never find it. She was willing enough to join with us at play in the daytime, but the secret of her abiding-place she guarded jealously.

CHAPTER XI

It must be remembered that the description I have just given of the Swift One is not the description that would have been given by Big-Tooth, my other self of my dreams, my prehistoric ancestor. It is by the medium of my dreams that I, the modern man, look through the eyes of Big-Tooth and see.

And so it is with much that I narrate of the events of that far-off time. There is a duality about my impressions that is too confusing to inflict upon my readers. I shall merely pause here in my narrative to indicate this duality, this perplexing mixing of personality. It is I, the modern, who look back across the centuries and weigh and analyze the emotions and motives of Big-Tooth, my other self. He did not bother to weigh and analyze. He was simplicity itself. He just lived events, without ever pondering why he lived them in his particular and often erratic way.

As I, my real self, grew older, I entered more and more into the substance of my dreams. Even in the midst of a dream one may be aware that he is dreaming, and if it be bad, may comfort himself with the thought that it is only a dream. This is a common experience with all of us. And so it was that I, the modern, often entered into my dreaming, and in the consequent strange dual personality was both actor and spectator. And right often have I, the modern, been perturbed and vexed by the foolishness, illogicality, obtuseness, and general all-around stupendous stupidity of myself, the primitive.

And one thing more before I end this digression. Have you ever dreamed that you dreamed? Dogs dream, horses dream, all animals dream. In Big-Tooth's day the half-men dreamed, and when the dreams were bad they howled in their sleep. Now I, the modern, have lain down with Big-Tooth and dreamed his dreams.

This is getting almost beyond the grip of the intellect, I know; but I do know that I have done this thing. And let me tell you that the flying and crawling dreams of Big-Tooth were as vivid to him as the falling-through-space dream is to you.

For Big-Tooth also had an other-self, and when he slept that other-self dreamed back into the past, back to the winged reptiles and the clash and the onset of dragons, and beyond that to the scurrying, rodent-like life of the tiny mammals, and, far remoter still, to the shore slime of the primeval sea. I cannot, I dare not, say more. It is all too vague and complicated and awful. I can only hint at those vast and terrific vistas through which I have peered hazily at the progression of life, not upward from the ape to man, but upward from the worm.

And now to return to my tale. I, Big-Tooth, knew not the Swift One as a creature of finer facial and bodily symmetry, with long-lashed eyes and a bridge to her nose and down-opening nostrils that made toward beauty. I knew her only as the mild-eyed young female who made soft sounds and did not fight. I liked to play with her, I knew not why, to seek food in her company, and to go bird-nesting with her. And I must confess she taught me things about tree-climbing. She was very wise, very strong, and no clinging skirts impeded her movements.

It was about this time that there was a slight defection on the part of Lop-Ear. He got into the habit of wandering off in the direction of the tree where my mother lived. He had taken a liking to my vicious sister, and the Chatterer had come to tolerate him. Also there were several other young people, progeny of the monogamic couples that lived in the neighborhood, and Lop-Ear played with them.

I could never get the Swift One to join with these young people. Whenever I visited them she dropped behind and disappeared. I remember once making a strong effort to persuade her. But she cast backward, anxious glances, then retreated, calling to me from a tree. So it was that I did not make a practise of accompanying Lop-Ear when he went to visit his new friends. I preferred the comradeship of the Swift One. Undoubtedly, had nothing happened, we should have soon mated, for our liking was mutual; but the something did happen.

One morning, the Swift One not having put in an appearance, Lop-Ear and I were down at the mouth of the slough playing on the logs. We had scarcely got out on the water when we were startled by a roar of rage. It was Red-Eye. He was crouching on the edge of the timber-jam and glowering his hatred at us. We were badly frightened, for here was no narrow-mouthed cave for refuge. But the twenty feet of water that intervened gave us temporary safety, and we plucked up courage.

Red-Eye stood up erect and began beating his hairy chest with his fist. Our two logs were side by side, and we sat on them and laughed at him. At first our laughter was half-hearted, tinged with fear, but as we became convinced of his impotence we waxed uproarious. He raged and raged at us, and ground his teeth in helpless fury. And in our fancied security we mocked and mocked him. We were ever short-sighted, we Folk.

Red-Eye abruptly ceased his breast-beating and tooth-grinding, and ran across the timber-jam to the shore. And just as abruptly our merriment gave way to consternation. It was not Red-Eye's way to forego revenge so easily. We waited in fear and trembling for whatever was to happen. It never struck us to paddle away. He came back with great leaps across the jam, one huge hand filled with round, water-washed pebbles. I am glad that he was unable to find larger missiles, say stones weighing two or three pounds, for we were no more than a score of feet away, and he surely would have killed us.

As it was, we were in no small danger. Zip! A tiny pebble whirred past with almost the force of a bullet. Lop-Ear and I began paddling frantically. Whiz-zip-bang! Lop-Ear screamed with sudden anguish. The pebble had struck him between the shoulders. Then I got one and yelled. The only thing that saved us was the exhausting of Red-Eye's ammunition. He dashed back to the gravel-bed for more, while Lop-Ear and I paddled away.

Gradually we drew out of range, though Red-Eye continued making trips for more ammunition, and the pebbles continued to whiz about us. Out in the center of the slough there was a slight current, and in our excitement we failed to notice that it was drifting us into the river. We paddled, and Red-Eye kept as close as he could to us by following along the shore. Then he discovered larger rocks. Such ammunition increased his range. One fragment, fully five pounds in weight, crashed on the log alongside of me, and such was its impact that it drove a score of splinters, like fiery needles, into my leg. Had it struck me it would have killed me.

And then the river current caught us. So wildly were we paddling that Red-Eye was the first to notice it, and our first warning was his yell of triumph. Where the edge of the current struck the slough water was a series of eddies or small whirlpools. These caught our clumsy logs and whirled them end for end, back and forth and around. We quit paddling and devoted our whole energy to holding the logs together alongside each other. In the meanwhile Red-Eye continued to bombard us, the rock fragments falling about us, splashing water on us, and menacing our lives. At the same time he gloated over us wildly and vociferously.

It happened that there was a sharp turn in the river at the point where the slough entered, and the whole main current of the river was deflected to the other bank. And toward that bank, which was the northern, we drifted rapidly, at the same time going down-stream. This quickly took us out of range of Red-Eye, and the last we saw of him, he was far out on a point of land, jumping up and down and chanting a pæan of victory.

Beyond holding the two logs together, Lop-Ear and I did nothing. We were resigned to our fate, and we remained resigned until we aroused to the fact that we were drifting along not a hundred feet from the north shore. We began to paddle for it. Here the main force of the current was flung back toward the south shore, and the result of our paddling was that we crossed the current where it was swiftest and narrowest. Before we were aware, we were out of it and in a quiet eddy.

Our logs drifted slowly and at last grounded gently on the bank. Lop-Ear and I crept ashore. The logs drifted on out of the eddy and swept away down the stream. We looked at each other, but we did not laugh. We were in a strange land, and it did not enter our minds that we could return to our own shore in the same manner that we had come.

We had learned how to cross a river, though we did not know it. And this was something that no one else of the Folk had ever done. We were the first of the Folk to set foot on the north bank of the river, and for that matter I believe the last. That they would have made the crossing in the time to come is undoubted; but the migration of the Fire People, and the consequent migration of the survivors of the Folk, set back our evolution for centuries.

Indeed, there is no telling how disastrous was the outcome of the Fire People's migration. Personally, I am prone to believe that it brought about the destruction of the Folk; that we, a branch of lower life budding toward the human, were nipped short off and perished down by the roaring surf where the river entered the sea. Of course, in such an eventuality I remain to be accounted for; but I outrun my story, and such accounting will be made before I am done.

CHAPTER XII

I HAVE no idea how long Lop-Ear and I wandered in the land north of the river. We were like mariners wrecked on a desert isle, so far as concerned the likelihood of our getting home again. We turned our backs upon the river and for weeks and months adventured in that wilderness where there were no Folk. It is very difficult for me to reconstruct our journeying, and impossible to do it from day to day. Most of it is hazy and indistinct, though here and there I have vivid recollections of things that happened.

Especially do I remember the hunger we endured on the mountains between Long Lake and Far Lake, and the calf we caught sleeping in the thicket. Also there are the Tree People who dwelt in the forest between Long Lake and the mountains. It was they who chased us into the mountains and compelled us to travel on to Far Lake.

First, after we left the river, we worked toward the west till we came to a small stream that flowed through marsh-lands. Here we turned away toward the north, skirting the marshes, and after several days arriving at what I have called Long Lake. We spent some time around its upper end, where we found food in plenty; and then, one day, in the forest, we ran foul of the Tree People. These creatures were ferocious apes, nothing more. And yet they were not so different from us. They were more hairy, it is true; their legs were a trifle more twisted and gnarly, their eyes a bit smaller, their necks a bit thicker and shorter, and their nostrils slightly more like orifices in a sunken surface; but they had no hair on their faces and on the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet, and they made sounds similar to ours, with somewhat similar meanings. After all, the Tree People and the Folk were not so unlike.

I found him first, a little withered, dried-up old fellow, wrinkle-faced and bleary-eyed and tottery. He was legitimate prey. In our world there was no sympathy between the kinds, and he was not our kind. He was a Tree-Man, and he was very old. He was sitting at the foot of a tree—evidently his tree, for we could see the tattered nest in the branches, in which he slept at night.

I pointed him out to Lop-Ear, and we made a rush for him. He started to climb, but was too slow. I caught him by the leg and dragged him back. Then we had fun. We pinched him, pulled his hair, tweaked his ears, and poked twigs into him, and all the while we laughed with streaming eyes. His futile anger was most absurd. He was a comical sight, striving to fan into flame the cold ashes of his youth, to resurrect his strength, dead and gone with the years—making woful faces in place of the ferocious ones he intended, grinding his worn teeth together, beating his meager chest with feeble fists.

Also he had a cough, and he gasped and hacked and spluttered prodigiously. Every time he tried to climb the tree we pulled him back, until at last he surrendered to his weakness and did no more than sit and weep. And Lop-Ear and I sat with him, our arms around each other, and laughed at his wretchedness.

From weeping he went to whining, and from whining to wailing, until at last he achieved a scream. This alarmed us, but the more we tried to make him cease, the louder he screamed. And then, from not far away in the forest, came a "Goëk! Goëk!" to our ears. To this there were answering cries, several of them, and from very far off we could hear a big, bass "Goëk! Goëk! Goëk!" Also the "Whoo-whoo!" call was rising in the forest all around us.

Then came the chase. It seemed it never would end. They raced us through the trees, the whole tribe of them, and nearly caught us. We were forced to take to the ground, and here we had the advantage, for they were truly the Tree People, and though they outclimbed us, we outfooted them on the ground. We broke away toward the north, the tribe howling on our track. Across the open spaces we gained, and in the brush they caught up with us, and more than once it was nip and tuck. As the chase continued, we realized that we were not their kind either, and that the bonds between us were anything but sympathetic.

They pursued us for hours. The forest seemed interminable. We kept to the glades as much as possible, but they always ended in more thick forest. Sometimes we thought we had escaped, and sat down to rest; but always, before we could recover our breath, we would hear the hateful "Whoo-whoo!" cries and the terrible "Goëk! Goëk! Goëk!" This latter sometimes terminated in a savage "Ha ha ha ha haaaaa!!!"

In this fashion were we hunted through the forest by the exasperated Tree People. At last, by mid-afternoon, the slopes began rising higher and higher and the trees were becoming smaller. Then we came out on the grassy flanks of the mountains. Here was where we could make time, and here the Tree People gave up and returned toward their forest.

The mountains were bleak and inhospitable, and three times that afternoon we tried to regain the woods. But the Tree People were lying in wait, and they drove us back. Lop-Ear and I slept that night in a dwarf tree, no larger than a bush. Here was no security, and we would have been easy prey for any hunting animal that chanced along.

In the morning, what of our new-gained respect for the Tree People, we faced into the mountains. That we had no definite plan, nor even idea, I am confident. We were merely driven on by the danger we had escaped. Of our wanderings through the mountains I have only misty memories. We were in that bleak region many days, and we suffered much, especially from fear; it was all so new and strange. Also we suffered from the cold and later from hunger.

It was a desolate land of rocks and foaming streams and clattering cataracts. We climbed and descended mighty cañons and gorges; and ever, from every view-point, there spread out before us, in all directions, range upon range, the unceasing mountains. We slept at night in holes and crevices, and on one cold night we perched on top of a slender pinnacle of rock that was almost like a tree.

And then, at last, one hot midday, dizzy with hunger, we gained the divide. From this high backbone of earth, to the north, across the diminishing, down-falling ranges, we caught a glimpse of a far lake. The sun shone upon it, and about it were open, level grass-lands, while to the eastward we saw the dark line of a wide-stretching forest.

We were two days in gaining the lake, and we were weak with hunger; but on its shore, sleeping snugly in a thicket, we found a part-grown calf. It gave us much trouble, for we knew no other way to kill than with our hands. When we had gorged our fill, we carried the remainder of the meat to the eastward forest and hid it in a tree. We never returned to that tree, for the shore of the stream that drained Far Lake was packed thick with salmon that had come up from the sea to spawn.

Westward from the lake stretched the grass-lands, and here were multitudes of bison and wild cattle. Also were there many packs of wild dogs, and as there were no trees it was not a safe place for us. We followed north along the stream for days. Then, for what reason I do not know, we abruptly left the stream and swung to the east, and then to the southeast, through a great forest. I shall not bore you with our journey. I but indicate it to show how we finally arrived at the Fire People's country.

We came out upon the river, but we did not know it for our river. We had been lost so long that we had come to accept the condition of being lost as habitual. As I look back, I see clearly how our lives and destinies are shaped by the merest chance. We did not know it was our river—there was no way of telling; and if we had not crossed it we would most probably never have returned to the horde; and I, the modern, a thousand centuries later, would never have been born.

And yet Lop-Ear and I wanted greatly to return. We had experienced homesickness on our journey, the yearning for our own kind and land; and often had I had recollections of the Swift One, the young female who made soft sounds, whom it was good to be with, and who lived by herself nobody knew where. My recollections of her were accompanied by sensations of hunger, and these I felt when I was not hungry and when I had just eaten.

But to come back to the river. Food was plentiful, principally berries and succulent roots, and on the river bank we played and lingered for days. And then the idea came to Lop-Ear. It was a visible process, the coming of the idea. I saw it. The expression in his eyes became plaintive and querulous, and he was greatly perturbed. Then his eyes went muddy, as if he had lost his grip on the inchoate thought. This was followed by the plaintive, querulous expression as the idea persisted and he clutched it anew. He looked at me and at the river and the far shore. He tried to speak, but had no sounds with which to express the idea. The result was a gibberish that made me laugh. This angered him, and he grabbed me suddenly and threw me on my back. Of course we fought, and in the end I chased him up a tree, where he secured a long branch and poked me every time I tried to get at him.

And the idea had gone glimmering. I did not know, and he had forgotten. But the next morning it awoke in him again. Perhaps it was the homing instinct in him asserting itself that made the idea persist. At any rate it was there, and clearer than before. He led me down to the water, where a log had grounded in an eddy. I thought he was minded to play, as we had played in the mouth of the slough. Nor did I change my mind as I watched him tow up a second log from farther down the shore.

It was not until we were on the logs, side by side and holding them together, and had paddled out into the current, that I learned his intention. He paused to point at the far shore, and resumed his paddling, at the same time uttering loud and encouraging cries. I understood, and we paddled energetically. The swift current caught us, flung us toward the south shore, but before we could make a landing, flung us back toward the north bank.

Here arose dissension. Seeing the north shore so near, I began to paddle for it. Lop-Ear tried to paddle for the southern. The logs swung around in circles, and we got nowhere, and all the time the forest was flashing past as we drifted down the stream. We could not fight. We knew better than to let go the grips of hands and feet that held the logs together. But we chattered and abused each other with our tongues until the current flung us toward the south bank again. That was now the nearest goal, and together and amicably we paddled for it. We landed in an eddy. That night we discovered the Fire People.

"Before Adam" will be continued in the January number.

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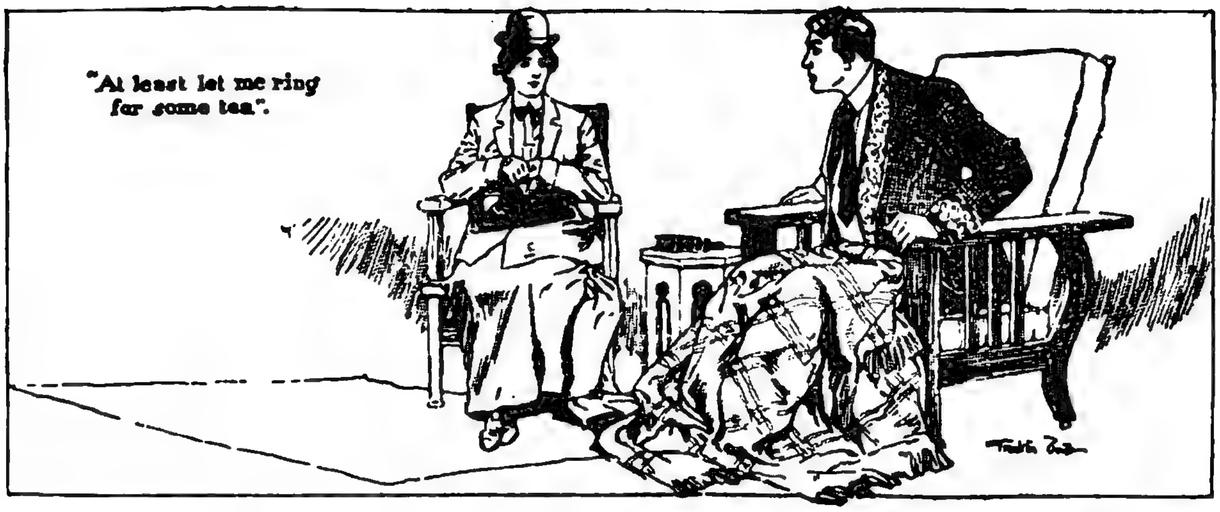

"At least let me ring for some tea".

Little Stories of Real Life

Winter Roses

By Ralph Henry Barbour

IN the hall the big clock broke the silence with its florid chimes. Then, as though recollecting its eight feet of aristocratic dignity, it paused in seeming embarrassment, and at last struck four, soberly, impressively. As the last peal died away there reached me the soft thud of hoofs on the snow-covered drive before the house.

I wondered idly, and, from force of a lately acquired habit, drew the rug again about my knees. Through the windows near by I could see a mile or two of rolling hills, snow-blanketed, dotted with dark firs and cedars. On the panes the flakes clung momentarily till they felt the heat and slipped, dissolving, down the glass. Before me a cannel-coal fire glowed warmly under its thick coating of pearl-gray ashes, hissing and sputtering softly now and then, and throwing flecks of light upon the brass screen.

I had been sitting there since luncheon. For a while I had read the book lying in my lap, but now the shadows were creeping across the library and the printed pages had become blurred. Far away a bell tinkled softly. Then followed the closing of the front door. The visitor, whoever it was, meant nothing to me, and yet I speculated idly, drowsily, secure in the fact that Horace had orders to admit no one to the library.

The knowledge of immunity from disturbing presences gave me a brief sensation of pleasure, and I sighed almost contentedly as I reached to rescue my pipe from the hearth-rug. I had sighed frequently during the last three months, but seldom for contentment. When I had found my pipe and sat erect again there came a warning rattle of curtain-rings at the hall door, and with it another sound, the sound of quick steps on the border of parquetry. I turned.

"Please don't get up," said a woman's voice. "Please!"

I said "Helen!" rather bewilderedly, and kept my seat.

She came over to me and we shook hands. She was in riding-habit and the snowflakes still sparkled on her shoulders. Winter roses blossomed in her cheeks. I had forgotten she was so fair, and I sighed to myself.

"You don't say you're glad to see me," she complained smilingly, placing one little boot on the edge of the low screen. "Is it because I disobeyed orders and insisted on finding you? You mustn't blame Horace, please; he did his best; but I was conceited enough to think that your orders weren't meant for me."

"Nor were they," I answered. "I think I am terribly glad to see you; just at this moment I am too surprised to judge of my feelings; I thought you were in New York."

"And so I was until yesterday. Then I made dad bring me down here for Christmas. I don't think I could have stood Christmas in the city—this year!"

"Really? I've been wondering whether I could stand Christmas here—this year. But won't you sit down?" I moved, but she laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Stay where you are, please. I'll bring a chair myself."

"At least let me ring for some tea," I

begged. "That, I assure you, is quite within my power."

"Tea?" she repeated, sinking into a chair beside me. "No, I don't think I care for tea to-day."

"You are not ill?" I asked anxiously. "A drop of sherry?"

"No." She laughed softly. "I am quite well, only—I want to get away from tea and all that tea stands for, for a while. Tea means the city and—and all the rest of it. Here in the country it doesn't seem to belong."

"I'm sorry I can't offer you a glass of sweet cider," I murmured regretfully.

"How have you been?" she asked, paying no heed to my pleasantry.

"Very well, thank you. And you?"

"Why did you not write to me? You promised to."

"Pure laziness, I assure you," I answered lightly.

"It's not like you."

"I have always been a poor correspondent."

"Not with me, Joe."

"Shall I—shall we have lights?" I asked in a sudden panic.

"No, no lights, no tea, no sherry. I only want to see you a bit, Joe. That's the reason I got dad to come down. I might as well be honest. We used to be honest, Joe. Can't we yet?"

"Up to a certain point," I replied suavely, "honesty is a virtue; beyond that point it is a weakness."

She tapped her boot with her crop in a way that bespoke irritation.

"Don't go in for philosophy, or whatever you call it," she begged. "It's beyond me."

"It is beyond most women," I said politely.

"It ought to be," she answered viciously. Then, "Why can't you be the same as you used to be?" she demanded.

"Am I not?" I answered weakly.

"You know you're not! We used to be good friends, but now—see how you treat me!"

"Don't talk that way, old girl," I said gently. "You're the best friend I've got, and your coming will be the finest sort of a Christmas present."

She was silent, staring into the flames.

"I forgot to tell you," I said presently, "that the folks have gone to the village. I believe we're to have a Christmas tree or something of the sort this evening."

"Your mother is well?" she asked absently; "and Molly?"

"Quite, both. You knew of Molly's engagement?"

"Yes. I'm ever so glad. He's such a fine fellow!"

"He is. I hope they'll be undeservedly happy."

There was another silence.

"And what about me, Joe?" she asked presently with a little tremble in her voice. I clutched my pipe-stem between my teeth until there was danger of its breaking.

"I hope you'll be deservedly happy, Helen. That means a whole lot of happiness. Your father is well?"

"Quite." She turned and smiled ironically. "Don't you think we've about done our duty by our relatives, yours and mine? Let us take it for granted that they are all quite, quite well."

"All right. Mine are a beastly healthy lot, anyway. The mother did manage to have a headache Saturday—or was it Friday?—and was so stuck up about it that there was no living in the same house with her. As for Molly——"

"I didn't come to talk about your mother and sister!" said Helen irascibly.

"I beg your pardon!" I turned and felt about the little table.

"What do you want?" she asked. "A match? Let me get it for you." She arose and came to the table.

"No, only the bell. It is so dark——"

"Here it is," she answered.

"Thank you. If you wouldn't mind ringing; Horace sometimes hears it."

"I should mind," she answered. She placed the bell on the mantel. "Joe, I've got something to say to you, and I'd a heap rather say it in the dark."

"Must be a ghost story," I said. "I dote on 'em, Helen."

"Well, it is a story—sort of," she answered thoughtfully. "We'll call it a story."

"I'll call it anything you like," I replied quite cheerfully. Then I gripped my pipe-stem again. Helen sank on to the floor at my feet and leaned a shoulder against my knee.

"Give me your hand, Joe," she said softly.

"No."

"Yes."

"Helen, please don't; that's a good old girl. Some one might come——"

"You used not to be so particular about the conventions," she said bitterly.

"You're not playing the game fairly, Helen," I answered unsteadily. I slipped the rug from my lap, and it fell to the floor. She turned and looked up at me in the dim light and laughed softly.

"You foolish boy!" she whispered.

Then she gathered up the rug and tossed it aside.

"There," she said. I shrugged my shoulders and waited.

"Once upon a time," began Helen, snuggling up to my knee, "once upon a time there was a man."

"It starts well," I said humorously.

"A nice man," supplemented Helen.

"I can scarcely believe it," I murmured.

"And there was a girl."

"A nice girl?" I asked interestedly.

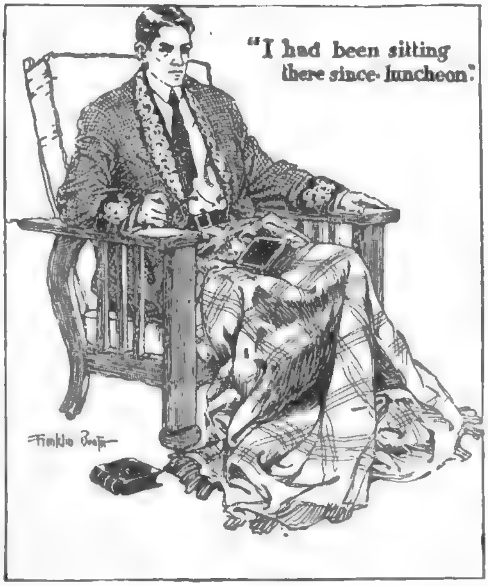
She shook her head.

"Not very. She meant to be, but she wasn't—always."

"Let us remember her intentions."

"You mustn't interrupt, please. The man met the girl in the country. They both lived there in the summer. He was nice to her, and—and they got on."

"She must have been nice, after all."



"I had been sitting there since luncheon."

"When they moved to town he used to call on her and meet her places. And sometimes he sent her flowers."

"Quite an ordinary tale," I said, yawning behind my hand—my left hand; Helen had the other. I don't know how it happened.

"Yes, it was ordinary, I suppose. Only—the girl didn't think so. To her it was a very wonderful tale, quite the most wonderful that ever was told. She used to wonder sometimes whether it could really be true; sometimes she feared—it wasn't. Well, the man and the girl fell in love."

There was silence. Then:

"You know he did love her!" she challenged.

"I can quite believe it," I replied politely. "She seems a nice girl, in spite of your insinuations."

"And she loved him."

"She *was* a nice girl."

"But—but they weren't engaged—exactly. He had never asked her to marry him. Once when he was going to"— Helen turned and looked up at me; I was gazing at the fire—"there was a—a misunderstanding——"

"There usually is," I said in a wise manner.

"And he didn't. Afterward when they had made it up——"

Helen ceased and for a long while the room was very still. Then she shook herself and gave a little sigh; I couldn't hear that sigh, but I felt it.

"Where was I?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon?" I asked with a start.

"Oh, yes; they made it up and were happy again. And then they went back to the country. It was summer, such a beautiful summer!"

Again the tale paused. Well, it had been a beautiful summer!

"They went riding together and—and—oh, lots of things! I think he would have asked her to marry him, only the girl wouldn't let him. You see, she was frightfully happy and—and it seemed too good to spoil. So she put him off—twice."

"Three times."

"Only twice."

"How about the Camerons' picnic?"

"Really?" cried Helen. "I didn't know. Are you sure, Joe?"

"Quite, old girl."

There was more silence. My hand was against her cheek. I was happy — and miserable.

"And then one day"—Helen's voice dropped almost to a whisper—"they went for a ride in the man's automobile. And the girl wanted to learn to run it, and he let her take the wheel. And there was a hill, and—Oh, I can't!" she cried miserably.

"Nonsense! There was a hill, a regular brute of a hill, and the man hadn't sense enough to take the wheel. And there was a smash-up. You see, I can tell a story myself. The girl wasn't hurt the least bit in the world, for which the man thanks God every day of his life, and the man busted his leg. And the automobile busted its everything—and served it jolly well right, too!"

"And then?" whispered Helen.

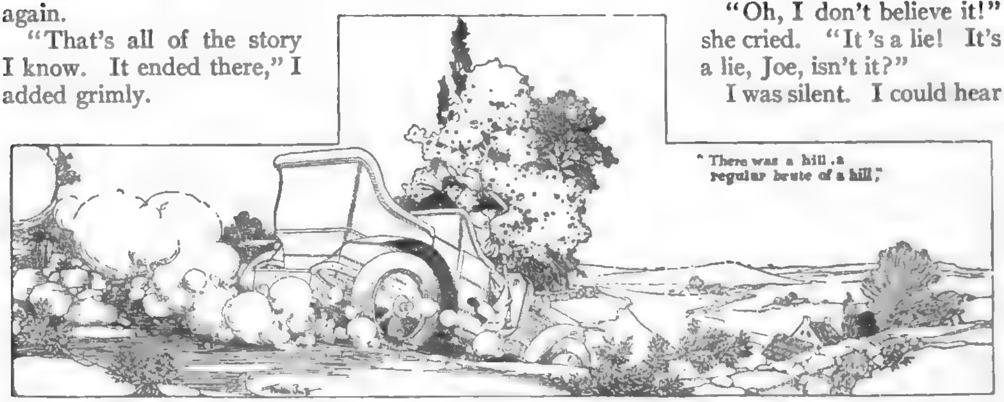
"Oh, then they sawed off the man's leg——"

"Above his knee," interpolated Helen with a shudder, and clasped my hand tighter.

"There as well as anywhere," I said lightly.

"And then?" asked Helen again.

"That's all of the story I know. It ended there," I added grimly.



"There was a hill, a regular brute of a hill,"

"But it oughtn't to!" cried Helen, turning, her elbows on my knee and my hand against her lips.

"Oh, yes, it ought," I said steadily. "Every story has its ending."

"But not ours, Joe! Not ours!"

"Yes, dear, ours too."

"Oh, but why?"

"You know why, Helen. Don't think I don't appreciate your—your goodness and sweetness. I know well enough that if I'd let you you'd gladly throw yourself away on a good-for-nothing cripple, a half a man, a man who will have to go through life on a crutch—or a wooden leg! Not that I mind, old girl. I've got over that." Good Lord, what a lie! But even a crip has some sense of honor. "You and I, Helen, are going to be fine friends as long as we both live, but we aren't going to make a mistake that we'd both be sorry for."

"Both?"

"Both," I answered firmly.

"Then—then—" Helen dropped my hand slowly and drew away a little—"then I was mistaken, Joe? It—it wasn't as I've told it? The man—didn't care—so much?"

"Well—" I laughed a mean, brutal little laugh. "You see, old girl, a fellow doesn't always—that is——"

"I see."

I was glad she did; I certainly didn't. She rose to her feet.

"It was—just make-believe, Joe?"

"Not as bad as that, really, Helen!"

"You did care—some?"

"Helen!" I cried indignantly.

"I'm glad," she said simply. "It doesn't seem so—quite so—terrible." She caught her breath sharply. I felt like a soul in hell. The fire sputtered. Then:

"Oh, I don't believe it!" she cried. "It 's a lie! It's a lie, Joe, isn't it?"

I was silent. I could hear her breath coming and going there where she stood at the end of the mantel.

"No," she said faintly as though to herself, "it isn't a lie. It's the truth, only I couldn't see it, I didn't want to see it. Well . . ." She laughed uncertainly, and I knew she was putting up her hand to replace a strand of her copper-brown hair. "I suppose I've made a frightful fool of myself, Joe," she went on quite easily, "coming here and throwing myself at your head this way, but——"

I muttered something about being sensible of the honor she had done me—some God-forsaken rot—and she turned on me like a tiger.

"Honor! What do you know of honor? Have you ever been honest with me—for a single minute since I met you? I—I—" She stopped. "I didn't mean that, Joe," she said then, quietly. "Forget it, won't you? I must be going. Will you say to your mother and Molly, please, that I was sorry to miss them, and wish them a merry Christmas?"

She must have taken my compliance for granted, for I certainly said nothing. Nor did I until I heard the curtains parting under her hands. Nor did I, heaven knows, mean to speak then. But——

"*Helen!*" I cried hoarsely, despairingly.

I could have bitten my tongue off for that!

There was silence. I looked resolutely at the dying fire. Outside the flakes made a little sighing sound as they brushed the casements.

"Well?" asked a voice close beside me. "Well?"

I made no answer, nor did I turn my head.

"You called me, Joe?"

"I—yes, I wanted to wish you—a merry Christmas."

It was an idiotic, an insulting thing to say, but I could think of nothing else. She came close beside me until I felt her gown against my sleeve, and shivered.

"A merry Christmas! I wonder! Was that what you meant to say, Joe? Was it? Look at me!"

I looked. I could see only her eyes, glowing sparks of fire in the twilight.

"That—was all," I muttered.

"Say it again, Joe," she whispered.

"A merry Christmas, Helen," I said almost without a tremor.

She laughed under her breath.

"Thanks, Joe. The same to you. Shall we—shake hands?"

For answer I put mine in hers. They trembled together with every throb of our hearts. She leaned closer; I felt her breath on my cheek.

"Once more, Joe," she whispered tremulously. "Say it once more."

"But——"

"It may be the last time, Joe," she pleaded.

"I wish you a—a——"

Our hands were clinging to each other desperately; her breath was on my face.

"Yes—yes—go on."

"I can't!" I whispered helplessly, and watched my defenses crumble about me, nor cared.

"Don't tempt me, Helen," I groaned presently. "Lord knows I'm selfish enough —almost—to do it!"

"Selfish! Yes, I've seen your selfishness," she scoffed. "I've watched you flaunt that poor maimed leg of yours before me whenever we've met; that was selfishness, wasn't it? You feared I might forget it and—and keep on caring! You've stayed down here in the country for two months to keep out of my way; that was selfishness, too, wasn't it? Perhaps if she doesn't see me she'll forget, you told yourself. Poor old selfish Joe!"

She took my face between her hands and turned my eyes to hers.

"Joe," she whispered, "Joe, be selfish, dear, and—take me!"

It was quite, quite dark. The fire was just a crumpled bed of glowing ashes. Outside the flakes rustled against the panes and sang a little song to us. Presently:

"When you came, dear," I said, "there were roses blossoming in your cheeks, winter roses. Are they still there?"

"See for yourself," she whispered.

"It's very dark."

"But——"

And after a moment:

"Well?" she asked, laughing softly.

"I shouldn't like to say—yet," I answered, "after such a cursory investigation. I thought I felt rose petals, but——"

"But what?"

"I think those roses are blossoming in my heart now, dear!"

"Really?" she whispered happily.

"Really!"

"And—and they're all mine?"

"Every one, sweetheart. Would you—could you be tempted to—accept one now?"

"I—I think so," sighed Helen.

And our lips met in the darkness.

The Incapacity of Mr. Thomas Goodnow

By Elizabeth G. Bissell

IT was a snowy Sunday afternoon in February. Mr. Thomas Goodnow, in reminiscent mood, had ascended to the attic to rummage among old books and letters. Prowling in a dark corner, his peering eyes detected familiar forms. He put out his hands and brought an object into the light, staring at it with amazement. Then walking quickly out to the head of the stairs, he called down to his wife.

As Mrs. Goodnow sped up-stairs she felt, guiltily, that she knew the cause of the agitation evident in his voice.

Mr. Goodnow being an absent-minded, unobserving creature, it had been possible for her to relegate certain articles, in due time, to the attic. There, on a what-not, one of the first horrors of her married life, they testified to her husband's incapacity. Once she had made a vigorous attempt to educate him along artistic lines. But his complacent satisfaction with his own standards proved an insurmountable barrier; and she had to content herself with stating frequently and emphatically that nothing would please her more on Christmas morning than a check with which she might purchase her own gift. This suggestion always struck Mr. Goodnow as such sheer heresy that he dismissed it without a consideration of its significance; and though, consequently, Mrs. Goodnow was doomed to fresh disappointment every Christmas morning, she hesitated to go further. She only continued to hint at what she desired and to find suitable retirements for her undesirable possessions.

This year, scarcely two months had elapsed since Christmas and the presentation of the last atrocity, an especially unattractive clock, before Mrs. Goodnow bore it quietly to the attic and placed it upon the what-not. She realized, now, that she had taken the risk too soon. Mr. Goodnow had probably not forgotten paying the bill for it.

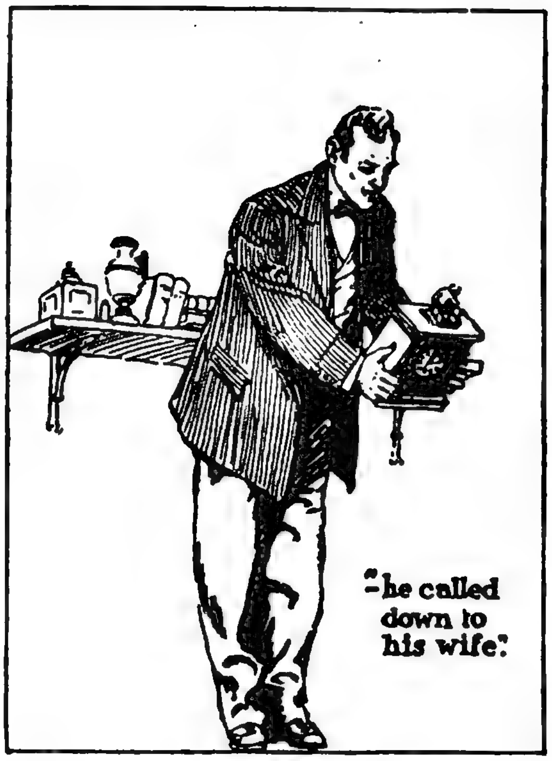
It was evident that he had not. He was waiting for her at the top of the stairs. His face was very red and he held the clock toward her with both hands.

"See here, Alicia," he blurted excitedly, "isn't this what I gave you for Christmas? It seems to me I paid the bill just the other day. I found it in the storeroom—right here in this dark corner!" He led the way to the what-not. Mrs. Goodnow followed him silently. "How did it ever get up here? Do you suppose Maggie did it? It's mighty funny, it seems to me. She has always been perfectly honest, hasn't she? Why, I declare," he went on, reaching into the darkness, "here is something else that used to be down-stairs! It's that beautiful iridescent vase! Why, didn't I give you that, too?—and, good gracious! they're on the what-not! I thought that was in the second-story hall with a lot of little things on it."

"It hasn't been there for two years, Thomas," said Mrs. Goodnow sweetly. "It collected the dust so dreadfully that I couldn't stand it any longer. Besides, my dear, what-nots were way out of style when you gave it to me. They hadn't used them for years."

"Well, but the vase and the clock. Who brought them up here?"

Mrs. Goodnow paused to consider. Never, she thought to herself, would there be a better opportunity for exposing to her husband the unfortunate results of his incapacity. She looked Mr. Goodnow squarely in the eye. "I did," she replied.



"he called down to his wife."

"W-why?" stammered Mr. Goodnow, grasping slowly the significance of her glance. "Good gracious! Do you mean they aren't swell enough for us?"

"I mean they are impossible," said Mrs. Goodnow calmly.

"Im-poss-ible!" murmured Mr. Goodnow, sitting down hastily upon a trunk and looking from his wife to the clock with an expression of hopeless wonder.

"Can't you see that it is, Thomas?" questioned Mrs. Goodnow, in persuasive accents. "Don't you see that it is inartistic—that it doesn't go at all with the rest of the house?"

"I paid thirty-five dollars and a half for it," muttered Mr. Goodnow to himself in a dazed way.

"Oh, Thomas," cried Mrs. Goodnow plaintively, "if only you had given me the money instead! Then I could have bought just what I wanted."

"Well, didn't you want a clock for the library?" spoke up Mr. Goodnow, with a sudden show of spirit. "It seems to me you had been talking about it long enough!"

"That's just it," agreed Mrs. Goodnow. "I did want a clock, badly—one of those quaint mahogany ones. But not one like that, with so much gilt and onyx stuff and that horrid swooning girl on the top. It is so—so blatant—you know what I mean. But, no, you don't. That's just it again. Thomas, do you remember the huge, enameled bow-knot pin you gave me? It would have been lovely for a—jockeyess. It is in my jewelry-box with some other gifts of yours that I cannot wear. Oh, Thomas, if you would just give me a check or a gold piece, instead of buying me things I cannot use—it would be so much more economical, too!"

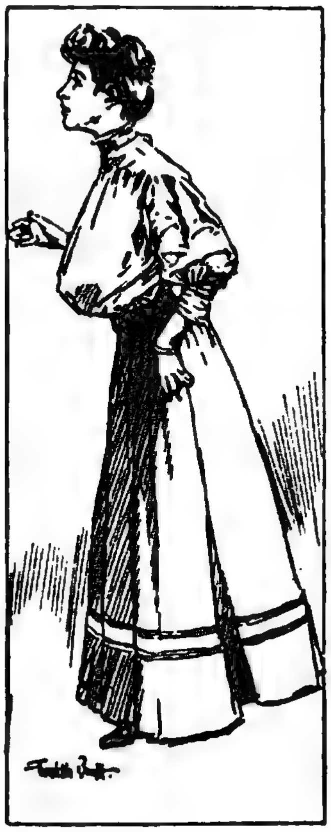
"A check or a gold piece," grunted Mr. Goodnow. "They would represent the Christmas spirit! Why, it's the sentiment of the gift, Alicia, the thought you expend on it!"

"Do you really spend so much time, Thomas, selecting your gift for me?" questioned Mrs. Goodnow repentantly. "I didn't think—perhaps—you did."

Mr. Goodnow reddened and was silent. There suddenly confronted him a vision of himself on the afternoon of the day before Christmas, when it was his custom to rise from his desk fifteen minutes before the usual time and saunter up Main Street until chance directed him into a store, where, in ten minutes at the most, he made his one Christmas purchase.

Mrs. Goodnow reopened the subject with a final discharge of well-directed shot. "If it's the sentiment of the gift," she said, "I should be satisfied with as much as a Christmas card can represent. Please, Thomas, don't forget. And let me tell you something," she whispered. "I have given some of your gifts to the maids for wedding presents. They make lovely ones."

Mr. Goodnow gasped and Mrs. Goodnow ran hastily out of the garret. When she reached her room, she looked in her mirror at a face with a suspiciously reddening nose. "I just had to give him a shock," she apologized to herself. "The dear old fellow! He was so nice about it! But I am glad I did—we can't afford to throw money away like that—and I hope it will do some good."



It had done some good, Mrs. Goodnow concluded, taking in her husband with an observing eye, when he emerged from the garret some time later without books or papers, and with an abused expression upon his usually cheerful countenance.

For the following twenty-four hours the natural buoyancy of his disposition was hidden under a cloud. When it raised, he had forgiven, but not forgotten. He had, moreover, vowed that he would make a manifestation on the following Christmas of his ability to purchase something desirable both from an esthetic and a sentimental point of view.

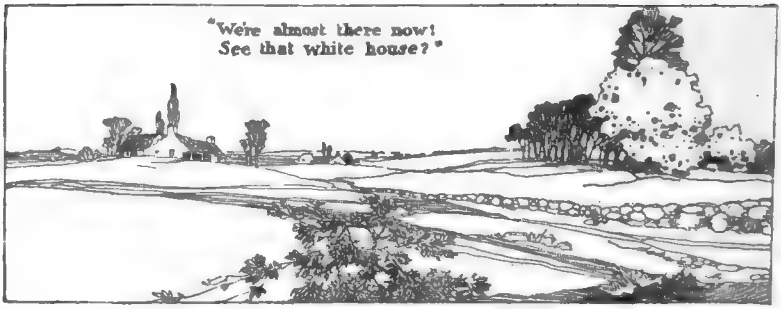
Mr. Goodnow located this item with especial care in the most advantageous pigeonhole of his brain and at once proceeded to forget all about it; and doubtless he would not have remembered it until fifteen minutes to six o'clock on the afternoon of the day before the next Christmas, had not certain events occurred at Thanksgiving-time.

That holiday, Mr. Goodnow and his wife decided to spend at Grafton with Mrs. Goodnow's aunt and an assortment of the available offshoots of the family tree. It was on a farm four miles from Grafton that Mrs. Goodnow had spent her childhood and young womanhood. When the family moved to town, the farm was retained as a summer home, and up to the time of Mrs. Goodnow's marriage, shortly after which it was sold, it was frequently the scene of family festivities. Mrs. Goodnow cherished fond memories of it, with Mr. Goodnow as a prominent figure in the later ones; and she confided to him her anticipations of a drive out to the old place. Mr. Goodnow shared her sentiment; he himself valued some memories of the farm, and one spot on it in particular, the mention of which brought a blush to Mrs. Goodnow's cheeks.

When, therefore, Thanksgiving brought bad weather and a bad cold, contracted the night before in the sleeper, Mrs. Goodnow felt justified in entering a complaint along with her annual expression of gratitude.

"It certainly is a measly shame," agreed Mr. Goodnow, watching his wife with amazement, as she gargled listerine, her head thrown back at right angles with her spinal column.

"It is perfectly horrid," gasped Mrs. Goodnow, regaining control of her vocal organs, "to have a tiresome cold just when I didn't want one; and if I weren't afraid of getting that old tonsilitis, I should go anyway!" Whereupon she took another mouthful and renewed her amphibian solo.



"We're almost there now! See that white house?"

"And to think," she continued, again recovering her normal attitude, "that I haven't even a picture of it!"

In a flash Mr. Goodnow remembered his vow and at the same time had an idea.

"I have it!" he cried aloud, smiting his hand upon his knee. Answering Mrs. Goodnow's demand for an explanation with the rather incoherent information that there was an old customer of his in Grafton whom he wished to look up and that he might be gone for an hour or so, he rushed from the room. He first went to a livery-stable, where he ordered a buggy and two horses; and while they were being harnessed, hurried down the street to interview the photographer, who lived conveniently over his studio.

The photographer was not loath to go, as he was anticipating two stupid hours before his Thanksgiving dinner; but he felt bound to object that it was a poor day to take a picture.

"Well, it's the only day," retorted Mr. Goodnow. "You've got everything, haven't you?"

"Everything," said the photographer, facetiously, "but the sun."

"Oh, bother the sun!" cried Mr. Goodnow impatiently. "It'll be out by the time we get there, if it isn't down. Hurry, man. The team's coming now."

"Very bad day," muttered the photographer, "but the sun may come out"; and in twice the necessary time he had loaded the buggy with his paraphernalia and bundled himself in beside Mr. Goodnow.

After three-quarters of a mile, the road struck the ridge overlooking the river, and the wind sweeping across the bare fields descended upon Mr. Goodnow and the photographer with glacial frigidity. The photographer was a young man, but he was not warm-blooded; and he had turned up his coat-collar and sunk deep into the robes before Mr. Goodnow was seized with the first premonitory shiver.

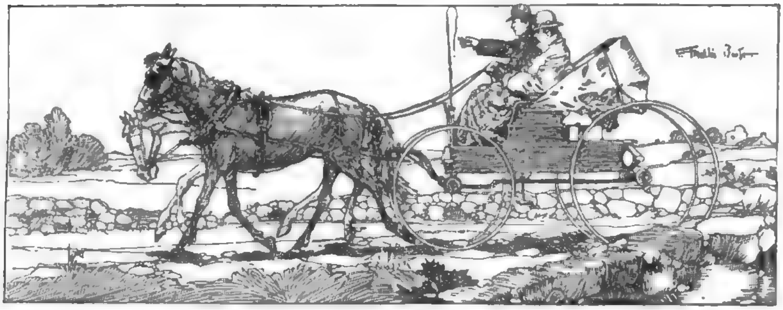
"Coming out of a hot room," observed Mr. Goodnow, with a cheerful attempt to break up the photographer's glumness, "makes a fellow chilly."

"Bad day," shivered the photographer, who had begun to call himself names for taking a job on a holiday, "to take a picture."

"W-w-well, well," chattered Mr. Goodnow, "cheer up! We're almost there now! See that white house? That's it. It has run down a good deal," he observed, raising his head cautiously out of his coat-collar. "These confounded farmers cut a tree down every time they turn around. There used to be a fine old grove in there—nothing but corn now. I want you to get a lot of the grounds in; so I guess we sha'n't have to go near enough to arouse the inmates. Work as fast as you can; it isn't a June day. There's the sun for you, now. I'll parley if any one comes out."

The Graftonites were never noted for their swiftness, and Mr. Goodnow thought the photographer must be the slowest; it seemed an interminable time before he succeeded in getting the sun into amicable relations with his camera. Meanwhile Mr. Goodnow had walked up and down the road ten times to keep himself warm, and had called the photographer all the names that the contemptuous inhabitant of a small city can bestow upon the resident of a village. But at last the photographer climbed into the buggy, and the horses, once pointed toward home, soon carried to the Grafton livery-stable a photographer, reduced to a pathetic state of rigidity, and a gentleman, who with difficulty removed his benumbed fingers from the reins.

The departure of the Goodnows from Grafton the next morning coincided with the beginning of what was feared would be the material end of Mr. Goodnow. For the eight succeeding days, antiphlogistine, alcoholic baths, ice-bags, and hot-water bottles made for him a bed of oblivion from everything but pain and torture. Then, one morning, the smell of bacon smote his olfactory nerves, whereupon he issued orders, and, having devoured numerous crisp flakes, recovered a portion of his native vigor.



Immediately anxiety overtook him lest he had in his delirium disclosed the secret of Thanksgiving morning, and lest, perchance, the picture had already arrived and been investigated by Mrs. Goodnow. On the first question his mind was speedily set at rest.

"How on earth," ventured Mrs. Goodnow, as she watched with pleasure her patient's exhibition of an appetite, "could you ever have taken such a horrible cold? I have wondered so often since you have been ill, because you were never a bit susceptible. There, I'm sure, my dear, the doctor would say you had had enough. Don't forget that this is your first real meal."

Mr. Goodnow reasoned at once that, if the picture had arrived, Mrs. Goodnow would have guessed the cause of his illness. His logic was confirmed when, among some mail sent from the office, he found a letter from the photographer, who wrote that he had been in bed for a week with a cold that just escaped ending in pneumonia, but that he would send the picture soon.

It was the first time since Thanksgiving Day that Mr. Goodnow had been in a condition for meditation and, as he lay back on his pillows, the brilliancy of his idea struck him with fresh force. There could not be found by any husband, he told himself, a vehicle of sentiment more perfect than a picture of the home where his wife had passed her sunny childhood and blooming girlhood, where he had courted her, and where, in fact, they had come at last to the great understanding, though unfortunately the locality of this spot had been desecrated by the ax of the ruthless farmer. He recalled Mrs. Goodnow's conversation with him in the attic and congratulated himself that this gift would not only carry his point concerning sentiment, but would also satisfy Mrs. Goodnow's demands for the esthetic. She always raved over the picturesqueness of old houses and fences and the beauty of wide fields and rolling hills. Moreover, no woman, especially his wife, could underestimate the fact that the gift had nearly cost two men their lives.

The picture arrived a week later, accompanied by the plate and a letter from the photographer, who pointed out that his determination to wait for the sun had made a good picture after all. Mr. Goodnow mailed him a check that was made, to satisfy his conscience, somewhat larger than the bill. Then, knowing that his wife would not approve of a Grafton-finished picture, he dropped into T. C. Berry's art store, and left orders for the picture to be reprinted according to their best methods and to be framed in the neatest possible manner, without regard to expense.

Christmas eve arrived; and Mrs. Goodnow, observing her husband's frank entrance by the front door, and his disregard of the hall closet, drew the happy conclusion that he had acted upon her suggestion, of which she had been recently reminding him by daily hints. Waking in the morning with pleasant thoughts of the purchase she would make and wondering whether, after all, she preferred a mahogany clock to a silver fruit-dish, she had no suspicion that Mr. Goodnow's hurried departure from the room was followed by a descent to the wood-cellar where, two days before, he had secreted the picture behind the ash-barrel.

Mr. Goodnow chuckled as he conveyed his gift to the library and placed it conspicuously in front of the packages marked for Mrs. Goodnow. By the time she had arrived he was merry to the point of such recklessness that Mrs. Goodnow could do nothing less than follow his buoyant glances to a package on which she read an inscription that dashed her hopes to the ground.

"Anyway, I'm glad it's a picture," she consoled herself, "if it isn't some horrible chromo girl with a red rose in her hair. It may be the Roman forum. They had a lovely one at Berry's last week and I remember mentioning it to Thomas."

Mr. Goodnow watched her eagerly. The papers fell to the ground. Mrs. Goodnow gazed silently at the picture. It was not the Roman forum.

"Don't you recognize it, Alicia?" laughed Mr. Goodnow, exulting in her surprise and the final victory of his cleverness. "It's a shame so many of the trees have been cut down. Of course it changes the place considerably. I never should have thought of it if you hadn't said you didn't have a picture of it. Why, it's the old place, Alicia!"

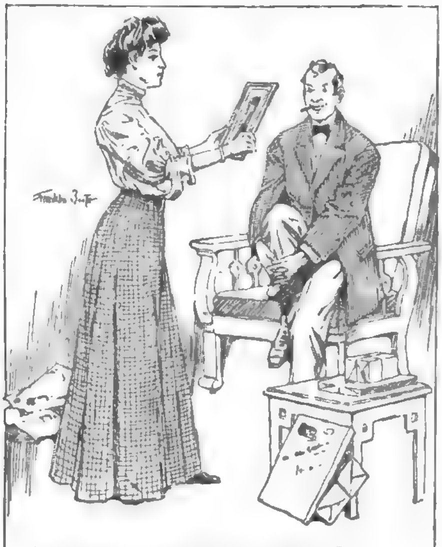
After a moment Mrs. Goodnow spoke. "Where," said she slowly, "did you get it?"

"Why," cried Mr. Goodnow, resenting the tardy development of his wife's gratitude, "the Grafton photographer and I drove out there Thanksgiving morning, and nearly froze to death, and nearly died afterward, to take a picture of it."

"Well," said Mrs. Goodnow, with deliberately cold emphasis, "you took the wrong house."

"The wrong house?" shouted Mr. Goodnow.

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodnow sweetly. "This is the Godfrey house. At least it used to be—I suppose some one else lives there now. Ours was the next one—a quarter of a mile beyond."



"Don't you recognize it, Alicia?"

"Good heavens, Alicia!" cried Mr. Goodnow excitedly, "you must be mistaken! Cutting down the trees has changed it."

"There may have been a few trees cut down along the road," remarked Mrs. Goodnow, still coldly. "But that doesn't make any difference—they never had as many trees as we did anyway. This isn't our house and never was. It isn't our roof, or our porch, or our gate, or our windows, or the well, or anything!"

"But I don't see how it could have happened," protested Mr. Goodnow, feebly.

"You never were very observing, Thomas," accused Mrs. Goodnow, severely. Her tone was final. Mr. Goodnow could only offer a weak apology.

"And I suppose I was in pretty much of a hurry that day. It was awfully cold," he murmured miserably. Then he relapsed into a dejected silence.

Mrs. Goodnow felt a desire to fall upon his neck and tell him she didn't care a bit; but she did care a bit, for there was a point she wished to score.

"And you nearly had pneumonia and died," she observed.

"Yes," confessed Mr. Goodnow sadly. "And the photographer, too."

"You had your doctor's bills to pay," she went on relentlessly, "and how much did you send to the photographer?"

"I don't remember exactly," said Mr. Goodnow humbly. "Of course, I sent him a little extra for all his antiphlogistine and stuff."

Mrs. Goodnow sighed. "Well, we can use the frame," she said. "And now, Thomas, don't you think——?"

"I do, I do," interrupted Mr. Goodnow, fervently. "Never again, so help me, will I give you any Christmas gift but a check."

The Prayer

By THOMAS WALSH

EARTH o'er her plains and mountains hath unrolled
 A royal carpet all of red and gold,
Whereon November, on his exiled way,
Like some doomed sultan may bow down and pray.

JOKES
HUMO
WIT
FLEMING

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

A friend from the North had gone to visit the colonel, who lived in the swampy Mississippi River bottoms of Louisiana. There was no mosquito netting over the bed, and in the morning when the negro came with the water and towels, the tortured visitor asked: "Sam, why is it that you have no mosquito netting over the beds? Doesn't the colonel have any in his room?"

"No, suh," replied Sam.

"I don't see how he stands it."

"Well, suh," said Sam, "I reckon it's jes dis away: in de fo' part uv de night, suh, de colonel's mos' gen'rally so 'toxicated dat he don't pay no 'tention to de skeeters, an' in de las' part uv de night, suh, de skeeters is mos' gen'rally so 'toxicated dat dey don't pay no 'tention to de colonel."

◆

Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, recently visited a barber shop where the barber, failing to recognize him, was very talkative.

"Have you ever been here before?" he asked.

"Once," said the mayor.

"Strange that I don't recall your face."

"Not at all," the mayor assured him. "It altered greatly in healing."

◆

A party of drummers was discussing the speed of trains. One had told of a Western express that ran so fast that the telegraph-poles looked like a picket fence. Another had gone him one better by substituting a solid wall for a picket fence. Then a third spoke up:

"Gentlemen, I once traveled on an express in the Southwest that I think takes the palm. It runs through a farming country, the principal products of which are corn and beans. First we would pass a flourishing field of corn and then an acre or two of beans. Well, sir, on one stretch there that train got to going so fast that the landscape looked just like succotash."

◆

"Tom Barker," said the teacher, "stay in after school and write a composition of fifty words."

Tom handed in the following and was soon on his way to the swimming-pool:

"Jessie was fond of kittens. She saw one on the road and called: Here pussy, pussy."

◆

An eminent lecturer, self-made and proud of it, was addressing a young people's meeting at the Somerville Y. M. C. A.

"My dear young people," he began, "let me refer briefly to the humble auspices under which my start in life was made. Without a dollar in my pocket, and with no worldly possessions of consequence, my indomitable nature and an inborn determination to utilize to the fullest advantages my abilities constituted my entire assets. But even with this modest beginning, what do you suppose was the first thing I sought—that which, at the very outset of my career, I strove most earnestly to attain?"

Enthusiastic juvenile chorus:

"Milk!"

❧

A number of years ago, when the present Second Assistant Secretary of State, Alvey A. Adee, was Third Assistant, an employee of the State Department was called to the 'phone.

"Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Adee."

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Adee."

"Spell it, please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A——"

"You go to hell!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.

❧

A woman, dirty and disheveled, came into a public dispensary with her right arm torn and bleeding. As the surgeon bathed her wound preparatory to binding it up, he asked, "Dog bite you?"

"No, sorr," the patient replied, "another loidy."

❧

James McNeil Whistler and a friend, strolling through a London suburb, met a small boy. Whistler asked him his age.

"Seven," the boy replied.

"Oh, you must be more than seven," said Whistler doubtingly.

"Seven," insisted the boy, rather pleased at being taken for older.

Turning to his friend, Whistler said, "Do you think it possible that he really could have gotten as dirty as that in only seven years?"

❧

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned to the subject of lynching in the United States. It was the general opinion that a large percentage of Americans met death at the end of a rope. Finally the hostess turned to an American, who had taken no part in the conversation, and said:

"You, sir, must have often seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself," broke in half a dozen voices at once.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the American, "I was giving a dinner at a hotel to a party of intimate friends when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentlemen of her party at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck, and at a signal from the injured lady swung him into the air."

"Horrible," said the hostess with a shudder. "And did you actually see this yourself?"

"Well, no," admitted the American apologetically. "Just at that moment I happened to be down-stairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blanc mange."

❧

A man, driving along a country road, saw the roof of a farmhouse ablaze. He gesticulated and called to the farmer's wife, who was standing calmly in the doorway: "Hey, your house is afire!"

"What?"

"I say your house is afire!"

"What did y' say? I'm a little deaf."

"Your house is afire!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Is that all?"

"It's all I can think of just now."

❧

"Who can tell me," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what became of the swine that had the evil spirits cast into them?"

Little Johnny, who reads the papers, raised his hand:

"Please, ma'am, they wus all made into deviled ham."

❧

When the thermometer dropped below zero Mrs. Rogers was much disturbed by the thought that Huldah, the new kitchen maid, slept in an unheated room.

"Huldah," she said, remembering the good old custom of her girlhood, "it's going to be pretty cold to-night. I think you had better take a flatiron to bed with you."

"Yes, ma'am," assented Huldah without enthusiasm.

Mrs. Rogers, happy in the belief that her maid was comfortable, slept soundly. In the morning she visited the kitchen.

"Well, Huldah, how did you get along with the flatiron?"

Huldah breathed a deep sigh of recollection.

"Vell, ma'am, I got it 'most warm before morning."

With "Everybody's" Publishers

THERE is a real surprise in store for you in Mr. Lawson's story "Friday the Thirteenth." You have seen Mr. Lawson take the complex subject of finance and make it clear and intensely interesting to literally millions of readers. We have heard him discuss the subject before audiences of ten thousand and hold them for two solid hours. We have been present at conferences he has had with some of the best and most intelligent men in this country and have seen his matchless persuasiveness win them to his cause. We had reached the point where we believed that no new evidences of Mr. Lawson's versatility could surprise us. The first time he talked with us about writing fiction it did not make very much of an impression. Nearly everybody has had the notion at some time in his life that he could write stories. One night he got us backed up in the drawing-room of his private car as we were speeding from the capital of Minnesota to the Capitol at Washington and told us the plot of a story. We shall never forget that night or that story, and when he writes it you will read it. But it's one thing to tell a story when the conditions are just right. It's another to write one. We were not yet convinced that Mr. Lawson could write fiction. Well, the conditions not being ripe for the Remedy, he decided to fill in the time and help ripen the conditions by telling you stories. So he started in on "Friday the Thirteenth" just to get his hand in before tackling the great story—the one he told us that night in the private car. This "Friday the Thirteenth" was to be a story of 5,000 words. When it was finished and polished and cut, it made over 60,000 words. Isn't that like him? Well, it came down from Boston in sections. That's like him, too. And when the first section of 20,000 words arrived, no one showed any great desire to be the first to read it. In fact, there was an unspoken apprehension that our brilliant contributor was in for a tumble. Nobody wanted the responsibility of telling Mr. Lawson that he couldn't write stories. Finally, the editor himself tackled the job and in about two minutes it brought him up standing. In about two minutes more the associate editors were passing the copy down the line with exclamations of wonder and rejoicing. The first section stopped just where this instalment stops, and you will sympathize with the impatience of the editors for the next instalment. We have read the other sections. We know how the story turns out, and, take our word for it, you just must read it. If you have made a rule not to read serials, break it. Anyhow, this is not a serial. It runs through only four numbers and is the quickest reading you ever tried. Mr. Lawson will surprise you as he did us. What a remarkable man he is!

◆

SHOCKING

A FINE-APPEARING, middle-aged gentleman came into our office a few weeks ago for the purpose, as he said, of subscribing to some of our bonds. He had just sold his interest in a trolley-road and had $50,000 for immediate investment. He had followed our work for three years and believed in us. We were impressed. When we told him his subscription was so large we should have to look him up, he professed entire willingness. He said he was reassured as to the safety of the investment because of our carefulness and he would write to a Southern city for his references. You may remember that we refuse to allot more than $10,000 worth to one party without investigation. It is not our plan to have any large part of the issue in hostile hands. We wish to be free to attack any individual or concern or scheme that in our judgment should be attacked. Our friend never came back. Nor has he told us why. Of this we are sure: Wherever he has placed his money, he is not likely to make seven per cent. on it unless he gives his own time and attention to it. Our offer is exceptional because we agree to do all the work and your investment is guaranteed so that you cannot lose. However, we do not care for large subscriptions. It is small subscriptions, and a lot of them, we are asking for. If you are interested in our announcement, you will find it on pages 16–17 of the advertising section. Your cooperation will be a real help to us at this time. If you wish to have a hand in the campaign we are waging for the common good, take a few of the bonds. You will get seven per cent. and your money back while strengthening us.

◆

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING

Do you remember the days when you used to begin weeks in advance to count the hours until Christmas? And when finally the great day arrived, you used to say, as children now do, "If only Santa Claus didn't come *just once* a year!"

In Santa Claus's pack nowadays holiday magazines have taken the place of many of the volumes of poems and essays that you used to associate with Christmas. And though a "grown-up" and perhaps old-fashioned in such matters, you must recognize the wisdom of the new order of things. There is a "long-drawn-out sweetness" in the gift of a magazine. For does not one see the cheery face of the dear old man beneath the postman's hat, every publication day in the whole calendar year instead of once at Yule-tide?

The best thing about the volume of poems, you will remember, was the line which accompanied it: "This is my favorite among the poets." Yet how often it chanced that you cared more for romance than for poetry. But the magazine—say EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE—that goes to a friend with the line "This is *my* favorite magazine," cannot fail of appreciation. It is poems and essays and romances all combined—and in twelve volumes.

This season, we have prepared an engraved announcement, which we will mail to reach any of your friends to whom you wish to send the magazine, on Christmas Day. If you have caught the spirit of this Christmas EVERYBODY'S, you will want your friends to have it. And you will not want them to miss the opening chapter of "Friday the Thirteenth." So we will send the Christmas number, if you speak before the edition is exhausted, in addition to the full twelve from January to January.

If you have in mind a more generous gift, for five dollars, the regular price of *Ridgway's*, we will send both EVERYBODY'S and *Ridgway's*, and your friend will think of you just fifty-two times oftener. We'll send a Christmas announcement with *Ridgway's* too. The announcement reads like this:

M ……………………………………………………

REQUESTS
THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
TO ANNOUNCE THAT

……………………………………………………

WILL BE SENT TO YOU FOR ONE YEAR
COMMENCING WITH THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE NEW YEAR
THE PUBLISHERS
WISH TO JOIN THE DONOR IN THE HOPE THAT
YOU WILL RECEIVE FROM EVERY NUMBER THE SAME ENJOYMENT
THAT PROMPTED THE GIFT

To ……………………………………………………

6

DECEMBER 15 CENTS

Everybody's Magazine

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

"Friday the Thirteenth"

By
THOMAS W. LAWSON

MR. LAWSON'S NOVEL, a notable literary achievement, begins in this number

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
UNION SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

PURSUIT
CAPTURE
CONTENT
A. L. RICH.

No animal fat-pure vegetable oils

The

BABY'S BATH

may make its roseleaf skin continue its beauty through life if you use *HAND SAPOLIO*

THAT CHILD

will escape chafing and all skin troubles, and will sleep well who is bathed daily with

Comfortable babies are good ones *HAND SAPOLIO* babies are prizewinners

PURE

SAFE

SURE

HAND SAPOLIO

THE UPLIFTING OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

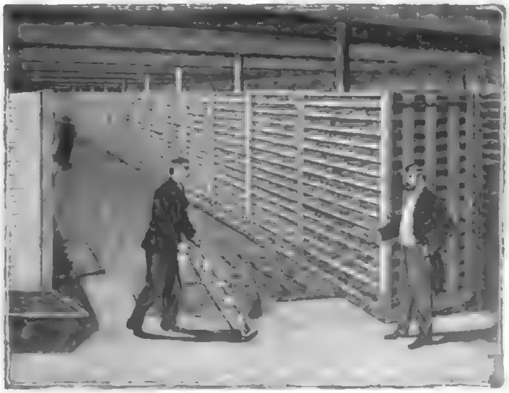
HOW SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF GROWING, CURING AND BLENDING TOBACCO LEAF HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED THE CIGAR BUSINESS

By RICHARD WARD SNOWDON

UNCLE SAM'S smoking outlay last year was nearly $300,000,000. It included over 7,689,337,207 cigars. We have led in tobacco-growing since the day when tobacco was used as currency in Virginia. To-day we raise just six times as much as our nearest competitor, Russia, and one-fourth the world's whole crop.

This is big business. Do you wonder that Congress has been liberal with appropriations to study and improve tobacco-growing? Experts work on it constantly. Especially on cigar tobaccos, because they are our largest import item. Every improvement in domestic cigar leaf keeps money at home and builds a big home industry bigger.

So there are Government lectures to growers of cigar tobacco, Government soil analyses, Government bulletins on fertilizers, seeds, insect pests—even a Government testing machine at Washington that automatically smokes hundreds of cigars daily to determine quality.



Drying Process in one of the Great "Stemmeries" of the American Cigar Company

Here the cured leaf goes through another refining process of "drying" in a constant warm, humid atmosphere scientifically approximating the ideal climatic conditions of Cuba

To improve our domestic cigars, everything pertaining to their manufacture, from seed and fertilizer to finished product, has been studied over and over again and again by experts. Results have been obtained in better crops, in finer workmanship. But until a few years ago a curious gap arose between crop and factory to depreciate the finished product.

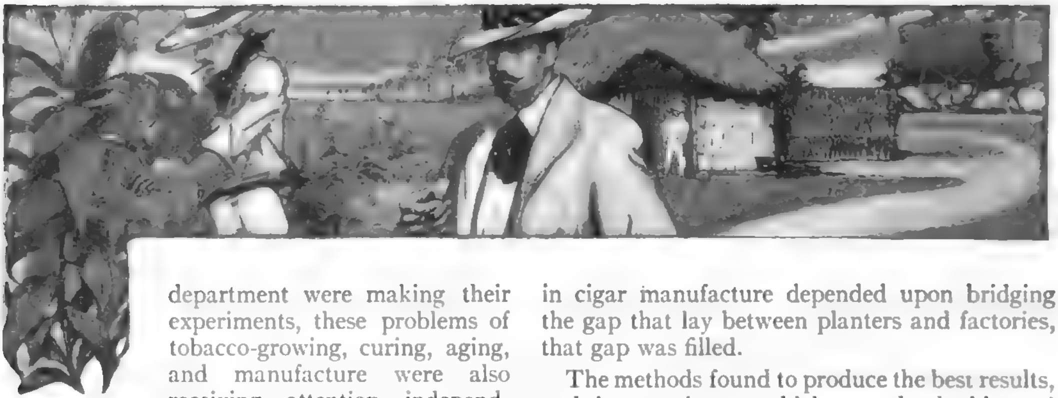
Under a system long followed our cigar tobacco went, at precisely the most critical point in its development, into the hands of middlemen often inexperienced in handling tobacco.

The planter had raised a superior crop. The manufacturer was waiting to make it into cigars. Between them stood the old-fashioned packer and jobber upon whom fell the work of curing, ripening, and aging.

Now, less is really known about these details than of any other stage in tobacco production. Closest scientific analysis can only show that curing, ripening, and aging are delicate chemical changes, like the aging of fine wines, and that the utmost care is required in the process. Yet this process was left to men whose methods were, in the words of a United States Government bulletin, "largely a matter of chance."

Their process was haphazard. It varied, and was never controlled. In some cases ripening was overdone, in others underdone. The highest qualities of the raw leaf were not brought out, and there was no uniformity.

While the experts of Uncle Sam's agricultural



department were making their experiments, these problems of tobacco-growing, curing, aging, and manufacture were also receiving attention independently from the American Cigar Company. This company's position as the largest manufacturer and distributer of cigars in the world, its enormous consumption of leaf tobacco, its many famous brands, its highly paid scientific specialists, made it not only possible to gather information as widely as the Government itself, but to do what even the Government could not do. For where Uncle Sam had to stop short with bulletins and recommendations of better methods for curing cigar leaf, the American Cigar Company was able to act directly upon reforms.

Through a series of exhaustive tests the American Cigar Company's experts analyzed every type of tobacco from all parts of the world. They tested every method of growing, harvesting, handling, curing, grading, fermenting, blending, and manufacturing—and studied the effects of each.

When it became clear that all future progress in cigar manufacture depended upon bridging the gap that lay between planters and factories, that gap was filled.

The Wire Screen Drying Trays in an American Cigar Company's "Stemmery"

Cigar leaf is very fragile and tender and must be handled with great care. Throughout all the preparatory processes the temperature is kept at exact degrees

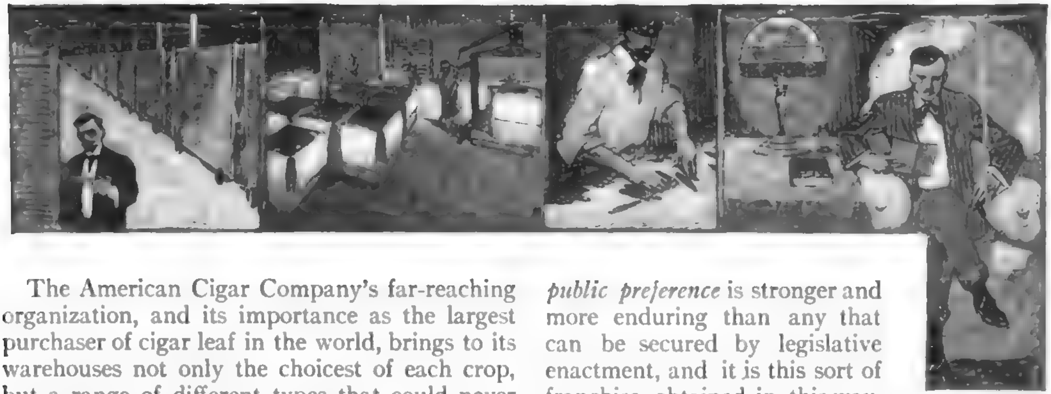
The methods found to produce the best results, and the experiments which proved valuable, and the discoveries which these experiments disclosed led to the construction of a great system of field warehouses where the raw leaf could be cured under conditions of temperature and humidity parallel to that naturally existing in Cuba, everywhere recognized as the ideal "tobacco climate."

Next a system of "stemmeries" was added, to take the leaf after it left the field warehouses. In the "stemmeries" provision is made for sorting the tobacco into hundreds of grades, and then subjecting it to an entirely new process of *blending*.

These "stemmeries" of the American Cigar Company represent the only equipment of this nature in the United States.

The bouquet of a cigar depends on its blend. A cigar made entirely from tobacco grown in one district, for example, will lack the piquancy of true bouquet, even when the leaf is properly cured. The old-fashioned packer cured, by haphazard methods, tobacco from only a few farms, as a rule. When such leaf came to the cigar-maker he made a rough blend by rolling several varieties of leaf into the same cigar. But this was only a "tobacco sandwich" at best. The next cigar he made was probably quite different in its mixture. Thus the lack of uniformity in the quality of any one brand of cigars, whatever the price. There was no way of being *exact* until the American Cigar Company found one.

In the American Cigar Company's "stemmeries" a very different process is employed. Such tobacco, coming from the field warehouses perfectly cured, is combined in large quantities, and then stored in rooms where the climate of Cuba is exactly duplicated. Here it remains for months—for years, if need be—the different varieties of leaf thoroughly intermingled. It ripens, it ages, gains smoothness and savor, and forms a true blend by long contact.



The American Cigar Company's far-reaching organization, and its importance as the largest purchaser of cigar leaf in the world, brings to its warehouses not only the choicest of each crop, but a range of different types that could never be assembled under old conditions. The company's immense production of all classes of cigars consumes the entire output of the best plantations in Cuba. Its leaf experts know every acre of tobacco land in the United States, and watch the progress of each crop from week to week. Its factories produce millions of cigars of every grade, from the cheroot that sells at one cent to the domestic perfecto that costs a quarter.

Under such a system not only the choicest leaf is controlled, but even the cheapest stogie contains choice tobacco. What is rejected in the blend for a famous panetela can be utilized in a cigar of less cost, and yet give the latter finer material than any manufacturer could put into it under a less comprehensive plan of operation.

These scientific processes have improved the domestic cigar at least 100 per cent., giving a "mellowness," mildness, freedom from bitterness, and a developed fragrance in five-cent cigars, for example, which were by no means common even in the ten-cent cigar a few years ago.

The American Cigar Company believe that the possession of the largest equipment, organization, resources, and business ever known in the cigar industry binds them to a public duty to give the public the best cigars possible to make. Furthermore, it is good business policy. The men at the head of the American Cigar Company are good enough judges of human nature to appreciate the fact that meritorious service is the best and most permanent foundation for commercial success.

If they give better cigars at lower cost than can be given by any other manufacturer, they secure, by perfectly logical and common-sense methods, what is virtually a franchise from the public to supply it with its cigars. A franchise based upon *public preference* is stronger and more enduring than any that can be secured by legislative enactment, and it is this sort of franchise, obtained in this way, that the American Cigar Company seeks—gaining success by deserving it.

Cigar smokers know what they want. Taste is constantly improving, demanding better goods all the time. There is no way of forcing people to purchase any brand of cigar which does not appeal to them on its own merit.

From the beginning, the entire force of the American Cigar Company's highly perfected organization and equipment has been devoted to the problem of improving cigar quality and lowering cigar cost.

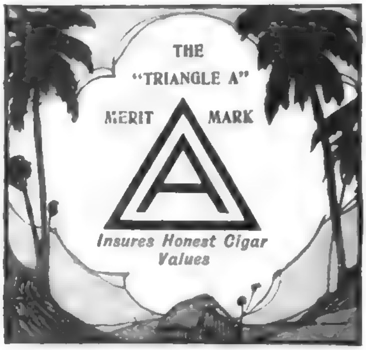
The unmistakable improvements thus brought about have been demonstrated to the smoking public with ever-increasing emphasis by the appearance of brand after brand of cigars selling at five cents possessing a superiority which has made them instantly popular and permanently successful. These are of different brand

Selection of Leaf Filler—Another "Stemmery" Process of the American Cigar Company

The leaf is kept in trucks, the different "blends" in different compartments of the "stemmeries." It is many times sorted and graded, and each grade assembled in trucks by itself names and of different characteristics, but are all marked with the "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark and possess the fundamental qualities of fragrance and matured "ripeness" for which the "▲" (Triangle A) always stands.

This "▲" (Triangle A) is the American Cigar Company's merit mark. Behind it is the entire power, knowledge, energy, and organization of this great corporation.

The smoker is safe in accepting the "▲" (Triangle A) mark, wherever he sees it, as an invariable and positive guarantee of the following cigar qualities:



The "Triangle A"
which distinguishes all cigars benefiting by these modern methods of manufacture

First—Freedom from "rankness" or bitterness, due to the new processes of ripening which develop the full fragrance of the leaf.

Second—Uniformity of quality, obtained by exclusive methods of grading and blending which substitute accuracy for the old-style haphazard tobacco-mixing.

Third—Smoothness, "mellowness," and fragrance obtained through scientific processes of ripening in the blend for two years before manufacture.

Fourth—Slow and even burning, due to the care and supervision exercised in the manufacture of cigars and in the use of thoroughly ripened tobacco.

Fifth—Perfect condition—if the dealer has done his part. Cigars in boxes marked with this "▲" (Triangle A) are in perfect smoking condition when delivered to the dealer—thoroughly matured. It is his part to keep them right—yours to insist that he does so.

The products of the American Cigar Company's various factories include every variety of cigars—from the little cigar such as the "Royal Bengals" at ten for fifteen cents to the highest type of "Seed and Havana."

No one cigar is expected to suit all tastes.

The leading brands of the American Cigar Company are distinguished by this "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark, just as a soldier is rewarded for superior merit by the Victoria Cross.

Among the "▲" (Triangle A) brands each smoker is sure to find the cigar he wants. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here:

The New Cremo (Victorias), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets), Buck, Spanaflora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola. The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club. The Unico, Benefactor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. Also the Palma De Cuba and Isle of Pines.

"▲" (Triangle A) brands offer the widest obtainable range of choice and absolutely dependable quality in whatever brand suits your taste.

The American Cigar Company has in many cases reduced the cost of long-established brands. But in every instance, by its magnificent organization, the brands bearing the "▲" (Triangle A) have been immeasurably improved in quality and dependability, and without so much as a penny's increase in cost per hundred to the consumer. It is imperative, therefore, that every intelligent and fastidious smoker take the pains to look for this "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark whenever he buys cigars. It is the smoker's guarantee that he is obtaining the *cleanest, the least expensive, and the highest grade goods that America produces in a luxury in which she leads the world.*

THRIFT

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

I KNOW a man in New York who is carrying an advertising sign-board on his back to-day who was once a wholesale merchant in New York. He did not come to his present condition through dissipation, but through the vicissitudes of business. Conditions which he could not control put him completely out of business, wiped out his profits, and, trying to recoup himself, with no available capital, he became bankrupt, lost his courage and his grip, and was never able to get a start again.

In nearly all our great business houses we see working as clerks, bookkeepers, superintendents, floor-walkers, or heads of departments men of fine ability who were once in business for themselves, but who lost everything through reverses, and were obliged to start again just as they did when they were young men.

There are multitudes of such cases where prosperous houses have gone down—sometimes in a single year—by the complete reversal of business conditions, by the competition of great combinations they were unable to cope with. A change in the tide of business will also often ruin a business location.

Even if there are no worse losses, it is so easy to form entangling obligations. Thousands of even the finest young men thus cramp their ability and keep themselves back for years.

BANKING TOO MUCH ON ABILITY, HEALTH, LONG LIFE, ETC.

The fact is that most young men take too great chances upon their lives, their health, and their ability to earn or to make money.

Some of the brightest and best young men I have ever known, shrewd, clean-cut, college-educated, worked like heroes for a quarter of a century without getting anywhere. Some of them have become involved in debt by conditions over which they had no control; others have had serious illness in their families; accidents, emergencies of all sorts have arisen which have modified their whole life-plans, and they are to-day financially no better off than when they left college.

No one is bright enough, or shrewd enough, or able enough, or far-sighted enough to provide against all possible adverse conditions. Conditions of prosperity in business are so precarious and dependent upon so many fortuitous circumstances that it is never safe to leave a family entirely dependent upon them. It is wise, therefore, to have something that is practically certain, so that, come what may, at least the family's well-being will not suffer.

There ought to be some foundation stone that commercial floods, panics, and disasters cannot wash away.

The shrewd, far-sighted business man provides for possible business reverses, and usually puts away in government bonds, in life-insurance, or in some other reliable investment money enough to take care of those dependent upon him, or to enable him to start again in case of financial disaster. I believe that every young man should religiously resolve at the very outset of his career to lay aside a certain amount of his income regularly, until he has placed those dependent upon him absolutely beyond want, never allowing himself to be tempted to use this fund for any other purpose.

INDUCING THE HABIT OF SAVING

Anything which will encourage the habit of saving in this extravagant age is a blessing. The temptations on every hand are so alluring that it is very difficult for a young man of ordinary self-control to resist them and to save his money.

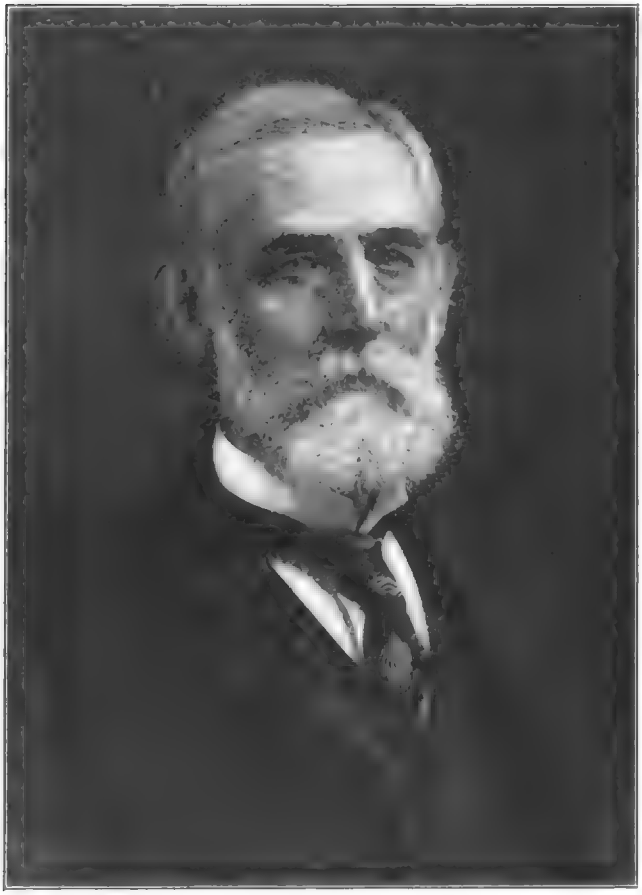
Thousands of young men who are receiving good salaries—some of them very large—never think of laying up a dollar. They never see anything in their salaries but "a good time," and they never develop the habit of saving. You ask them how they are doing, and they will say: "Oh, just getting along," "just making a living," "just holding my own."

Just making a bare living is not getting on. The little difference between what you earn and what you spend is power. It often measures the distance between success and failure.

In many minds the economy faculties are not developed, or are so weak that they are no match for the passion of spending for pleasure.

I am a great believer in the efficiency of savings-banks as character-builders; but life-insurance has some greater advantages, especially in furnishing that imperious "must," that spur of necessity so important as a motive to most people.

People can put money into savings-banks when they get it, provided some stronger desire does not overcome the inclination; but they feel that they *must* pay their insurance premium.



UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN.
President The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

Then again, money obtainable just by signing the name is so easily withdrawn for spending in all sorts of ways. This is one reason why I often recommend life-insurance to young people as a means of saving. It has been of untold value as an object-lesson of the tremendous possibilities in acquiring the saving habit.

I believe that life-insurance is doing more to induce the habit of saving than almost anything else. When a young man on a salary or a definite income takes out an insurance policy he has a definite aim. He has made up his mind positively to save so much money every year from his income to pay his premium. Then it is easier for him to say "No" to the hundred and one alluring temptations to spend his money for this and that. He can say "No" then with emphasis, because he knows he must keep up his insurance.

The snap ought to be in the horse, but if it is not, we must put it in with the whip. Most people do not have iron enough in their blood to make them do the thing that is best for them.

POWER IN DEFINITE PURPOSE

I have known of young men who did not seem to have any special ambition, who always took things easily, who had no apparent system or order in their lives, to be entirely revolutionized by taking out an insurance policy.

THRIFT AS A LIFE-PRESERVER

"I have often been asked," says Sir Thomas Lipton, "to define the true secret of success. It is thrift in all its phases, and especially thrift as applied to saving. Saving is the first great principle of all success. It creates independence, it gives a young man standing, fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success—happiness and contentment."

Thrift is not only one of the foundation stones of a fortune, but also one of character. The habit of thrift improves the quality of the character.

The saving of money usually means the saving of a man. It means cutting off indulgences or avoiding vicious habits. It often means health in the place of dissipation. It means a clear instead of a cloudy and muddy brain.

The moment a young man begins to save systematically, he becomes a larger man. He takes broader views of life. He begins to have a better opinion of himself. Trust takes the place of doubt. He may have thought before that he might succeed, but his savings are the actual demonstration that he has not only the ability to earn but also to keep his money, and it takes greater wisdom to hold on to money than to make it.

An insurance policy has often changed the habits of an entire family from thriftlessness and spendthrift tendencies to thrift and order. The very fact that a certain amount must be saved from the income every week, or every month, or every year, has often developed the faculty of prudence and economy of the entire household. Everybody is cautioned to be careful because the premium must be paid. And oftentimes it is the first sign of a program or order system in the home.

The consciousness of a sacred obligation to make payments on that which means protection for those dear to you often shuts out a great deal of foolishness, and cuts out a lot of temptation to spend money for self-gratification and to cater to one's weak tendencies.

The life-insurance policy has thus proved to be a character insurance as well, an insurance against silly expenditures, an insurance against one's own vicious, weak tendencies, a real protection against oneself, one's only real enemy.

PROTECTING OURSELVES AGAINST OUR OWN WEAKNESSES

He is a shrewd and level-headed youth who, at the very outset of his career, makes an inventory of his qualities and capabilities and carefully guards his weak point. He is a wise man who learns to eliminate his great weaknesses. Many a man comes to grief because he never learned to do this.

Men of mediocre ability often succeed much better than geniuses because they guard their weak points better. They guard against possible disaster from their own defects, just as a person with some physical defect, by watchful care, often keeps in better health than naturally stronger people who are constantly prodigal of their strength.

If you have the reputation or the consciousness of being slipshod and unbusinesslike, eliminate as much as possible these traits which prejudice others, especially sound business men, against you. Do not go on letting your little weaknesses ruin or seriously impair all your good qualities.

I know of nothing which will cover up more blemishes, put out of sight more business weaknesses, cover up more surely the lack of foresight and thrift than a good life-insurance policy. It has proven a friend to thousands who have not been friends to themselves. It has shielded thousands of families who would have been homeless without it; it has sent to college multitudes of boys and girls who but for it would not have gone; it has started thousands of young men in business who, but for it, either would not have started at all, or would have been delayed for years. It has lifted the mortgage from thousands of homes. "Primarily devised," says Senator Dryden, President of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, "for the support of widows and orphans, life-insurance practise has been developed so as to include the secure investment of surplus earnings in conjunction with the insurance of a sum payable at death."

LACK OF BUSINESS SAGACITY

The very consciousness that you have performed a great and sacred duty to those you love by protecting them against even your own weaknesses and inclinations will be a great stimulus and give you great satisfaction and will make you a larger and better man.

I know men who were induced to take out life-insurance policies, and who have managed to accumulate considerable property in this way, and have gained the respect of everybody who knows them, because the possession of a good life-insurance policy indicates good business qualities.

A great many men who know they have ability in their specialties know also, from sad experience, that their business judgment is not always good, or to be relied upon. Their investments do not turn out well. Many vocations never develop the practical faculties.

I have known splendid clergymen and large-hearted professors to draw their last dollar out of the bank, to mortgage their homes even, and invest their little all in some wildcat scheme because of the story of some smooth, oily promoter, thus hazarding, and often wrecking, all their future prospects just because of this weakness of which they were conscious, but against which they neglected to protect themselves.

EVEN BUSINESS MEN GULLIBLE

But it is not alone men out of business life that have this susceptibility to being gulled.

There are some business men who seem unable to resist any temptations held out to double or treble their money in some sort of speculation.

The desire to make money quickly is a weakness even of the strongest minds. A man will listen to a scheme to make quickly a great deal of money out of very little when he cannot be approached for anything else.

Many good people have worked hard all their lives and reached middle age without a home and without any prospects of ever getting one, with no money laid up for sickness or emergency, or for their declining years, just because they took too great a risk with their little savings, which have gone into holes in the ground, into worthless oil-wells and mines, useless patents and all sorts of devices and schemes, thus vainly squandering money which would have given them comfortable homes and well-earned leisure for their old age had they put it into something which was sure.

Life-insurance is a splendid way for them to provide against their weaknesses—defective judgment, or lack of business ability. By it they can protect themselves and those dependent upon them, by putting aside a definite amount from their salaries or income where it will be absolutely safe no matter what may happen.

Life-insurance policies would have saved many of the men mentioned above from disaster, for they would have enabled them to get on their feet again by loans or by the proceeds of cashed-in policies accumulated during the time of their prosperity.

Life-insurance taken at an early age is an untold blessing to the man who fails late in life, when the fires of his ambition have begun to cool down, when his staying power has begun to wane, when he has no longer his former courage or strength to face the hardships of life all over again.

I knew a young man who took out a twenty-year endowment policy; he was poor, and had to make great sacrifices to meet his payments for many years; but he managed to keep them up. He finally became rich, but lost everything in the world except this policy, and this enabled him to start again after he had reached an age when it would have been practically impossible for him to have gotten on his feet but for this policy. Forcing himself to make these payments when he was poor, when it was a real sacrifice to do so, saved him from poverty in his old age.

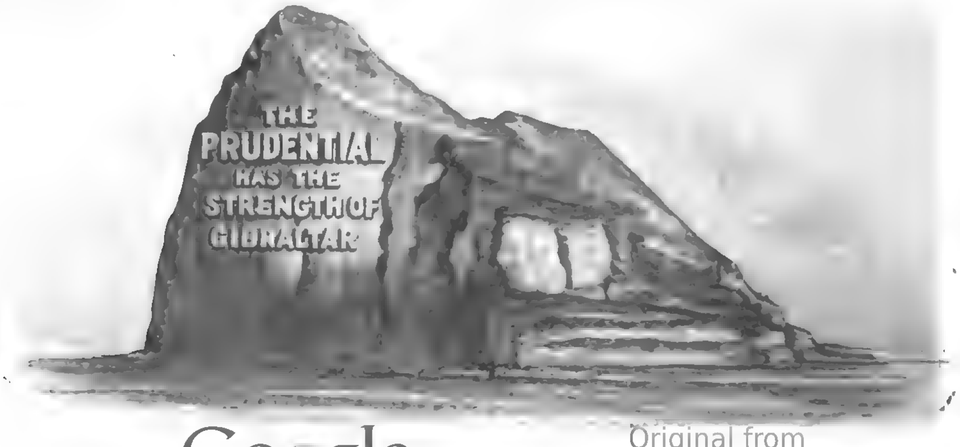
ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

* * * * * * * * *

The policies of Life-Insurance issued by The Prudential Insurance Company of America, of Newark, N. J., of which United States Senator John F. Dryden is the founder, President, and leading spirit, are especially designed and adapted to just the purposes of saving for young men to which this article has been directed. Founded upon the bedrock principles of sound finance and conducted with an eye to the true and enduring interests of its policy-holders, no young man will make any mistake in associating his insurance experience with this great company. The various forms of policies which this Company issues provide a young man not only with an opportunity of saving his money, with liberal returns as well, but enable him at the same time to protect his family or business interests or to provide a fund which may be used for the maintenance or education of his children.

As The Prudential has paid over nine hundred thousand claims, in most instances to families where the insurance policy was the only asset at death, the enormous amount of good done by The Prudential can be appreciated.

One of the most comprehensive definitions of Life-Insurance ever given comes from Senator Dryden, who says: "Life-Insurance is a wonderful business; a business with a noble history; a business with a lofty aim; a business with a magnificent purpose; a business with splendid results." The reader should be impressed with the every-day necessity for Life-Insurance and the importance of immediate action on the part of those who are not insured. The Prudential is desirous of entering into correspondence with any person interested in Life-Insurance, but no effort will be made to get a policy-holder at present insured in another company to drop his policy in favor of The Prudential. The Prudential wishes to show the uninsured how they can help themselves and their families through Life-Insurance in The Prudential.



Correct Costume is a Part of the Game

—Not only after the hounds but in the office, on the street, at the club and in the drawing room.

And wherever it may be, it's the *shoe*-part of your costume that most unmistakably completes or mars it.

Every Regal on the list is built on that idea—*correctness* of style *first of all.* That's why we don't *invent* shoe-styles but *reproduce* direct from the faultless, costly, custom designs that *set* the shoe styles. We fit you with exactly the same models that the best custom makers in the country would charge you twice as much for, made to order;—the same *shoes*, except the labels, all through—selected oak-bark-tanned soles; fine, firm but flexible uppers; Scotch linen sole-sewing; Japanese silk stitching; careful hand forming and lasting; and a true fit for *your* foot, insured by *quarter sizes.*

LANGDON, $4.00

Wide-tread double sole with custom extension. Sloping, medium-narrow toe, inside and outside back-stays.

Style 7RD3—(As illustrated). Made of Regal Black King Calf.

Style 7RD1—Same, except low shoe. Made of Black Wax Calf.

Quarter Sizes!

By mail everywhere and sure fit guaranteed. The New Fall Style-Book is out! Send for it to 419 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Regal shoes are delivered, carriage prepaid, anywhere in the United States and all points covered by the Parcels Post system, for 25c. extra to cover delivery charges. Special rates to foreign countries.

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Mail Order Sub-Stations:
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San Francisco, Cal., 820 Market Street—*New Store.*
London, Eng., E. C., 97 Cheapside, Cor. Lawrence Lane.

123 Stores in Principal Cities.

The Largest Retail Shoe Business in the World.

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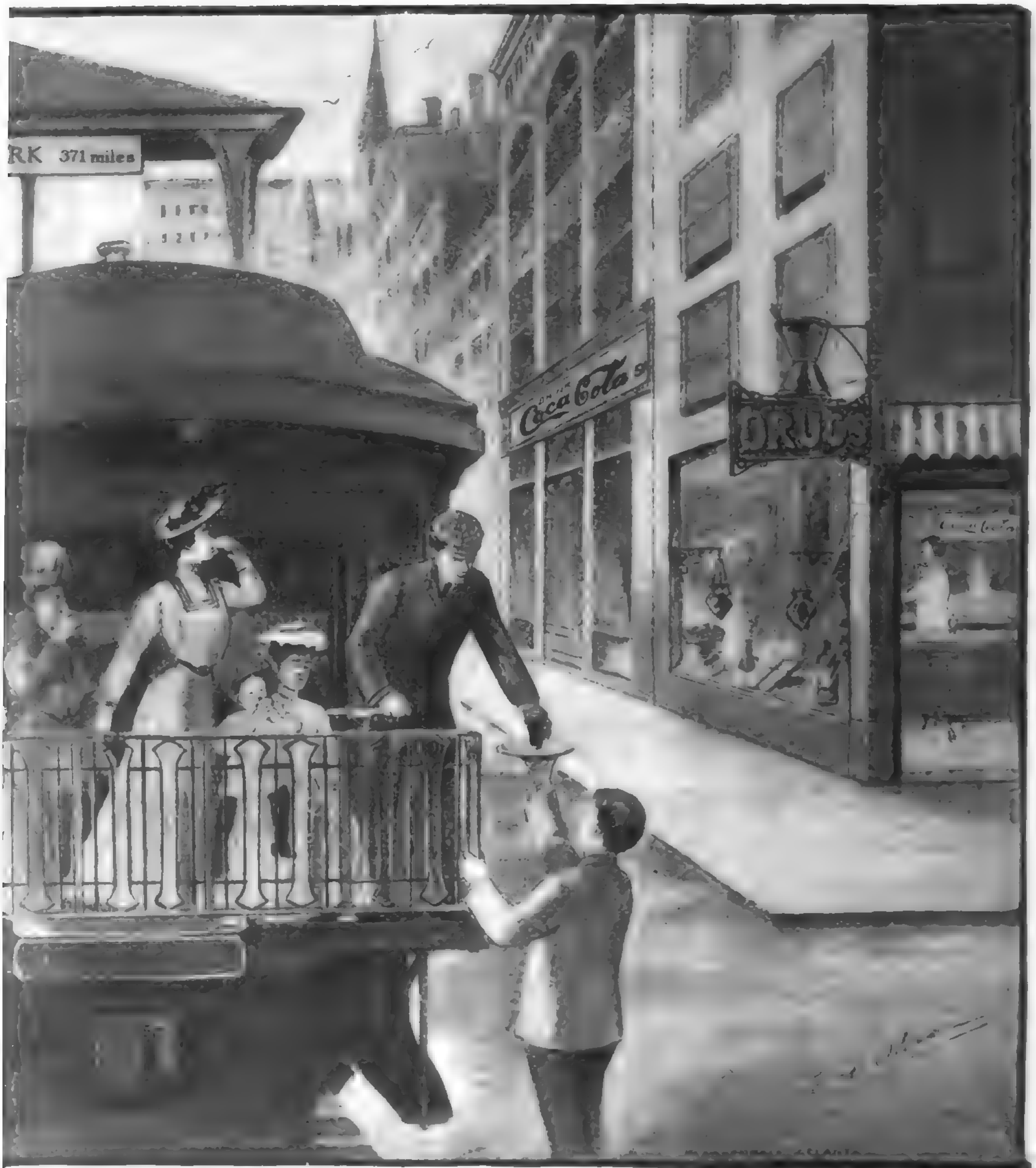
$3.50 and $4.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN $3.50 and $4.00



TRAVELERS' FATIGUE

is delightfully relieved by a glass of Coca-Cola. Nothing so completely refreshes you after a hot, tiresome trip, or so brightens your faculties for the delights of sightseeing and travel.

Sold at all founts and carbonated in bottles 5¢.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL

THE GREAT AUSTRIAN PIANIST

has selected for his exclusive use
during his coming concert tour

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IN thus giving the Weber *preference over all other pianos*, this world-renowned virtuoso, who has been called "the king among the great modern pianists," confirms the judgment already expressed by many of the most distinguished authorities on piano-playing and piano-construction.

For fifty-four years the Weber has ranked as one of the world's great pianos, remarkable for its rich, sympathetic singing-tone, never surpassed nor equaled. To-day the Weber is at the zenith of its fame.

Send for the Weber Art Catalog K containing the endorsement of the leading members of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company, and other celebrated singers and musicians.

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362 Fifth Avenue, New York

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

To Buyers

WE will mail you free our new 1907 catalogue, just off the press, containing beautiful half-tone pictures of our latest models. **Ivers & Pond Pianos** are masterpieces of musical and mechanical perfection. In exquisite tone quality, ease and precision of action touch and lasting powers they are unequaled. Although the best, our large manufacturing facilities enable us to make and sell them at lower prices than are frequently asked for inferior pianos.

New Features

The Duplex Treble, the Bent-wood Sounding Board Bridge and the unique Agraffe construction found in combination only in **Ivers & Pond Pianos** place these instruments years in advance of others. These improvements add greatly to the volume and vibrating quality of tone and insure durability and tune-staying to a degree not heretofore attained.

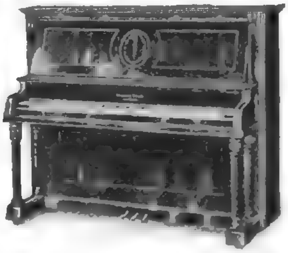
Beautiful Case Designs

Besides being superlatively fine musically, **Ivers & Pond Pianos** have most charming exteriors. These are the creation of the world's most famous designers, and represent the height of fashion in piano architecture.

The Princess Grand

Dimensions: Length, 5 ft. 3 3-4 in., width, 4 ft. 10 1-2 in.

A delightful little grand exquisitely cased, occupying the minimum floor space, with tone quality and action touch bewitchingly attractive.



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The size, price, case design and musical perfection of this model make it an ideal instrument for home use. Our most popular style.

Style 335

In case design admittedly one of the most chaste and tasteful ever created, while musically it approaches perfection.

PIANO-BUYING MADE EASY

We can supply you wherever you live. Where no dealer sells our pianos, we will mail you our price-list and explain our system of furnishing pianos on easy payments to any city or village in the United States. The piano chosen will be carefully selected and sent for trial in your home, satisfaction guaranteed, or it may be returned to Boston at our expense for railroad freights. The most inexperienced buyer can deal with us as safely as the sharpest trader. Our pianos are the best our prices are fair, and plans for Easy Payments especially attractive. Write us.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.

163 Boylston Street, Boston

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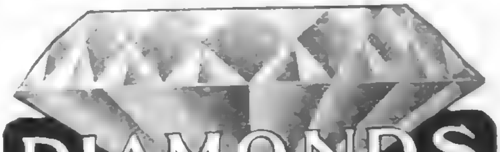
Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER

The Mennen Caddie offers instant relief from chaps and skin roughness which keen fall winds bring to out of door folks.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM POWDER soothes and heals all chafing and chapping, and is put up in non-refillable box—Mennen's face on the cover guarantees it's genuine. For sale everywhere, or by mail for 25 cts.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N.J.

"Try Mennen's Violet Talcum Powder."



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Terms: 20% Down, 10% a Month.

We never sell a diamond without giving the buyer a written certificate in which we guarantee the gem and agree to take it back any time at full price, in exchange for a larger stone.

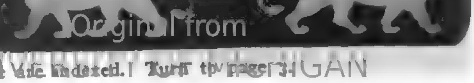
Furthermore, if you can duplicate at your dealer's, for the same price, the diamond we sell you, return it, and we will refund your money.

We want our patrons to put the same confidence in us that they do in their bank, and we are doing all in our power to merit such a confidence.

Goods forwarded prepaid for examination.

Our illustrated catalogue is rich in diamond information. Write for the latest edition 15.

J. M. LYON & CO.
71-73 Nassau St., New York.



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Vol. XV

Everybody's Magazine

No. 6

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Entered at the New York Post-office as Second Class Matter

New Blue Book

Now ready—Tiffany 1907 Blue Book—Christmas Edition—No illustrations. 621 pages of concise descriptions and prices of Jewelry, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Bronzes, Pottery, Glass and other articles suitable for Christmas gifts

Blue Book sent upon request

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Upon advice as to requirements and limit of price, Tiffany & Co. will send photographs, cuts or careful descriptions of what their stock affords

Goods Sent on Approval

to any part of the United States, to persons known to the house or who will make themselves known by reference from any National Bank or responsible business house

Tiffany & Co. are strictly retailers. They do not employ agents or sell their wares through other dealers

TIFFANY & CO.

Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, New York

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Photographs or Cuts sent upon request

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Small open-face, 18-karat-gold watches, suitable for young women - - -	$25, $35, $45, upward
Small chronographs in 18-karat-gold cases for Trained Nurses - - - - - - - -	$50

Men's Gold Watches

New model, open-face watches, in 18-karat-gold cases, adapted for young men -	$60, $95, $100, upward
Open-face, 18-karat-gold minute repeaters,	$135 and $240

Ladies' Diamond Rings

Solitaires - - - -	$25, $50, $75, $95, upward
Solitaires with small diamonds embedded in shank - - - - - - - -	$75, upward
Two-stone diamond rings - - -	$50, "
Three-stone diamond rings - - -	$60, "
Five-stone half-hoop diamond rings -	$50, "

Clocks

Best French eight-day movements, in gilt bronze and glass cases, Traveling Clocks -	$12, $14, $20, $28
Mantel Clocks striking hours and half-hours on Cathedral gong - - - -	$20, $35 and $55

Fork and Spoon Chests

Tiffany & Co.'s copyrighted patterns of Sterling Silver Forks and Spoons. Prices include handsome, compact, hardwood chests, with lock and key

5 dozen sets - - - - - - - -	$100 to $200
6 " " - - - - - - - -	$140 to $250
7 " " - - - - - - - -	$175 to $300
8 " " - - - - - - - -	$250 to $350

Fifth Avenue New York

Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Everybody's Advertisers

Years back, they tell us, one used to see an occasional crank pick up a magazine, seize upon its advertising pages and rip them asunder in a terrible frenzy.

Surely the world is growing wiser. Nowadays what does one hear? "Such and Such a magazine? No, I don't think much of it. But I get it regularly. The advertisements are more than worth the price."

We have no apologies to make for the editorial contents of this Christmas Everybody's. Somewhere we have even made the statement that it is the best Number we have ever printed—and we have printed some good ones. But the advertising pages are a gold-field in themselves. Devote half an hour to prospecting in them. Look at them from all points of view—art, literature, science. After this half hour you'll have come to the conclusion that there are things there that you had not dreamed of. Where do your interests center? In business, in a profession, in domestic science? Would you know the interesting story of human progress? Read the advertisements.

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"Either your circulation is growing, or I am getting the rich reward which comes from sticking everlastingly at it," writes an advertiser in these pages. This and other snatches from the business autobiographies of successful advertisers will be found on Page 82. They tell an interesting story of advertising from the inside. But the story of successful advertising may be read to better advantage between the lines of the one hundred and eighty pages of business-getting advertisements between these covers.

THE PUBLISHERS

Quaker Rice

From Sunrise to Sunset

you can eat Quaker Rice with delight and satisfaction. It is carefully selected and perfect rice kernels puffed or expanded and thoroughly cooked, giving it a delicious crispness and a delicate daintiness different from anything you have eaten.

Quaker Rice
(Puffed)

is rich in nutriment, easily digested and exceedingly appetizing. Children can eat Quaker Rice at meals and between meals. Always heat before serving.

Recipes for Dainty Christmas Confections

On every package of Quaker Rice are recipes for many dainty confections such as Quaker Rice Candy, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc. Quaker Rice parties are growing in popularity among the young, for all of these Quaker Rice confections can be easily and quickly made in your own home.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c the package.
(Except in the extreme South and far West.)

Made by The Quaker Oats Company,
Chicago, U. S. A.

Everybody's Hotel Directory

Are you using Everybody's Hotel Service? Have you an Annual Service Pass?

One subscriber writes us—"The trouble you took in trying to help me in my decision regarding hotels, was only equalled by the improvement in service which your Reservations secured for me. Allow me to thank you and assure you I shall use your service whenever I travel." Every little bit helps, and we should like to receive the same kind of a letter from you.

If you want any information—booklets of any Winter Resort—or having decided to travel, if your rooms are not already reserved for you, let us hear from you. Our Service is for you, it is absolutely free.

Have you received the leaflet, "Everybody's Hotel Service—What it Does"?—If not write at once to

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE HOTEL SERVICE
31 East 17th Street, New York City

EVERYBODY'S SPECIAL HOTEL SERVICE CARD
To Hotel Managers and Clerks

The bearer has registered with Everybody's Special Hotel Service—any special courtesies extended him will be appreciated.

In view of the scope of our service and the size of our clientele, we are in a position to ask and to return favors.

Kindly give our subscriber the best at your disposal.

EVERYBODY'S SPECIAL HOTEL SERVICE
31 East 17th Street, New York City

Introducing Mr. *Wm. Chamberlain*
New York City

No. *114233*

ALWAYS PRESENT WHEN REGISTERING

Mr. *Wm. Chamberlain* *September 20, 1906*
New York City

Dear Sir: As per your request of *Sept. 19, '06*, we have ordered Hotel *New Grand, New York*, to reserve you a room to be held until *noon*, o'clock, *Sept. 28th*. The Hotel's charge for this room will be at the rate of *$2.00* per day, *European* plan.

In case of a change in your plans, please be sure to notify us in time to cancel this reservation; otherwise we must ask you to pay for the room for one day.

The scope of our service is so wide and our clientele so large that we are able to ask and to return favors. The Manager will gladly give you the best at his disposal. We make no charge for this service.

Very truly yours,
EVERYBODY'S SPECIAL HOTEL SERVICE
31 East 17th Street, New York

PRESENT THIS CARD TO SECURE RESERVATION

NEW YORK CITY

The Breslin

Broadway & 29th Street

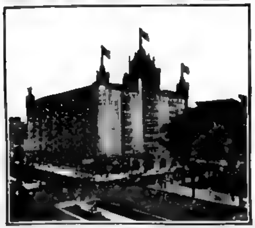
The centre of the shopping and theatre district. New York's newest and most modern fireproof hotel.

The best of everything at the best prices. European plan.

Rooms $1.50 per day and up.

Rooms with bath $2.50 per day and up.

The Breslin Hotel Co.
PROPRIETORS



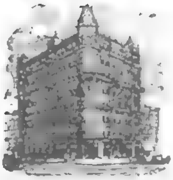
HOTEL EMPIRE

Broadway & 63d Street
NEW YORK CITY

A delightful hotel situate near the best shops and theatres and noted for its excellent Cuisine and Service

Large Rooms - - -	$1.50 per day
Room with bath - -	2.00 "
Suites - - - - -	3.50 "

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor



HOTEL NORMANDIE

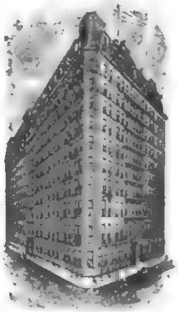
38th and Broadway

Centre of the business and amusement districts.

European plan $1.50 per day and upward

ELMER E. ALMY, Prop.

Also OSBURN HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.
American plan.



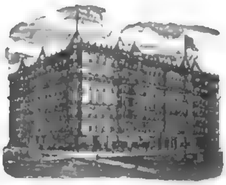
THE NEW GRAND HOTEL

Broadway and 31st Street

500 rooms, 300 baths. All rooms and baths lighted by natural light and perfectly ventilated.

Rates: Single room and suites, with and without bath, $1.50 per day and upwards.

Hurlbert Grand Hotel Co.
GEORGE F. HURLBERT, Pres.



Hotel Endicott

The Popular New York Hotel
81st, 82d, and Columbus Ave.

A palatial hotel, removed from the noise and dirt of the downtown districts, yet only a few minutes away. Special attention shown ladies and children travelling alone. Single rooms with bath privileges $1.50 per day and up. Parlor, bedroom and bath, $4 per day and up. Special rates for parties of three or more.

Hotel Longacre

157-163 WEST 47th ST., near BROADWAY

A new, exclusively BACHELOR hotel with the refined air and good service of a club. Fireproof. Convenient to all theatres and car lines. Transient rates for room with private bath from $1.50 per day upward.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

CHICAGO

CONGRESS HOTEL COMPANY
Operating

AUDITORIUM HOTEL
Annex & Apartment Building
Michigan Ave. All on the Lake Front
EUROPEAN PLAN Rates $2.00 per day and upwards
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION
R. H. SOUTHGATE, Pres.

GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL
EUROPEAN PLAN STRICTLY FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION
MOST CENTRALLY LOCATED HOTEL IN CHICAGO
RATES

Rooms without Bath, single -	$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per day
" " " double -	2.50, 3.00 and 3.50 "
Rooms with Bath, single - -	2.50, 3.00 and 3.50 "
" " " double - .	4.00 and $5.00 per day

J. C. ROTH, Manager

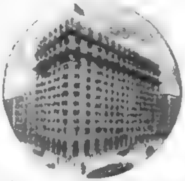
When in Chicago stop at The

STRATFORD HOTEL
EUROPEAN PLAN

REFINED, Elegant, Quiet. Located corner of city's two finest boulevards, convenient to entire business center. Close to best theaters and shopping district. 225 rooms, 150 private baths; luxurious writing and reception rooms; woodwork mahogany throughout; brass beds and all modern comforts; telephone in every room; beautiful dining rooms—the best of everything at moderate prices.

MICHIGAN AND JACKSON BOULEVARDS CHICAGO

ST. LOUIS



HOTEL JEFFERSON
Twelfth and Locust Streets
IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF THE THEATRE AND WHOLESALE DISTRICT
EUROPEAN PLAN ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF
RATES—Rooms without bath, $1.50 and up; with bath, $2.50 and up.
COMMERCIAL TRADE ESPECIALLY SOLICITED LYMAN T. HAY, Manager

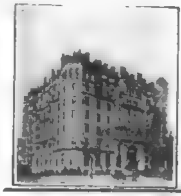
WASHINGTON

HOTEL DRISCOLL
Cor. 1st and B Streets N. W.
FACING U. S. CAPITOL AND GROUNDS

One block from B. & O. Depot, five blocks from Penna. Depot. Accommodations and Table unexcelled.

Rooms single or en suite.
American Plan, $3.00 per day and up
European Plan, 1.50 " " "

Special attention shown to ladies travelling alone. T. A. McKEE, Mgr.



THE SHOREHAM
American and European Plan
Located in the Most Fashionable Part of the City and Within Five Minutes Walk of the
Executive Mansion, Treasury, State, War and Navy Departments
JOHN T. DEVINE, Proprietor

BOSTON

The United States Hotel
BEACH, LINCOLN AND KINGSTON STS., BOSTON, MASS.

Only two blocks from the South Terminal Station, and easily reached from North Station by Elevated Railway.

American Plan, $2.50 and upwards. European Plan, rooms only $1.00 and upwards. Send for circulars.

TILLY HAYNES
Proprietor

JAS. G. HICKEY
Manager

BUFFALO

HOTEL BERKELEY
Absolutely Fire Proof
EUROPEAN PLAN
Johnson Park, Buffalo, N. Y.

Transient Rates per day: Single room $1, double $1.50. Room, bath attached, $1.50, double $2.50. Room with private bath $2 and up. Suite of sitting room, bed room and bath $2.50 and up.

CAFÉ À LA CARTE
Good Service Low Prices

PITTSBURG

HOTEL HENRY
5th Ave. and Smithfield St.
European Plan Modern Fire Proof
MOST CENTRALLY LOCATED HOTEL IN THE CITY
400 Rooms from $1.50 to $5.00 per day
Room with Bath $2.00 and upward
E. E. BONNEVILLE - - Manager

Hotel Schenley
EUROPEAN PLAN
12 minutes from Smithfield Street and 5th Avenue
FIREPROOF AND MODERN
Transient patronage solicited

COLORADO SPRINGS

En route to California, break a long and tiresome trip by stopping off at

THE ANTLERS
A perfectly appointed hotel, with the superb winter climate of Colorado.

European Plan. 250 rooms, $1.50 per day and upward.

Every modern convenience. Cuisine and service unexcelled. Golf, riding, driving and all outdoor sports.

[illegible], Manager

SAN FRANCISCO

Hotel Majestic
EUROPEAN PLAN

Majestic Annex
AMERICAN PLAN

SUTTER & GOUGH STREETS
All modern conveniences First class in every respect
Opened June 1, 1906 Out of the burned district
In the heart of the present business center
Gustav Mann, Manager

Winter Resort Directory

CALIFORNIA—RIVERSIDE

THE GLENWOOD—CALIFORNIA'S MISSION HOTEL

A modern hotel combining the picturesqueness of the eighteenth century, with the luxury of the twentieth.

FRANK A. MILLER, Proprietor **MRS. F. W. RICHARDSON, Manager**

For booklet and any information, write Everybody's Hotel Service.

CALIFORNIA—REDLANDS

SPECIAL RATES BY THE MONTH AND TO GUESTS ARRIVING BEFORE JANUARY 15th

HOTEL CASA LOMA **An Ideal Winter Home in the Most Beautiful and Healthful Spot in California**

CALIFORNIA—CORONADO BEACH

Outdoor Sports

Every day in the year

Polo, Tennis, Golf
Finest of Bathing
Boating and Fishing

CORONADO has the most equable climate in the world.

HOTEL DEL CORONADO

The Coronet of the Pacific Coast

ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS **TABLE UNSURPASSED**

Motto:—"Best of Everything" Send for illustrated booklet just issued

Address, MORGAN ROSS, Manager **CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA**

H. F. NORCROSS, Gen'l Agent, 334 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

CALIFORNIA-LOS ANGELES

THE ANGELUS

AMERICAN—EUROPEAN
MODERN AND UP TO DATE

One of the most elegantly furnished and equipped hotels in the United States.

Every room an outside room. Every bath an outside bath. Light, ventilation and sanitary. Arrangements perfect. Central location.

RATES
Single $1.50 to $5.00 per day
Double $2.50 to $8.00 per day
American Plan $2.00 Additional

LOOMIS BROS.
Proprietors

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Winter Resort Directory

CALIFORNIA—DEL MONTE

REMEMBER HOTEL DEL MONTE

is the one Resort of California that combines the attractions of all others

By the Sea, Near Old Monterey

Eighteen-Hole Golf Links Green All the Year, Boating, Fishing, Shooting, Tennis, Oiled Roads for Automobiling

Over one hundred acres of Park, Palms, Pines and spreading Live Oaks

Delightful Winter Climate

Located on the Southern Pacific Coast Line, between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Through Parlor Car leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 A.M.; arrives Del Monte in time for dinner.

The entire hotel has been renovated and refitted—steam heat, electric lights, telephone in every room. Purest mountain water from the Carmel River. Tourists should make reservations early. Remember that December, January and February are the pleasantest months of the year at Del Monte. For terms, etc., address **Everybody's Magazine Hotel Service**, or Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

CALIFORNIA—SAN BERNARDINO

ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS

The climate of Italy, having a variation in Summer and Winter of only 10°, combined with the scenery of Switzerland, majestic mountains and beautiful orange groves, with less than three miles separating the snow on the mountains from the oranges on the trees—in the midst of this lies Arrowhead Inn. At an altitude of 2000 feet, ideal for health, with the most curative hot springs in the world—and with a bath house which will accommodate 400 daily. Hot water, vapor, mud, electric light, Schott (Nauheim) needle, massage, X-ray, etc.

The analysis of these Springs—they are intermediate between Sprudel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.

For booklets apply to Everybody's Special Hotel Service. Rates, from $2.00 to $8.00 per day, according to accommodations.

Dr. G. W. TAPE - - Manager

CALIFORNIA—PASADENA

HOTEL GREEN

Is the largest and finest fireproof Resort Hotel in the West. Conducted on both American and European plans.

A hotel of refinement and the highest standard of excellence. Surrounded by parks.

American rates, $4.00 and up; European rates, $1.50 and up

G. G. GREEN, *Owner* J. H. HOLMES, *Manager*

CALIFORNIA—SOUTH PASADENA

"One of the strangest sights in America."—**N. Y. Journal**

THE CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

There is no more interesting point in Southern California than this, the original and largest Ostrich Farm in America. The birds are magnificent creatures, far above the average in size and strength, and their product of feathers is proportionately superior—strong in texture, brilliant and full of life and durability. We manufacture our goods on the farm and sell direct to our patrons, who thus save both import duty and middlemen's profits.

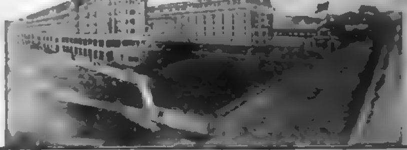
Send for our handsome new catalogue, which is an interesting history of ostrich farming in America, and contains besides illustrations and prices of all our Tips, Plumes, Fans, Boas, Stoles, etc. **Free on request.**

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

P. O. Box 51 South Pasadena, California

Winter Resort Directory

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



December and January—Ideal Seashore Months

Driving, Automobiling, Sailing, Golf, Fishing, Shooting

IN A BRACING FALL CLIMATE

Combined with the Luxurious Comfort of

THE HOTEL DENNIS

New fireproof addition just completed
Cuisine and service perfect

Newly furnished throughout
WALTER J. BUZBY, Owner and Manager

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

HOTELS ARLINGTON AND EASTMAN

America's Greatest Health Resort. Under government supervision. For detailed information, booklets and reservation of rooms apply to

Everybody's Special Hotel Service
31 East 17th St., New York

VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.

PRINCESS ANNE HOTEL UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT A. E. HILL, Manager; H. S. PARKER, Asst. Mgr. } Formerly of Hotel Chamberlin, Old Point Comfort, Va.

A magnificent hotel affording every comfort—its porches only fifty feet from the ocean. The October climate of Virginia, combined with the invigorating sea air, shooting, fishing, new golf links and every outdoor amusement, makes an ideal resort for a belated vacation.

Being only a short ride from Norfolk, it is within easy access of New York or Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Cuisine and service—in fact every appointment of the house, are of the best.

For further details or reservations, apply direct or to Everybody's Special Hotel Service

RATES: American Plan, $3.00 to $6.00 per day. Special Rates during October and November

FLORENCE VILLA, FLORIDA

Metropolitan Comforts and Luxuries combined with Plantation Life

HOTEL FLORENCE VILLA

150 ROOMS 60 EN SUITE WITH PRIVATE BATH

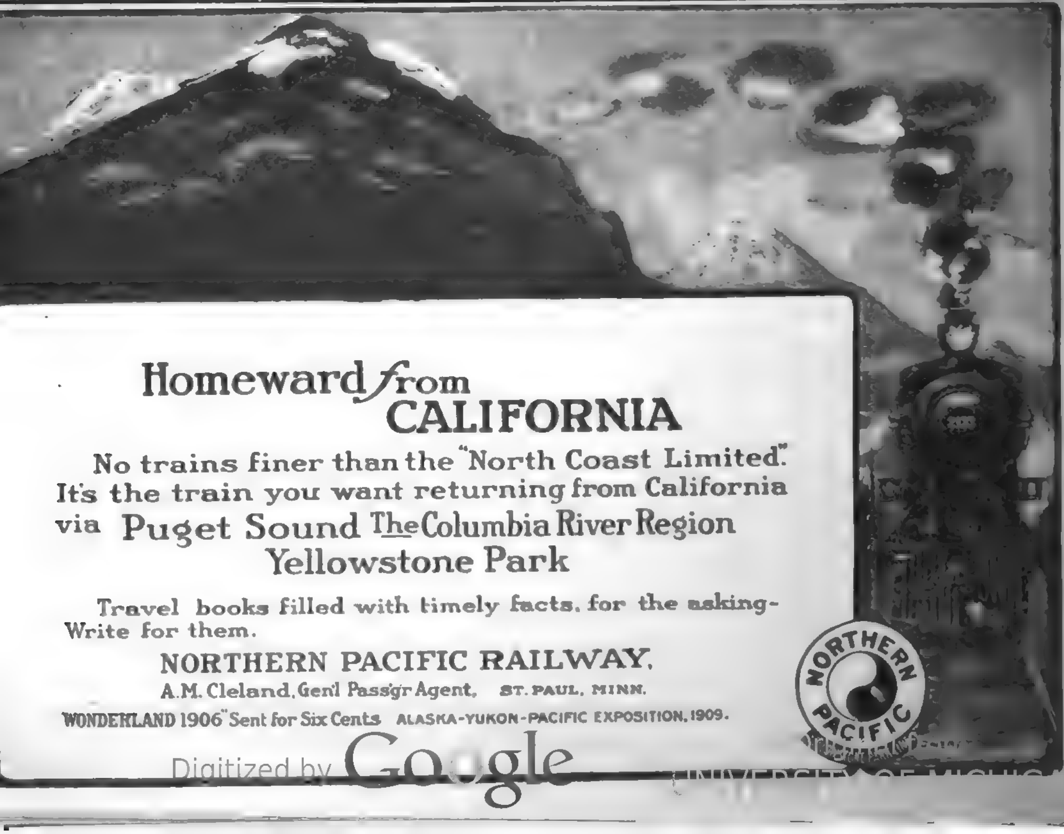
500 Acres Oranges and Grapefruit Free Launches for guests

On most picturesque chain of Lakes. Hunting and Fishing unexcelled

CLIMATE HEALTHFUL AND INVIGORATING

Season opens January First

Send for Booklet



Homeward from CALIFORNIA

No trains finer than the "North Coast Limited."
It's the train you want returning from California
via Puget Sound The Columbia River Region
Yellowstone Park

Travel books filled with timely facts, for the asking-
Write for them.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
A.M. Cleland, Gen'l Pass'gr Agent. ST. PAUL, MINN.
"WONDERLAND 1906" Sent for Six Cents ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION, 1909.

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Winter Resort Directory

PINEHURST
NORTH CAROLINA

(Founded by James W. Tufts.)

THE LEADING HOTEL AND RECREATION RESORT OF THE SOUTH

PINEHURST is located in the center of the sandy, long-leaf-pine section of North Carolina, about midway between the coast and the mountains.

PINEHURST has four hotels, with varying prices, fifty-two cottages and a splendid preparatory school.

HOLLY INN opens November 20th, CAROLINA, January 11th; BERKSHIRE AND HARVARD, early in January.

PINEHURST has the best golf links south of Washington. There are two separate courses, one of 18 and one of 9 holes. Frequent tournaments.

PINEHURST has a large livery of selected saddle and driving horses, and a well-known teacher of riding.

PINEHURST offers exclusive shooting privileges on a Game Preserve of 35,000 acres, with expert guides and kennels of trained dogs.

PINEHURST'S sanitary conditions are absolutely perfect and are inspected and indorsed by experts.

PINEHURST is the only resort in the country from which consumptives are absolutely excluded.

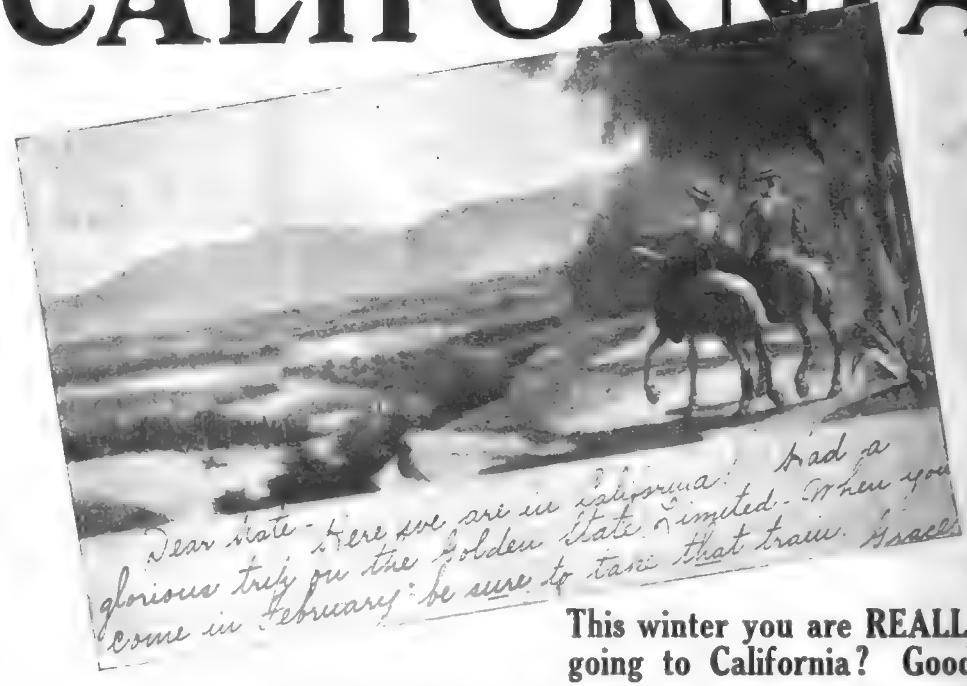
Through Pullman Service via Seaboard Air Line or Southern Railway. Only one night out from New York, Boston and Cincinnati. Don't fail to send for literature, illustrating the out-of-door features of PINEHURST and giving full details of its attractions, at nearest railroad offices or

Pinehurst Manager

PINEHURST, North Carolina

or LEONARD TUFTS, Owner, Boston, Mass.

CALIFORNIA



Dear Kate - Here we are in California! Had a glorious trip on the Golden State Limited - When you come in February be sure to take that train. Grace

This winter you are REALLY going to California? Good!

But how about the question of train and route? If your only object is to get there "somehow" it matters little which line you select. If you want the highest degree of luxury, the climatic advantages of the most southerly route, lowest altitudes and varied scenery, you will choose the **Golden State Limited.**

Every car is new.
No other train is so luxuriously equipped.
No other train makes faster time.

Drawing-room and compartment Pullmans; mission style Rock Island diner and mission style buffet-observation car. Drawing-room and compartments can be occupied en suite—a particularly desirable arrangement for families.

Barber, library, stock market reports by wire, magazines and daily newspapers, and many new features for the comfort and welfare of patrons.

Every day in the week from Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco.

Numerous important details of the journey on this beautiful train and interesting scenes en route are contained in a dainty booklet just ready for distribution. The book is yours for the asking—and you need it if you are going to California.

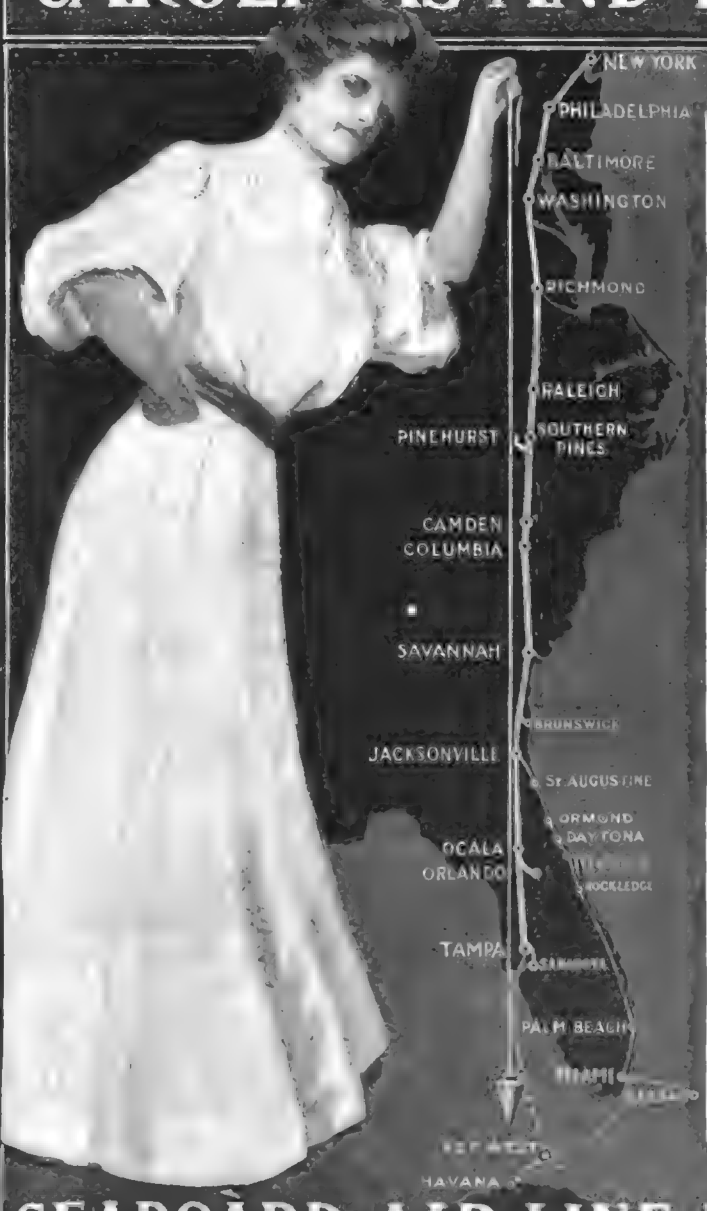
For berth reservation, communicate with any Rock Island representative, or

Rock Island

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
CHICAGO.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

STRAIGHT AS A PLUMB LINE *to the* Winter Resorts *of the* CAROLINAS AND FLORIDA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PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
RICHMOND
RALEIGH
PINEHURST
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ROCKLEDGE
TAMPA
PALM BEACH
HAVANA

JUST RIGHT

The climate in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida.

The opportunities for outdoor sports — Hunting — Fishing — Golf — Motoring — Sailing.

Stopover points enroute.

Hotels to suit the purse.

Excursion tickets allowing stopovers. On sale until April 30th. Limit May 31st.

Quickest through train service via shortest route.

The Seaboard Florida Limited electric lighted, all Pullmans. Runs January 7th to April 7th, between New York and St. Augustine.

Two other high class trains.

For resort booklet, information, etc., apply Northern offices.

BOSTON, 360 Washington Street.
NEW YORK, 1183 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA, 1433 Chestnut Street.
BALTIMORE, Continental Trust Building.
WASHINGTON, 1421 Pennsylvania Avenue.

CHAS. B. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.
EDWARD F. COST, 2nd Vice-Pres.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

"The 20th Century Limited"

Fastest Long Distance Train in the World

960 Miles in 18 Hours

via the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD"

This magnificent train is equipped with Pullman cars of the very latest design and has all the special features which have made the New York Central service so deservedly popular. Barber, Fresh and Salt Water Baths, Valet, Ladies' Maid, Manicure, Stock and Market Reports, Telephone, Stenographer, etc.

A dozen other fast and luxurious trains between

NEW YORK, BOSTON
AND
BUFFALO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND, COLUMBUS,
CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS,
CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
the West and
Southwest

C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager, New York

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

To Upbuild the Pacific Coast States

WASHINGTON
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO

The Quoin Club of New York, an association of the leading periodicals of national circulation, reaching practically every family of means and intelligence in the United States and Canada, is represented on the Pacific Coast by a gentleman thoroughly conversant with the most approved modern advertising methods. He will gladly cooperate in obtaining profitable publicity for the communities and industries of that region among capitalists, settlers and tourists throughout the whole continent, and, indeed, much of the foreign English-speaking world.

In order to assist in this undertaking, the Quoin Club is acting as a means of putting persons interested in touch with reliable sources of information as to the Pacific Coast States.

It has already furnished the various organized bodies interested with the names of large numbers of prospective investors and residents, and will continue to do so.

All this with a view to demonstrating the value of advertising in weekly and monthly periodicals of good standing to be the most effective means (cost considered) of interesting the nation as a whole in any city, locality, or high-grade article of commerce.

If you are interested in investing on the Pacific Coast or living there, or in advertising it or its communities or products,

ADDRESS

QUOIN CLUB

Arcade Building,
Seattle, Washington.

or

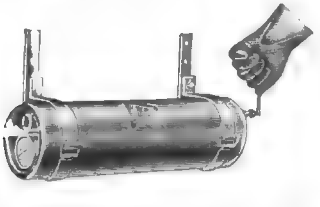
Flatiron Building,
New York City.

The periodicals represented in the Quoin Club issue over 15,000,000 copies a month.

Everybody's *is a member of the Quoin Club.*

"AUTOGAS"

For Lighting Automobiles



Cheapest, Most Efficient, Most Serviceable, The Perfect System

AVERY tanks were the first in the field and are in the lead today. They are safe—easily operated, produce a steady never failing light and give you 50 hours gas supply for two powerful lamps at a cost of $2.25.

We guarantee a tank recharged a hundred times to be just as efficient as a new one. Full information free for the asking.

AVERY PORTABLE LIGHTING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
DISTRIBUTING AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

It Keeps Women YOUNG And the Family WELL

Dr. Arnold's Massage Vibrator will be sent on 10 days' trial to any responsible party
Sold on Easy Terms if desired

This simple, handy, powerful toilet necessity, *Dr. Arnold's Massage Vibrator*, will give to any woman, *old or young*, a beautifully smooth, clear skin, tinted as delicately as a sea shell.

Because it *exercises* the skin to perfect health,—rubs out all disfiguring wrinkles, cleanses and closes up unsightly pores—thus giving that perfect complexion which makes even irregular features wonderfully attractive—if not positively beautiful.

Dr. Arnold's Massage Vibrator also assures a *perfect figure* by removing superfluous fat—*exercising away* the double chin, or over-stoutness anywhere, for superfluous fat is unnatural.

And by *building up* the figure into graceful curves, by filling in all hollows and angles—for over-thinness is also unnatural—a penalty of living indoors under unnatural 20th Century conditions.

Dr. Arnold's Massage Vibrator takes the place of drugs and medicines in successfully treating almost all of the common family ailments. Massage is nature's own "cure-all."

Ask your physician to tell you of the wonderful, almost unbelievable cures through the use of Vibratory Massage, or send for our Family Doctor Book—"**Massage—for Health and Beauty.**" It's FREE. Inclose 4c for postage.

Dr. GEO. S. ARNOLD, 501 Main St., Racine, Wisconsin

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS
Awarded Four Gold Medals.

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Reproductions of the World's Great Paintings.

ONE CENT EACH
for 25 or more. 120 for $1.00.

Send 2 two-cent stamps for Illustrated Catalogue of 1,000 miniature pictures, or 25 cents for 25 Art Subjects or 25 Madonnas, or $1.00 for Xmas set of 120 Art Subjects, or 50 cents for 11 Extra Size, 10 x 12. *Order To-day.* Satisfaction guaranteed.

The Perry Pictures Co.
BOX 400, MALDEN, MASS.

6 to 8 times this size 5½ x 8

2,000 Subjects

I TEACH SIGN PAINTING

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue. **Chas. J. Strong, Pres.**

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept. G. DETROIT, MICH.
"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind"

PHYSICAL CULTURE WITHOUT EXERCISE

the healthful exhilarating effect of **THE NATURAL BODY CONFORMER.** A scientific appliance for men, women and children that cultivates and permanently maintains a strong, vigorous body and perfect health. **Straightens and Prevents Round Shoulders.** Deep breathing is the secret of good health. **The Natural is the secret of deep breathing.** Write today for Descriptive Booklet—FREE.

Dept. J. GOOD FORM COMPANY
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SPARE TIME
STUDY

JOURNALISM

Practical, paying newspaper work, writing special articles, etc.

TAUGHT BY MAIL.

Instruction in personal charge of Mr. Henry Litchfield West, formerly managing editor of *Washington Post.* Successful students everywhere. **Students assisted to positions.**

Write for free illustrated booklet "Journalism as a Career."

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE,
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Fourteenth Year.

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Chicago Correspondence School of Law,
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39,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass these examinations and receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1,200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing dates, places for holding examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

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The original school. Instruction by mail adapted to every one. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses—Preparatory, Business, College. Prepares for practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business. Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and special offer free.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law.
496 Majestic Bldg, Detroit, Mich.

OUR HELP AND YOUR INVESTMENT

NOTE: If you have a little money to invest and wish at the same time to help along a good work, read this announcement. The investment will be profitable and safe. We are more interested to get a large number of subscriptions than we are to get large subscriptions from a smaller number.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has now arrived at that certainty of a large permanent circulation which justifies us in equipping our own manufacturing plant. We believe that, on our present editions, with our own plant we could make a saving of from $7,000 to $10,000 a month over the prices we are paying on contract. A saving of $100,000 a year seems worth while.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is making good money. The 15 cent price is established. Our policy of filling the magazine with strong, stirring stuff and then telling the people about it gives assurance of circulation at the present remarkable figure.

Advertisers have stamped their approval on our enterprise by spending with us nearly three quarters of a million dollars during the past year. This great business comes to us because we have a big circulation among buying people. And the circulation comes because we are making the kind of a magazine the buying people want.

EVERYBODY'S does not owe a cent in the world. It pays substantial dividends. Its credit is the highest. We could, no doubt, buy a manufacturing plant and pay for it out of the savings from our profits, but improvements paid for by slow economies are long in coming, and we are impatient. We see the future big with things to be done; we cannot wait for their doing; that we may play an early part we ask your help, and at the same time offer you the opportunity to make an extra safe and profitable investment.

EVERYBODY'S offers its friends $200,000 in Bonds of The Ridgway Company (part of an issue of $500,000, of which $300,000 has been taken by the stockholders of The Ridgway Company), these Bonds being payable in Gold and bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, payable semiannually. The Ridgway Company owns all the assets, good-will, and possessions of all kinds of Everybody's Magazine, a property which, modestly estimated, is worth more than $1,000,000. It owns all the properties of the new Weekly, and it will own the printing plant to be purchased out of the proceeds of the sale of these Bonds. All this property guarantees the Bonds.

Everybody's earnings have been sufficient to pay the interest on these Bonds, and much over, and with the additional equipment thus provided, the earnings will be greatly increased. All funds realized from the sale of these $200,000 in Bonds will be devoted to the development of the business. The Bonds will be ten-year Bonds, redeemable at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum after the fifth year.

In order that all may have a chance to share in this investment, the Bonds are offered in denominations of $100 each. Requests for less than $100 cannot be accepted, and we reserve the right to decline allotting more than $10,000 to any one party except after close investigation.

When one considers that the rate of interest on these Bonds is seven per cent.; that Everybody's is thoroughly responsible—this is a good investment. The Bonds should be subscribed quickly.

This offer will appear in the Magazine until we are satisfied that the bulk of our readers have seen it. The Bonds are now ready for delivery and allotments will be made promptly upon receipt of subscriptions. It would be well to use the form given below and we would suggest immediate action.

The Ridgway Company

The Ridgway Company ______________ 1906.

31 East 17th Street, New York

Gentlemen: I hereby subscribe for ______________ dollars in bonds of THE RIDGWAY COMPANY and I enclose ______________ dollars as a payment of ten per cent. on this subscription. I understand that these bonds will be forwarded to me as soon as my share in the allotment can be made. I further understand that they are payable in gold and that they bear interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, payable semiannually. Please acknowledge receipt and let me know when to pay the balance of my subscription.

Name: ______________

Address: ______________

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
SCRIBNERS MAGAZINE
SUCCESS MAGAZINE
OUTING
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

SAVE MAGAZINE MONEY

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(IN COLOR)

TO every reader of this magazine who loves nature and animals and out-door life we will send, without charge, these four beautiful pictures, which retail at 50 cents each. They are printed on heavy art paper, without lettering, and are wonderful examples of the art of color photography. Framed at moderate cost they will make excellent decorations for your home, or they can be used just as they are. Size 10½ x 7½ inches.

Why We Make This Offer

We send these pictures to advertise our STANDARD LIBRARY OF NATURAL HISTORY, which has just been completed after years of labor and at enormous expense. It contains over 2,000 illustrations from actual photographs,—secured in many cases by special expeditions to foreign lands. It is the only thoroughly readable and entertaining work of its kind in existence.

NO OBLIGATION

Your application for the pictures imposes no obligation to purchase the Library. We will forward the pictures, together with a description of the books, by mail postpaid. You will not be bothered by agents or canvassers; this Society transacts all its business by correspondence.

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COUPON

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, New York

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For father, brother, son; for mother, wife, daughter; for the business man, the professional man; for the school pupil, the college graduate, The New International Encyclopædia is an invaluable possession to any one.

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Twenty volumes, and a book of study courses, enabling the reader to get systematic information on all related subjects, richly bound, finely illustrated and beautifully printed. Prepared by years of exhaustive research and conscientious effort on the part of its eminent Editors-in-Chief: DANIEL COIT GILMAN, LL.D., HARRY THURSTON PECK, Ph.D., L.H.D., and FRANK MOORE COLBY, M.A., and the 400 recognized specialists and scholars associated with them,

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100,000 SUBJECTS **7,000 ILLUSTRATIONS**

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372 Fifth Avenue, New York

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Gentlemen—Please send, without cost to me, your pamphlet descriptive of the New International Encyclopædia with specimen pages, colored plates, maps and information regarding prices and easy payment plan, also your 25-cent Question Booklet, free, as per your offer in this magazine

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Everybody's
100

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CHRISTIAN WORKERS' EDITION

Easiest-Reading Bible

The mere reader of the Bible, even though intelligent and religious, will miss much of the precious truth that lies hidden under the mass of matter which to many appear unconnected. In the "**International**"

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the Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D.D., the popular lecturer and preacher on Bible themes, has evolved a new plan of indexing and marking that makes Bible reading not only easy but exceptionally attractive.

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REV. ALBERT G. LAWSON, Newark, N. J.: Your Christian Workers' Bible pleases me greatly. It is as superb in its simplicity as it is admirable in its adaptability to all who would lead a child to Christ or train a Christian for personal service.

REV. JAMES A. WORDEN, D.D., LL.D., *Supt. Sabbath School Training, Presbyterian Board of Sunday-School Work:* I have long desired a copy of the Bible properly marked. For the want of time and on account of the pressure of duties I have not been able to mark the entire Scriptures, nor had I decided upon the principles that should guide in the marking of Bible passages, nor were the implements of marking always ready to hand. But here in this beautiful "International" Christian Workers' Bible, a specimen of the finest typography, I have a complete copy of the Scriptures accurately and tastefully marked, according to the very best ideas of Bible marking.

I have known Rev. Doctor Jesse Lyman Hurlbut many years. No minister is better fitted to do this work than he. Doctor Hurlbut has been especially happy in deciding upon those passages which treat of the theme of salvation, and upon his division of this general theme into classes.

I went through the Christian Workers' Bible testing the accuracy of the classification, and I found it complete in every instance.

These beautiful printed red lines and letters are guides to the great temple of the Bible, and they are reliable. This volume must prove a treasure to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all Y. M. C. A. members, and also to the members of the Epworth League or Christian Endeavor, and, indeed, to all Bible readers.

The Christian Workers' Bible is bound in fine Morocco, Divinity Circuit, with overlapping edges and ends; round corners, gold edges with red underneath. Size of page, 8½ x 5¼ inches, beautifully printed in large, clear type, on fine dull finish paper.

Published at $4.75, but for quick introduction and for a limited time we offer it at the **Special Price of $2.50.**

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE PRESS 2
1006-16 Arch St., Philadelphia

Please send, without charge, **THE CHRISTIAN WORKERS' BIBLE.** I will remit $2.50 or return same in 5 days at your expense.

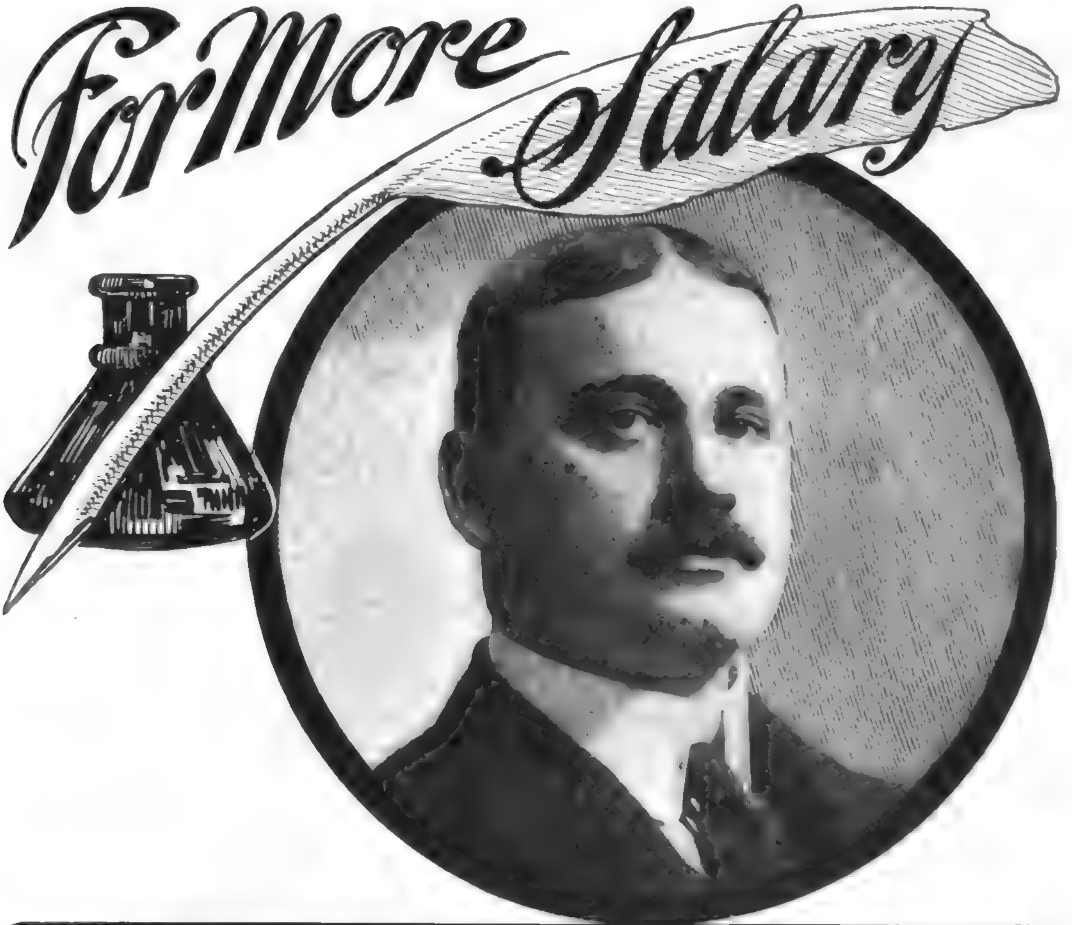
Name...

Address...

If you want this Bible with our Patent Thumb Index change price to $2.85

Cut out the coupon opposite and mail to-day and The Christian Workers' Bible will be sent, charge prepaid, for examination. If it comes up to expectations, remit $2.50. If not, return by express at our expense within 5 days.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



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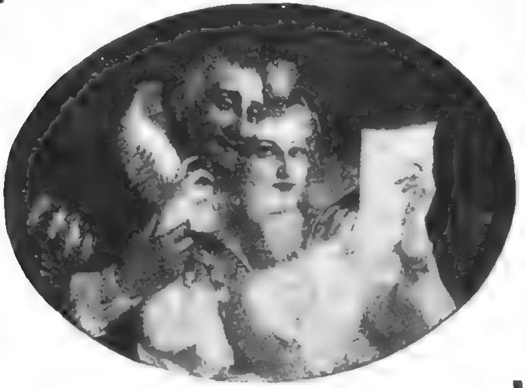

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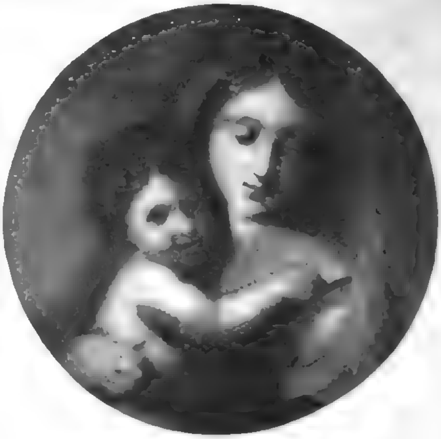

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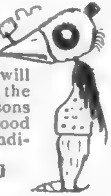

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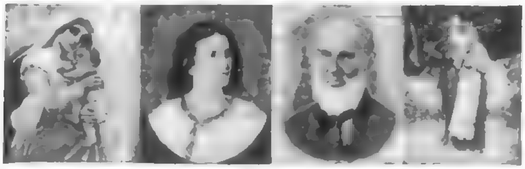

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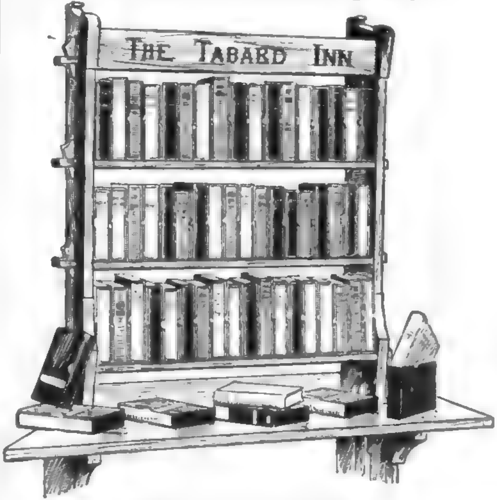

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The Next

JANUARY

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Eugene Wood, the kindly humor of whose philosophy is so widely loved, writes on **MARRIAGE**, in a cheery comment that clears away the mists of present-day cynicism, and leaves a thoughtful optimism in their stead.

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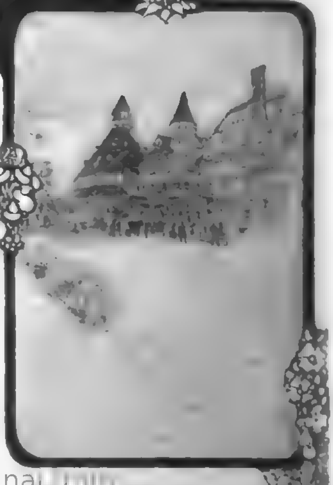

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Everywhere
November 20th**

**At the last [illegible] drawings were substituted for Mr. Bailey's [illegible] timeliness [illegible] transfer "Southern California" to a following number.*

Everybody's
NUMBER

There is an unusual array of humor. Joseph Lincoln, who ranks high to-day among American humorists, outdoes himself in the chuckle-producing ISSY AND "THE OTHER;" Rupert Hughes, in THE CHRISTMAS CLEARING HOUSE, solves forever the Christmas gift problem.

Among the ten contributors of fiction to this veritable holiday volume, Chas. G. D. Roberts has a weirdly thrilling story, more powerful in its way than anything he has ever done before—THE TERROR OF THE SEA CAVES. It tells of a human struggle under seas. There is an atmosphere of adventure about it that reminds one even of Hugo.

EUGENE WOOD

SEWELL FORD

W. HERBERT DUNTON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. HERBERT DUNTON FOR "THE TERROR OF THE SEA CAVES"

Thomas W. Lawson continues his sensational triumph in the field of fiction; **Jack London** proves his mastery of the weirdest epoch of the world's history into which imagination ever ventured; **Robert E. Park** completes his arraignment of a king by explaining the scope and methods of Leopold's Press Bureau—a revelation of the way in which millions have been spent to hoodwink the people of the civilized world.

The list of contributors to this number presents a striking array of names: **Chas. G. D. Roberts, Charles Edward Russell, Vernon Howe Bailey, Thomas W. Lawson, Edith Rickert, Robert E. Park, Joseph C. Lincoln, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Sewell Ford, Jack London, Eugene Wood, Rupert Hughes, Burges Johnson, Grace MacGowan Cooke, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins**—and this partial array proclaims more clearly than any other form of words that here is actually a magazine for everybody.

15 CENTS A COPY
$1.50 A YEAR

This picture serves to illustrate the prevailing New York fashions in Evening Dress. The man in the centre wears full Evening Dress—from which there can be no deviation. The men in dinner jackets wear the two styles which are correct this season. At the right is shown the dinner jacket with peaked lapels and the gray single breasted waistcoat. At the left is pictured the more conservative informal Tuxedo worn with a black waistcoat.

MADE IN NEW YORK

GOOD Style is not exaggerated style.

Clothing made by Alfred Benjamin & Co. is up to the minute in cut and fabric—but never extreme.

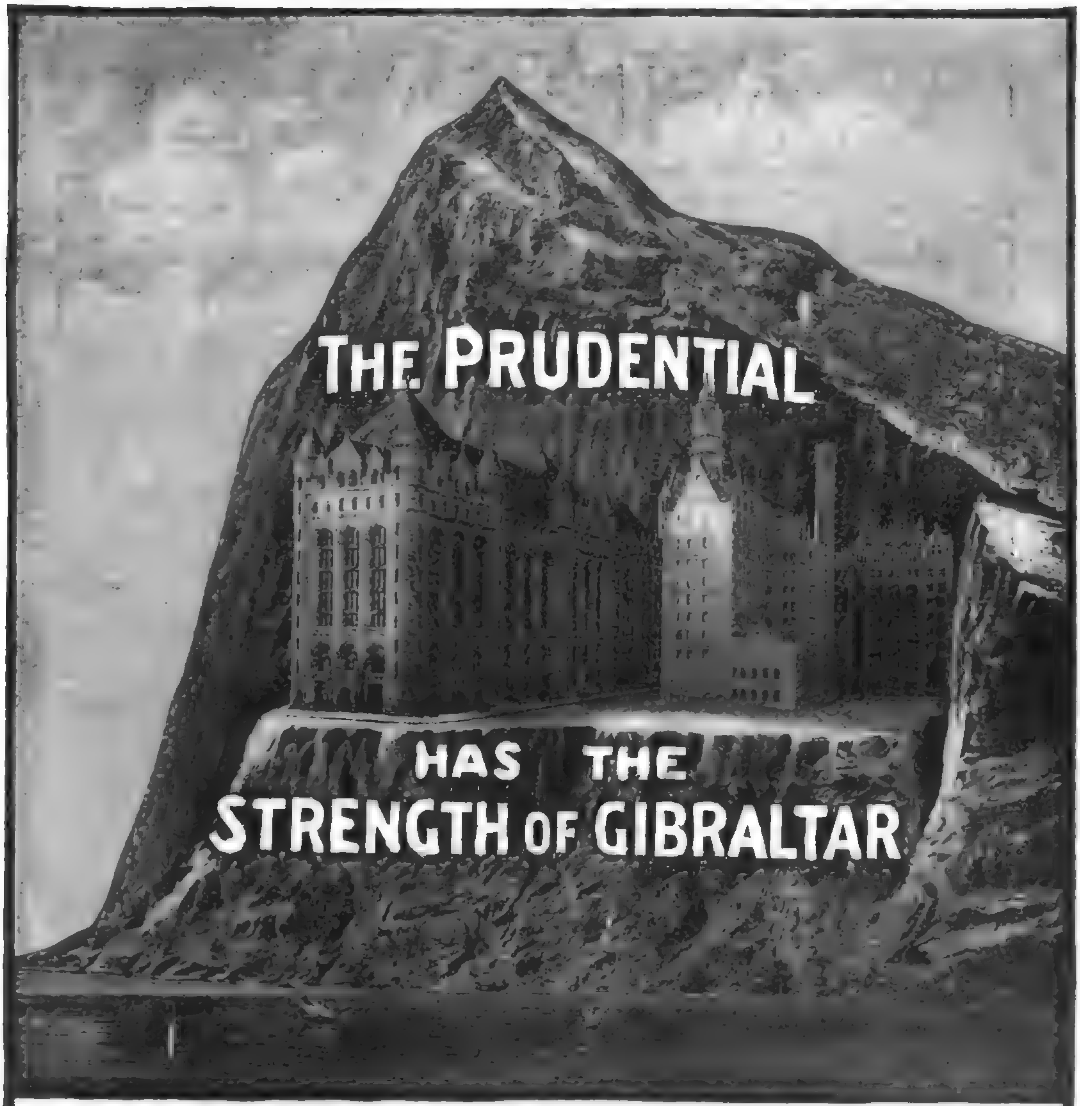
Alfred Benjamin & Co MAKERS. NEW YORK

An Alfred Benjamin & Co. suit bought to-day will be in good taste and is so made that it will hold the style till the last day of service.

Correct Clothes for Men

Illustrated booklet "Made in New York" and the name of the nearest Alfred Benjamin & Co. representative sent free on request.

Address Alfred Benjamin & Co. (Dept. R), N. Y. City



The House Founded On A Rock

Shall stand. Build your fortunes on the rock foundation of Life Insurance. It has shielded thousands from want, educated thousands of young men and women, and started them in business. Write to-day for information of Policies, with Rates and Benefits at your age. Address Dept. 31.

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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

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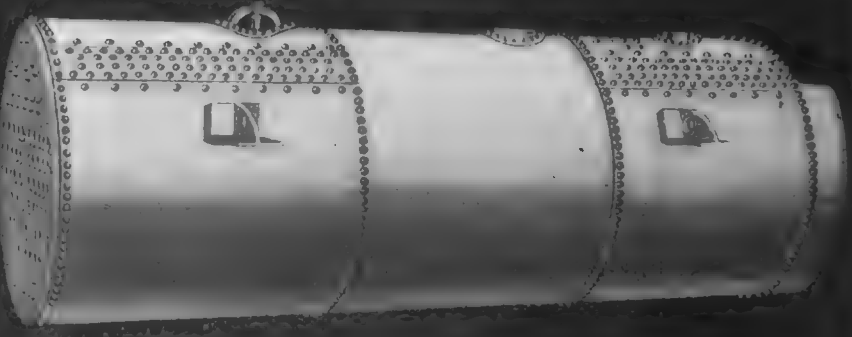
The buildings pictured above are owned and occupied by The Prudential Insurance Company of America, as its Home Office at Newark, N. J. The extensive business of The Prudential requires in these home office buildings alone, the services of over two thousand employees.

ATLAS

Engines and Boilers of Highest Excellence



HORIZONTAL TUBULAR BOILER

A badly constructed boiler of cheap materials is dangerous folly. It is safer, it is more economical to pay the right price and get the genuine Atlas Quality.

Note the design and triple-butt strap construction of seams. No longitudinal seams in the fire. That means safety and durability under severe service.

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS

LARGEST BUILDERS OF ENGINES AND BOILERS IN THE WORLD

PLANT AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES: INDIANAPOLIS

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ENGINES—Throttling, Automatic, Single-Valve, Four-Valve, Corliss, Compound, Splash-Oiling, Gasoline.

BOILERS—Water-Tube, Tubular, Six-Inch Flue, Locomotive, Vertical, Portable, Internally Fired.

ATLAS ENGINES IN SERVICE, OVER 3,000,000 HORSEPOWER
ATLAS BOILERS IN SERVICE, OVER 4,000,000 HORSEPOWER

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

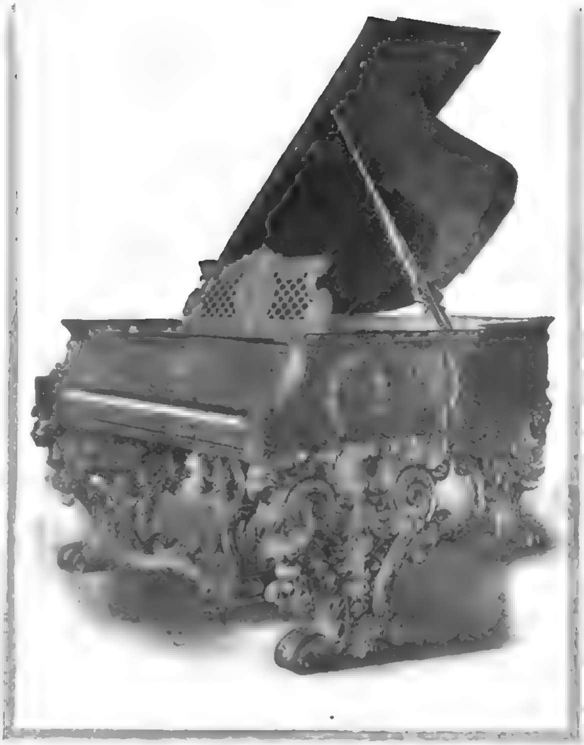
THE WEBER PIANO OF TODAY

THE musical season of 1906-7 in the United States will be made notable by the return, after eight years of absence, of that giant of the pianistic world, Moriz Rosenthal. To those who are informed on contemporaneous musical events, the name of Rosenthal stands for the extreme possibilities to which the art of piano-playing can be carried. "Amazing," "bewildering," "incredible," "stupendous"—such are the

adjectives that the critics have lavishly showered upon his performances.

The piano chosen by the great Rosenthal to be the medium of his wonderful art is the Weber. This choice, made only after the most exhaustive tests, and with a thorough knowledge of the entire piano field, is most significant. It speaks eloquently of the regard in which the Weber is held to-day by the musical world at home and abroad.

Rosenthal himself attaches the utmost importance to his present American tour. For months in advance he devoted himself to arduous preparation for his appearances before the American public, foregoing all engagements abroad. Every detail connected with his return to this country has had his personal, painstaking attention. Naturally, there could be no matter



more vital than the piano he is to play. And the result of his deliberations is that he has given preference to the Weber *over any other and all other pianos.*

There is no piano-manufacturer who would not consider it as the greatest triumph to have his instruments favored by this charming poet and prodigious master of the keyboard. Rosenthal's answer to the conflicting claims of rival manufacturers is his appearance before the most cultured and critical audiences from coast to coast, playing always and exclusively the piano that responds most completely to the demands of the virtuoso—the Weber.

Of recent years the rapid progress and development of the Weber's resources have set a new standard of perfection in the piano world.

Backed by the largest capital possessed by any manufacturer of musical instruments, maintaining a corps of experts in construction such as were never before assembled, the Weber Piano of to-day receives the homage of the *cognoscenti* and the patronage of the public, not on past laurels, but on the unequivocal platform that it is

Absolutely the Best Piano Made

and that, as piano construction is to-day known and practiced, no amount of skill or money can produce a superior instrument.

Uprights, $500 upwards. Grands, $750 upwards

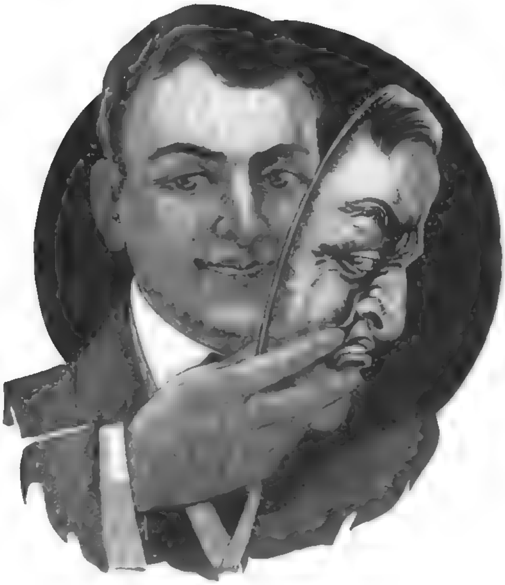
Send for Art Catalog K of Weber Pianos

The Weber Piano Company

Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Avenue, Near Thirty-fourth Street
New York

114 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.
114 Monument Place, Indianapolis, Ind.

London: 135 New Bond Street
Paris: 32 Avenue de l'Opera
Berlin: Unter den Linden, 71



Chuck It

If you have been wearing an ugly mask put it away and let your friends enjoy seeing the *real* person now and then, at least. A physician describes some of the effects of coffee thus:

"In some cases the skin becomes sallow and more sensitive to cold; digestion is impaired; appetite gradually wanes; sleep is obtained with difficulty and does not refresh the individual; liver and kindred complaints occur and a kind of joylessness that throws a dark shade all over God's lovely nature."

It is easy to lay aside the "Coffee face" if well-made

POSTUM

is used instead of ordinary coffee.

"There's a Reason"

Read the book, **"The Road to Wellville,"** in pkgs.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Woolen Don'ts

Don't Rub
Don't Boil
Don't Soak
Don't Twist
Don't use Soap
but DO use
Pearline
and use it in the
Pearline way

FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS

(on each package) and see how CLEAN—SOFT and FLUFFY your Woolens and Flannels will be. Wash Woolens and Flannels by hand in lukewarm PEARLINE suds, Rinse thoroughly in warm water. Wring dry. Pull and Shake well, Dry in warm temperature, and they will KEEP SOFT without shrinking.

All Woolens Need Pearline

Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS JEWELERS
SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS HERALDISTS

Gold and Diamond Jewelry

Not Less Than 14-Karat Gold First-Quality Gems

Many attractive new styles suitable for Christmas Gifts are described in the following twelve

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

Booklets desired free on request			Suggestions from the booklets	
Barettes,	$4.00 to	$60	Barette No. 1762. Rose gold round wire, with applied decoration and four Baroque Pearls	$12.75
Bangles,	6.00 to	750	Bangle No. 142. Three Sapphires, mounted in hand-engraved Roman gold flat band	$33.00
Brooches,	2.00 to	110	Brooch No. 209-B. Large oblong Amethyst, in polished gold flat antique border	$16.50
Back Combs,	4.75 to	75	Back Comb No. 1702. Genuine dark tortoise shell, with polished gold applied bead mounting	$12.50
Cuff Links,	3.25 to	58	Cuff Links No. 365. Polished gold plain flat oval. Engraved monogram included in price	$7.50
Guard Chains,	18.00 to	250	Guard Chain No. 409. Eight round Amethysts, mounted in cable link chain, 48 inches long	$23.00
Handy Pins,	1.25 to	48	Handy Pin No. 2048. One Amethyst and six Baroque Pearls, in polished gold twist wire	$11.00
Hat Pins,	1.75 to	19	Hat Pin No. 1845. Rose gold Calla Lily, with Baroque Pearl centre	$5.00
Lockets,	6.00 to	145	Locket No. 1940. Polished yellow gold oval, with Empire engraving	$14.50
Watches,	25.00 to	175	No. A. Lady's 18-karat gold open-face Watch, with revolving pendant. A tasteful little high-class timepiece. Engraved monogram included in price	$25.00
Scarf Pins,	2.00 to	50	Scarf Pin No. 541. Peridot in polished gold Arabesque mounting	$5.00
Watch Fobs,	11.00 to	56	Watch Fob No. 458. Silk Fob, with fluted gold ring and pierced scroll mounting. Oval gold seal. Engraved monogram included in price	$19.00

The Book of Precious Stones
indicates the richness of the Diamond stock and the beauty of the newer designs.

Etiquette of Wedding Stationery
A booklet of correct forms, phraseology, etc.

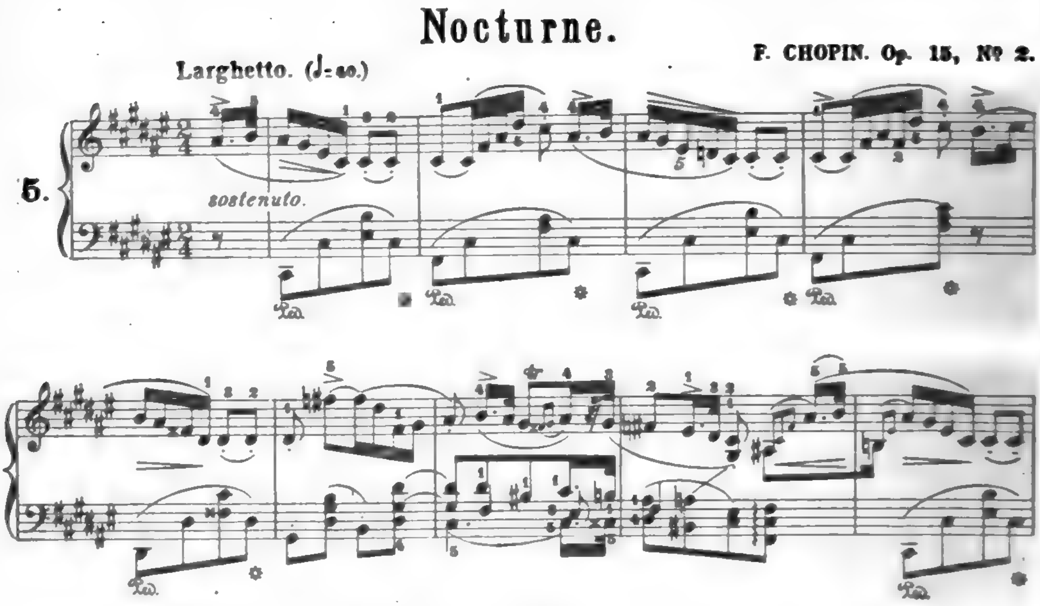
The 1907 Year Book
catalogues the entire stock and contains many important gift suggestions in Gold and Precious Stone Jewelry, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Fine China, Glass and Objects of Art.

Any booklets sent on request

GOODS ON APPROVAL

Careful and varied selections will be sent for inspection, customary bank or mercantile references only required

1218-20-22 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Play These Notes on a Conover Piano

COMPARE the results with those you obtain on an ordinary instrument. Notice how carefully the action is adjusted and how accurately it is balanced. The precision of the workmanship on the Conover is shown in the immediate and sympathetic response of the keys to the touch. The impulse necessary to make one key respond is the same as that required for any of the others. With such an action, you can play with certainty of obtaining just the effect you desire. It is an action that gives you command of the instrument and enables you to obtain the finest degrees of tone color, even in the heaviest climaxes.

Then, also, the Conover tone is pure, resonant, and musical. Play the most strenuous passages and the tones will all retain their characteristic beauty: in the most rapid, delicate runs, every note will be perfectly audible; while the even scale gives a uniform quality of tone from bass to treble.

To try a Conover Piano is to be convinced of its excellence—to buy it, is to be assured of satisfaction and value.

Send for our Book of Conover Pianos and other interesting matter.
Fill out the coupon and mail it to us.

The Cable Company
Manufacturers **Chicago**
New York Office and Warerooms, 139 Fifth Avenue

Cut Along This Line

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12.'[illegible]

The Cable Company
Chicago, Ill.

Please send your Book of Conover Pianos and other publications.

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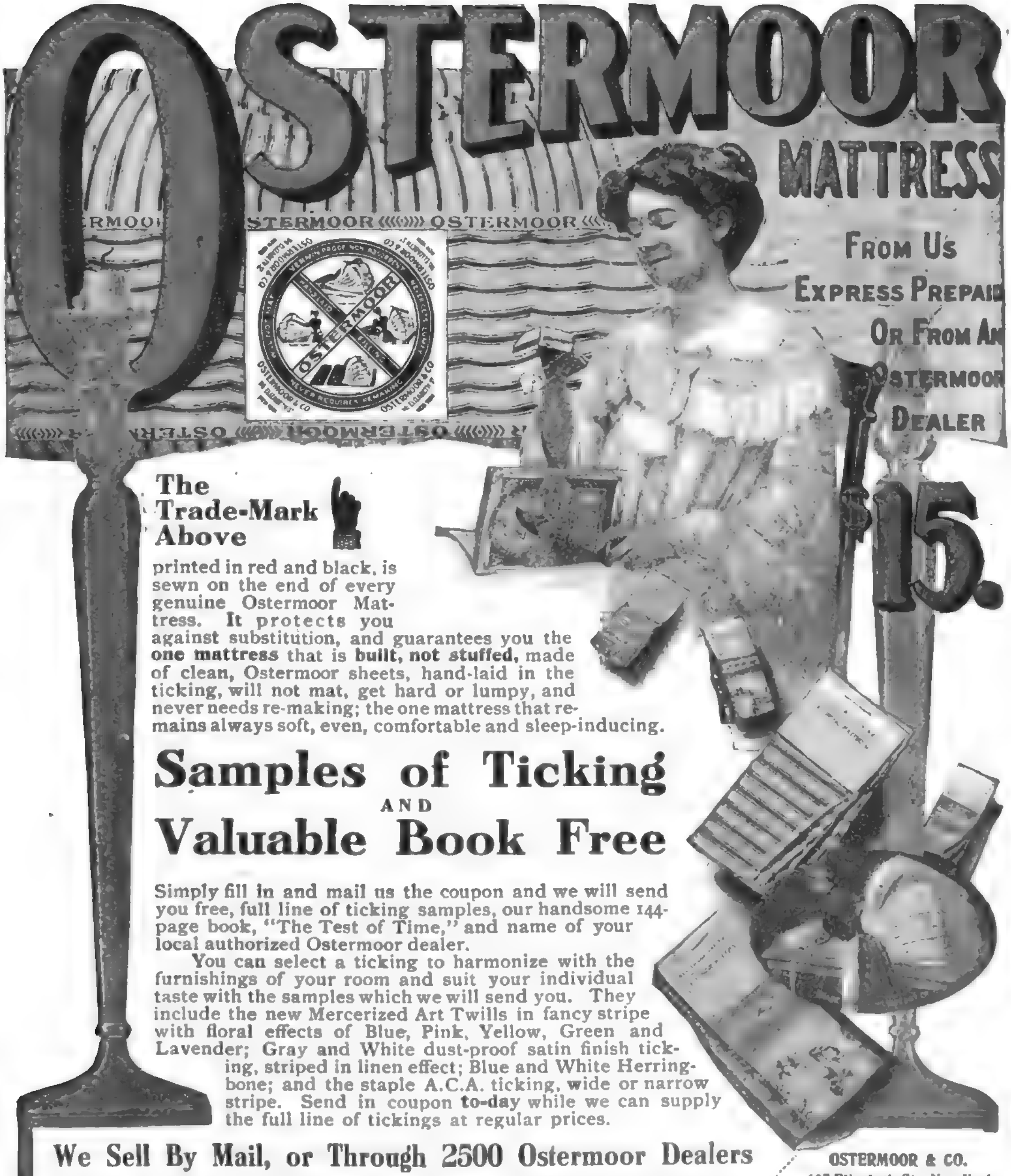


The Trade-Mark Above

printed in red and black, is sewn on the end of every genuine Ostermoor Mattress. It protects you against substitution, and guarantees you the **one mattress** that is **built, not stuffed,** made of clean, Ostermoor sheets, hand-laid in the ticking, will not mat, get hard or lumpy, and never needs re-making; the one mattress that remains always soft, even, comfortable and sleep-inducing.

Samples of Ticking AND Valuable Book Free

Simply fill in and mail us the coupon and we will send you free, full line of ticking samples, our handsome 144-page book, "The Test of Time," and name of your local authorized Ostermoor dealer.

You can select a ticking to harmonize with the furnishings of your room and suit your individual taste with the samples which we will send you. They include the new Mercerized Art Twills in fancy stripe with floral effects of Blue, Pink, Yellow, Green and Lavender; Gray and White dust-proof satin finish ticking, striped in linen effect; Blue and White Herringbone; and the staple A.C.A. ticking, wide or narrow stripe. Send in coupon **to-day** while we can supply the full line of tickings at regular prices.

We Sell By Mail, or Through 2500 Ostermoor Dealers

Regular Sizes and Prices

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.,	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.,	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
Express Charges Prepaid.
In two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes, special prices.

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim. We were compelled to this move by the necessity of protecting the public against worthless imitations. Your Ostermoor dealer—be sure to ask *us* who he is—he will show you a mattress with the *Ostermoor name and trade-mark label sewn on the end.* Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

OSTERMOOR & CO.
107 Elizabeth Street
New York
Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

OSTERMOOR & CO.
107 Elizabeth St., New York

Without obligation on my part, please send me your 144-page book and free

SAMPLES

of ticking used on the Ostermoor, and the name of my Ostermoor dealer.

Name ....

Address ....

....

The RIGHT ROOF for First Class Buildings

ONE of the growing evils of the roofing business is the use of "ready" or "prepared" roofings on buildings *for which they are not adapted.*

Ease of application and low first cost have led many to use them for purposes for which they were never intended.

These roofings have their legitimate uses on buildings of great pitch, temporary structures, and in localities where skilled labor cannot be secured.

Their use, however, on manufacturing plants, transportation buildings, and on structures of the first class is a mistake.

For genuine durability, economy and satisfaction, such roofings cannot be compared to a *Barrett Specification Roof* of Coal Tar Pitch and Felt.

Such a roof is guaranteed for *ten years,* and many have given service for *thirty years* without costing one cent for maintenance.

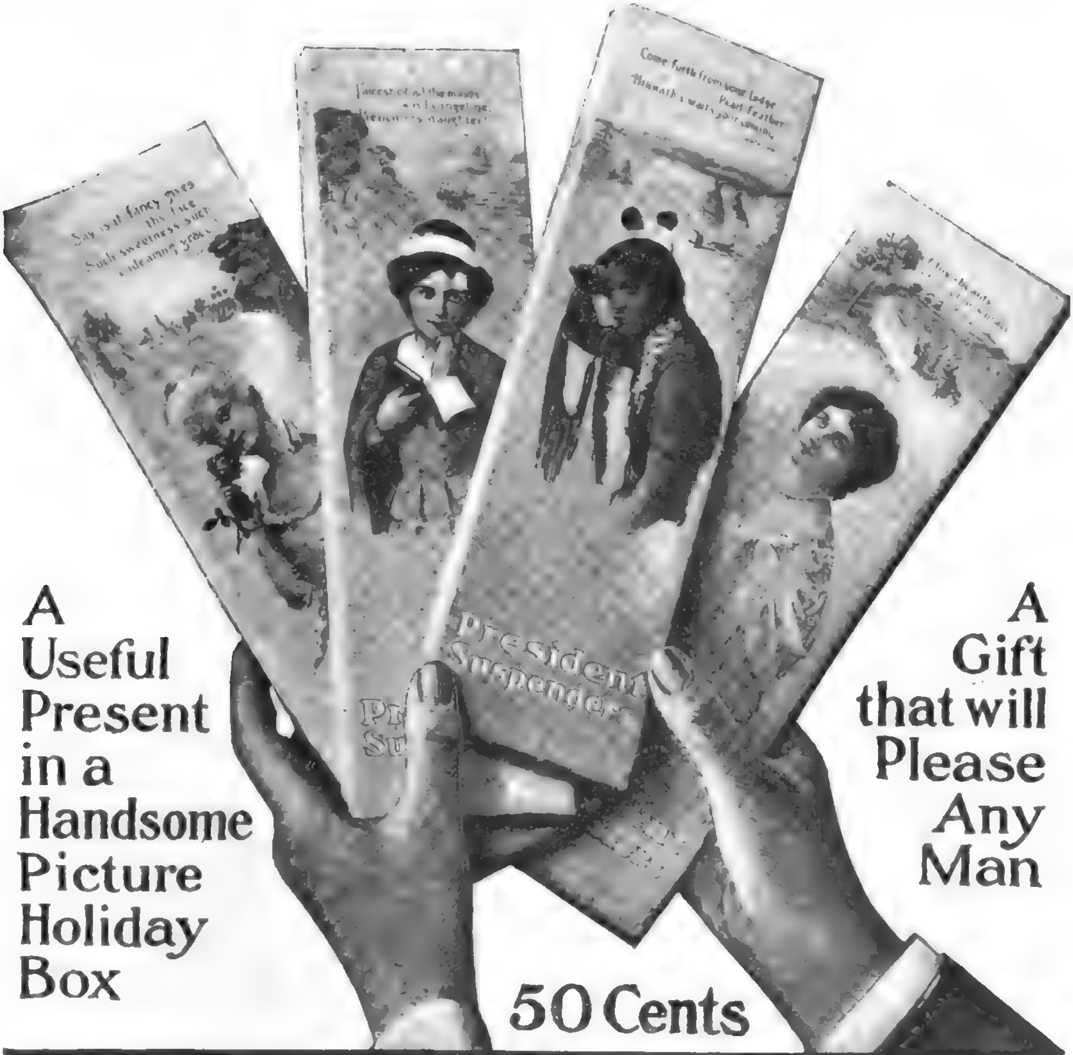
New forms of roofing come and go, but if you want a certainty—a roof that will not leak—a roof that has a record of over fifty years of satisfaction behind it—order your architect or contractor to lay your next roof "according to *The Barrett Specification.*"

SINGER MANUFACTURING CO., SOUTH BEND, IND.
Covered with 50,000 feet Barrett Specification Roofs. On over 12 years; absolutely no repairs required

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, covering the subject of Roofing and Waterproofing free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA CINCINNATI MINNEAPOLIS CLEVELAND
KANSAS CITY BOSTON NEW ORLEANS ST. LOUIS ALLEGHENY



A
Useful
Present
in a
Handsome
Picture
Holiday
Box

A
Gift
that will
Please
Any
Man

50 Cents

President Suspenders

The suspenders that most men wear are the kind to buy for Christmas presents. When you buy President Suspenders you make no mistake. Presidents are preferred by so many men, being the strongest and most comfortable of all suspenders.

It is always satisfying to know you selected an appropriate and useful present. President Suspenders in an attractive picture box will please any man.

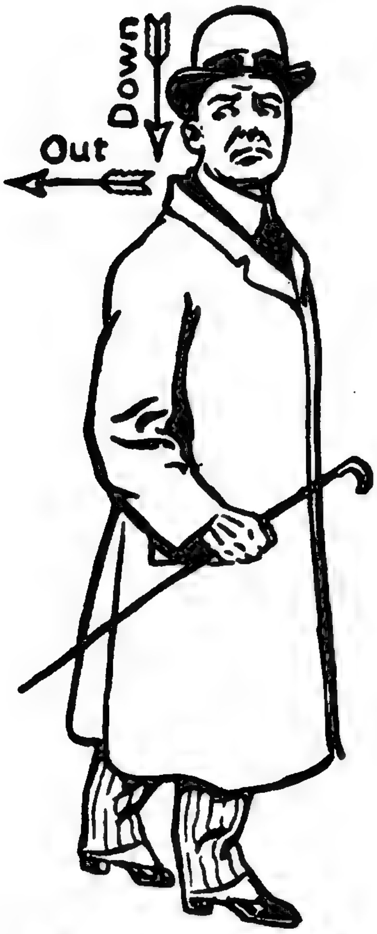
Father, Husband, Brothers, Cousins, and Nephews—all will like President Suspenders It won't cost much to give each a pair. President Suspenders in a Holiday box cost only **50 Cents.**

We have another Holiday gift Combination Box containing a pair of President Suspenders and a pair of Ball Bearing Garters for 75 cents

If your home dealers have none, you can buy of us by mail. We pay postage.

The President 1907 Art Calendar, 5 parts, 10 colors, includes four 8 x 12 inch pictures of strikingly beautiful types of American Womanhood. No printing on pictures. The prettiest calendar you ever saw. Postpaid 25 cents.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 509 MAIN STREET
SHIRLEY, MASS.



The "Down and Out" Overcoat

By A. Frank Taylor

WHAT'S the matter with J. Dudley?

Does he fear immediate arrest?

No—He is simply the victim of a Down and Out Overcoat, the Collar of which insists on remaining *down* below the collar of his Inner Coat, and on leaning *out* from the back of his neck.

Whenever J. Dudley puts on that Overcoat he employs Strategy.

He tries to Catch it unawares.

He looks the Other Way and then slowly and carefully puts his arms into the Sleeves. Then with Frantic Energy he hoists away quickly—pulls up the back of the Overcoat Collar to his ears—pulls down his Inner Coat to his knees, then Jams the Overcoat Collar Securely down over the Collar of his Inner Coat.

When he then beholds himself he heaves a sigh of Relief that could be heard for two City Blocks.

For, when he has just put it on in this way, his Overcoat looks all right—the Collar fits snugly over his inner Coat Collar and the Coat hangs properly.

Then J. Dudley feels that he really has an Excuse for Existence.

But, Holy Smoke, what was *that* he saw later on!

He had noticed *It* in a Window—and it certainly looked like him.

But *surely* it could not be—that Round Shouldered Distortion he saw was not J. Dudley the Only J. Dudley.

Yet—Heavens! there it was again!!

It was he, J. Dudley—the *only* J. Dudley with the Collar of his Overcoat down below the Collar of his Inner Coat and sticking out behind like the dip of a Molasses Jug.

The Front and Back hanging with about as much Drape as a Chinaman's Jumper—the Arms awry—the whole Shootin' Match all to the Bad—

The "Down and Out" was working Overtime.

* * *

Have you ever worn a "Down and Out" Overcoat, Gentle Reader?

Of course you have—nearly everybody has who wears Men's Clothes—

You're the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son if you do not draw a "Down and Out" Overcoat from the Great Clothes Games of Chance. For fully 80 per cent of all Overcoats are either cut wrong or made wrong—and a "temporary" shape is "doped" into them with the hot flat iron—Old Dr. Goose—because that's cheap.

And you get merely a shape "resemblance" in your Overcoat that fades away about the second week you wear it.

The Collar tries to Crawl down your Back—uncovering your inner coat collar—

—The Coat binds under your arms and across the shoulders.

The Shoulders get sloping and lose their shape at the points where they ought to look smooth and round.

And the Front and Back do not hang or drape smoothly and evenly—

Your Overcoat loses its Shape—its Style and its Fit.

* * *

Now there is *one* make of Overcoats at least which is properly made.

They carry the label of "Sincerity Clothes."

"Sincerity" Overcoats are made to *fit* and to be stylish.

The Shape of "Sincerity" Overcoats is moulded *permanently* into the Cloth with the needle by expert hand workmanship.

If the Style and Fit is satisfactory to you when you first try a "Sincerity" Overcoat on—it will *remain* correctly in form to please you until you Want a *Newer* Style Overcoat.

Look for the label (below) in your next Overcoat. That is, if you really care to purchase a smart fitting Overcoat. You won't have to look far—you'll find it at any enterprising dealer's. Here is the label.

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

IN BLACK AND WHITE

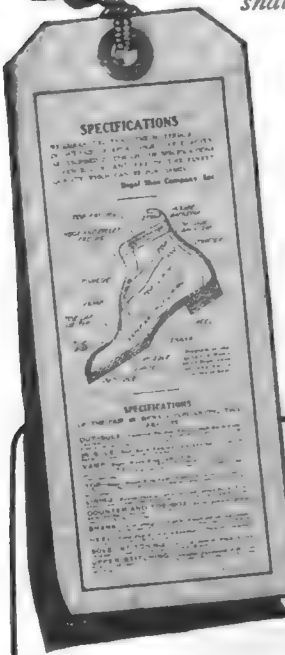
YOU might just as well have the *real* facts about the shoes you buy this season. We *insist* on giving them to you.

The price of a pair of shoes is much too much to pay for the all-shine, short-wear footgear that is being offered you by a good many manufacturers this season,—and so we are giving you a factory Specifications tag with every pair of Regals.

That tag gives you, in black and white, over our signature, our guarantee that the materials in *that pair* are the best that can be produced—and then goes ahead and lists and describes them.

You always *did* get your money's worth of wear and all the other good-shoe qualities in your Regals, and you are always *going* to. We always *have* made the Regal "the shoe that proves" before you buy, and we always *shall!*

If you do not live near one of the 123 Regal stores, order through the Regal Mail Order Department. Latest issue of the Regal Style Book free on request.

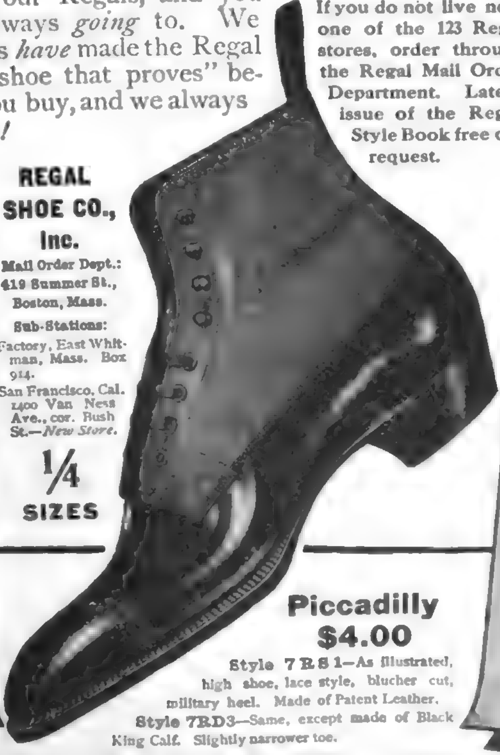


REGAL SHOE CO., Inc.

Mail Order Dept.:
419 Summer St.,
Boston, Mass.

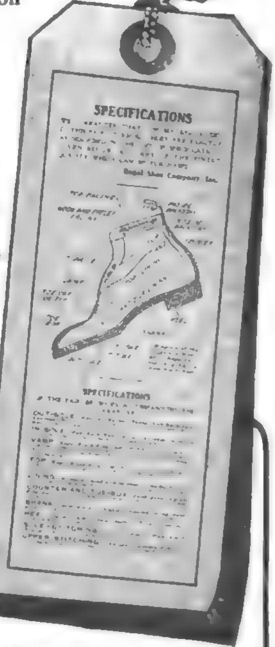
Sub-Stations:
Factory, East Whitman, Mass. Box 914.
San Francisco, Cal. 1400 Van Ness Ave., cor. Bush St.—*New Store.*

1/4 SIZES



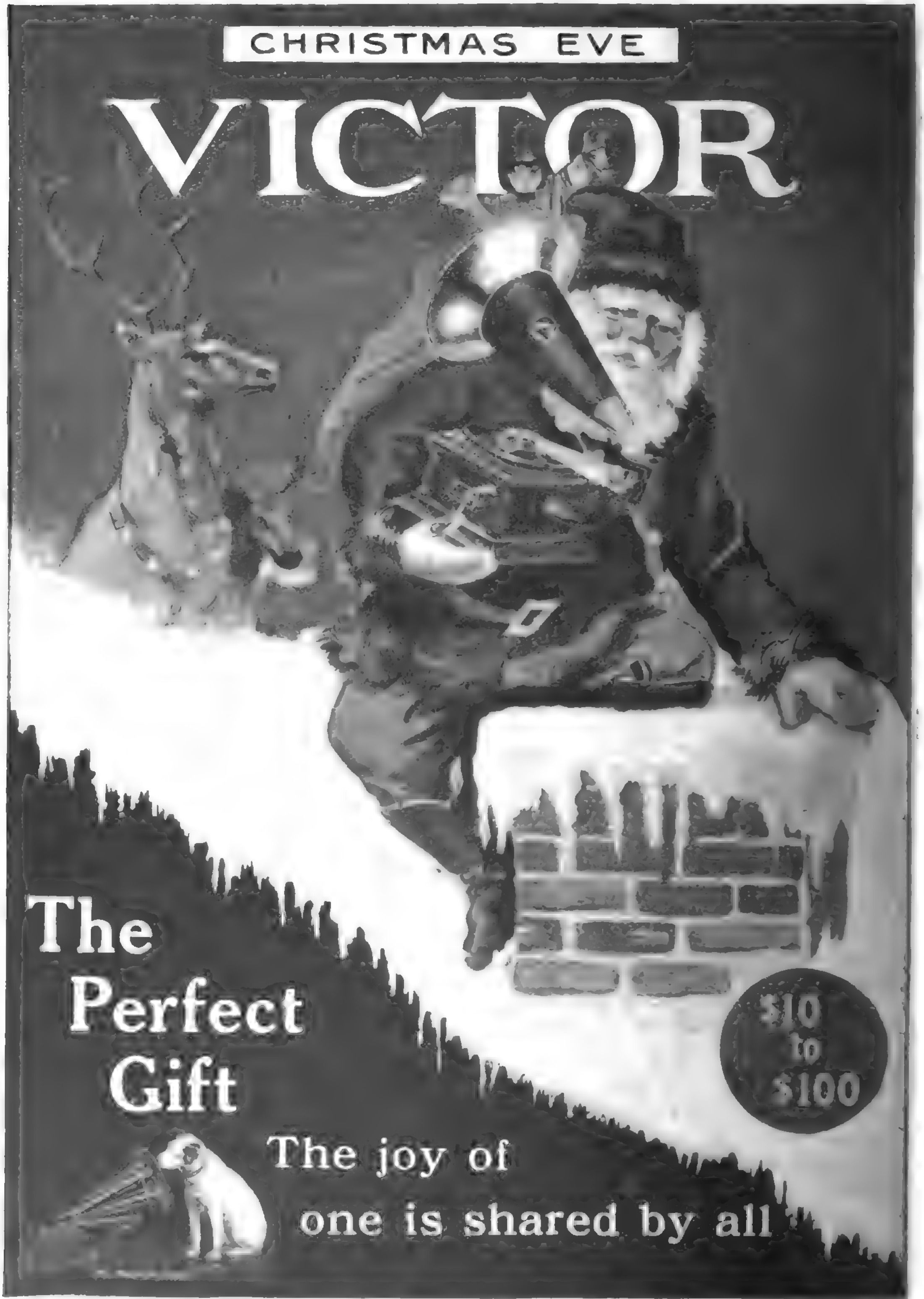
Piccadilly
$4.00

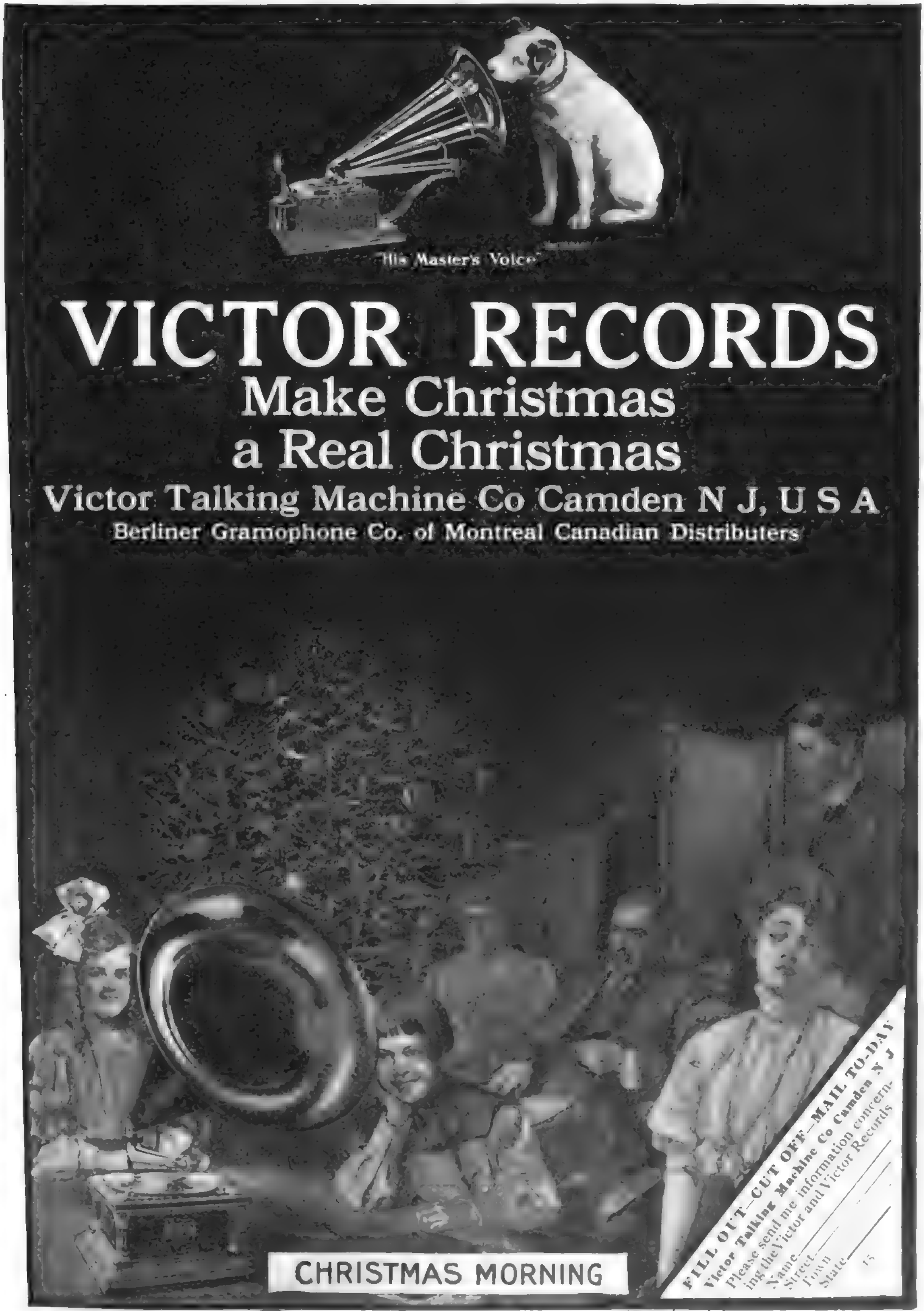
Style 7 R S 1—As illustrated, high shoe, lace style, blucher cut, military heel. Made of Patent Leather.
Style 7RD3—Same, except made of Black King Calf. Slightly narrower toe.



$3.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN $4.00

REGAL SHOES


CHRISTMAS EVE
VICTOR
The Perfect Gift
The joy of one is shared by all
$10 to $100



"His Master's Voice"

VICTOR RECORDS

Make Christmas a Real Christmas

Victor Talking Machine Co Camden N J, U S A

Berliner Gramophone Co. of Montreal Canadian Distributers

CHRISTMAS MORNING

FILL OUT—CUT OFF—MAIL TO-DAY

Victor Talking Machine Co Camden N J

Please send me information concerning the Victor and Victor Records

Name__________

Street__________

Town__________

State__________ 15

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
BROWNIE
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

For every boy or girl there's a
Merry Christmas in the

Kodak Box

A No. 2 Brownie Camera for taking 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, a Brownie Developing Box for developing the negatives *in daylight*, Film, Velox paper, Chemicals, Trays, Mounts—Everything needed for making pictures is included in this complete little outfit.

And the working of it is so simple that anybody can get good results from the start. No dark-room is needed and every step is explained in the illustrated instruction book that accompanies every outfit.

Made by Kodak workmen in the Kodak factory—that tells the story of the quality.

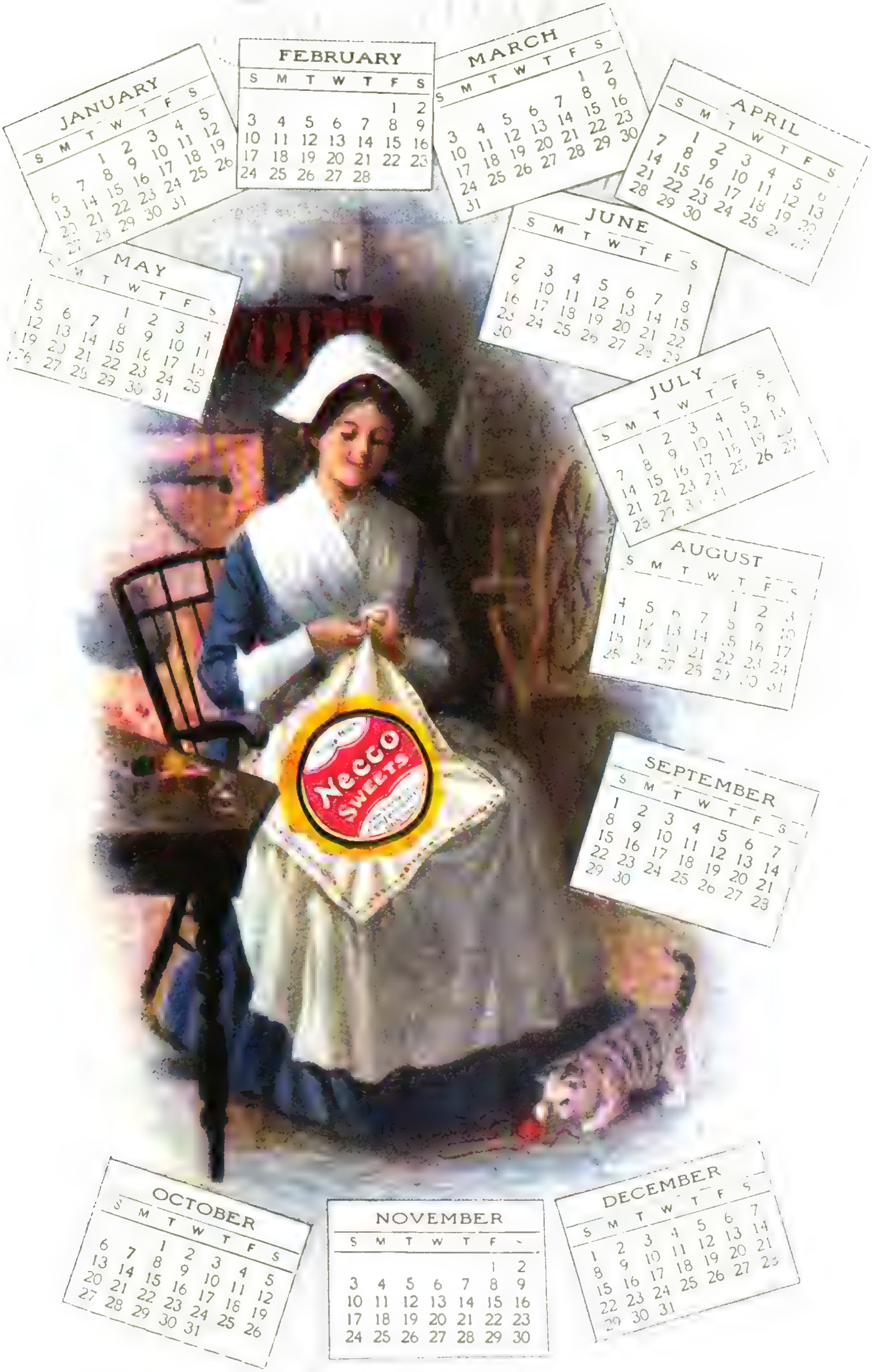
THE KODAK BOX NO. 2
CONTAINING:

1 No. 2 Brownie Camera,	$2.00	1 No. 2 Brownie Printing Frame,	$ .15
1 Brownie Developing Box,	1.00	1 Doz. 2¼ x 3¼ Brownie Velox,	.15
1 Roll No. 2 Brownie Film, 6 ex.,	.20	2 Eastman M. Q. Developing Tubes,	.10
2 Brownie Developing Powders,	.05	3 Paper Developing Trays,	.30
1 Pkg. Kodak Acid Fixing Powder,	.15	1 Doz. 2¼ x 3¼ Duplex Mounts,	.05
1 Four-oz. Graduate,	.10	1 Doz. Kodak Dry Mounting Tissue,	.05
1 Stirring Rod,	.05	1 Instruction Book,	.10
			$4.45

$4.00 Price, Complete At all Kodak Dealers **$4.00**

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Write for Booklet of the Kodak Box. Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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27	28	29	30	31		

FEBRUARY

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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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MARCH

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APRIL

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AUGUST

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SEPTEMBER

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OCTOBER

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NOVEMBER

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DECEMBER

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29	30	31				

"Like the Puritan Maid's embroidery in imperishable colors, may the image of the Necco Sweets Seal be permanently emblazoned upon your memory." Read the story of the seal on the other side of picture.

Necco Sweets
Lenox Chocolates

Trade Mark
Necco
Sweets
New England
Confectionery Co
BOSTON

The New Way to Buy Confectionery

The new way to buy confectionery is to be guided by the Necco Sweets Seal of quality,—a stamp that insures, without further question, the freshness and goodness of confectionery no matter when or where you buy it.

The Necco Sweets Seal shown above is imprinted on every package of more than five hundred varieties manufactured by the New England Confectionery Company.

To perfectly comprehend what the Necco Sweets Seal stands for, try a box of

Lenox Chocolates

The triumph
of the confectioner's art.

Whether your taste is for chocolates, bon bons, or candies of the plainer sort, we are content that you should judge all Necco Sweets by these delicious chocolates. Necco Sweets are made under perfect conditions, in the cleanest, airiest and largest building in the country devoted wholly to the manufacture of candy.

Necco Sweets are for sale by the best confectioners and druggists and wherever the best confectionery is sold.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Summer & Melcher Sts.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Google

"1835 R. WALLACE"

FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE sensible gift,
The gift that satisfies the sense of fitness as well as practical needs,
The gift that pleases the housewife and adds to the family treasure,
Is table silver.

And of all the kinds of table silver there is none to compare with 1835 R. WALLACE silver plate.

It is made with "Sterling silver care."

That is why it is as beautiful as Sterling.

It will outlast other brands.

That's why it is called "silver plate that *resists* wear."

Ask your dealer.

A postal will bring you our delightful book, "The Story of Silverware and How to take care of it." Address

R. WALLACE & SONS Mfg. Co.,
Dept. 25 Wallingford, Conn.

A golden frame does not make the picture; nor does a crisp, clean sheet of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND mean a strong, business-getting letter.

Still, a good picture demands a good frame, and an important letter written on

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

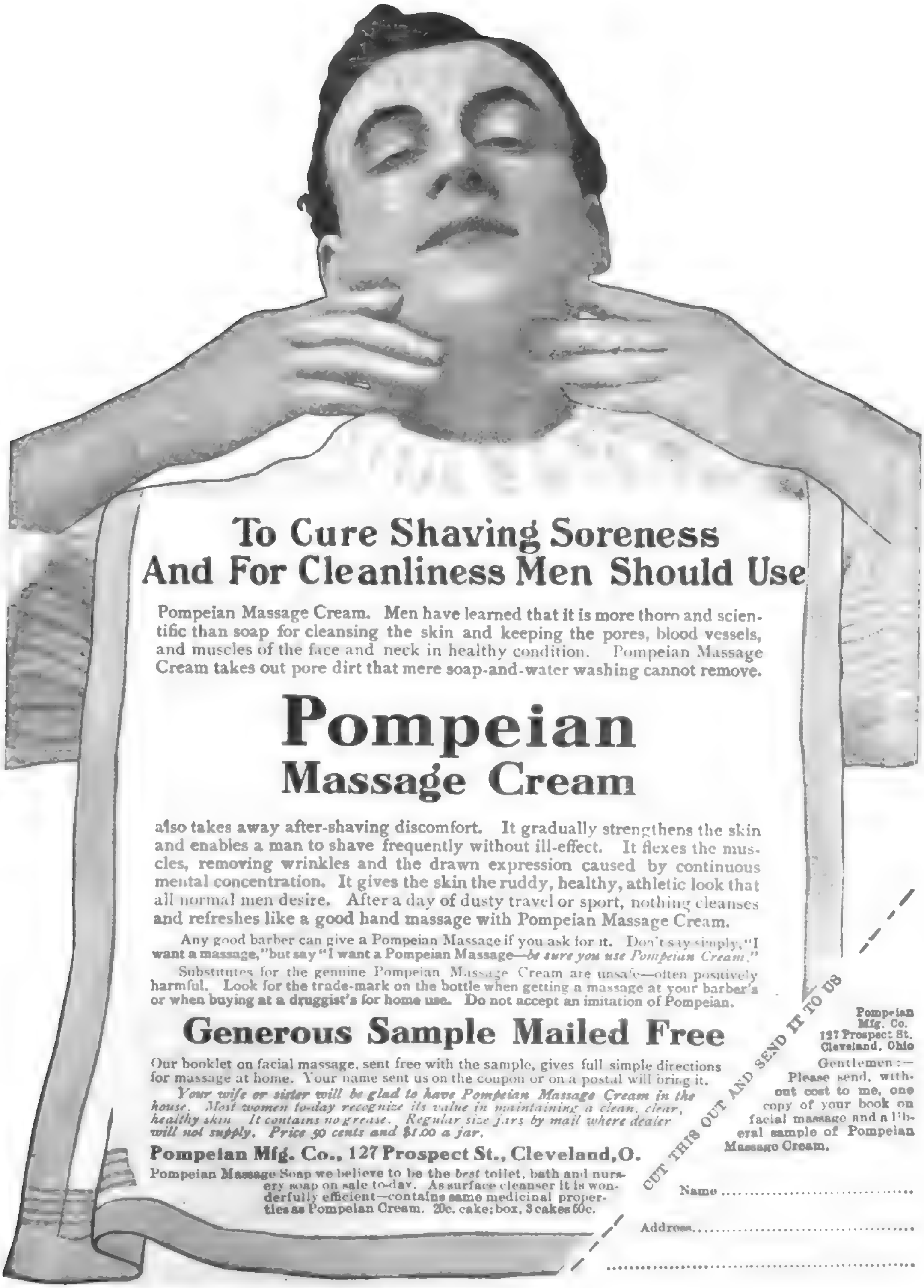
"Look for the Water Mark"

forcefully appeals to its recipient's sense of the fitness of things.

The time you give dictation, not speaking of the stenographer's time and postage, represents an investment too great to be jeopardized by the use of ordinary letter paper.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is "made a little better than seems necessary" and is used to carry earnest, sincere messages from men who take pride in themselves and their business. A handsome specimen book showing the paper may be had by writing us on your letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company
The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts.



To Cure Shaving Soreness And For Cleanliness Men Should Use

Pompeian Massage Cream. Men have learned that it is more thoro and scientific than soap for cleansing the skin and keeping the pores, blood vessels, and muscles of the face and neck in healthy condition. Pompeian Massage Cream takes out pore dirt that mere soap-and-water washing cannot remove.

Pompeian
Massage Cream

also takes away after-shaving discomfort. It gradually strengthens the skin and enables a man to shave frequently without ill-effect. It flexes the muscles, removing wrinkles and the drawn expression caused by continuous mental concentration. It gives the skin the ruddy, healthy, athletic look that all normal men desire. After a day of dusty travel or sport, nothing cleanses and refreshes like a good hand massage with Pompeian Massage Cream.

Any good barber can give a Pompeian Massage if you ask for it. Don't say simply, "I want a massage," but say "I want a Pompeian Massage—*be sure you use Pompeian Cream.*"

Substitutes for the genuine Pompeian Massage Cream are unsafe—often positively harmful. Look for the trade-mark on the bottle when getting a massage at your barber's or when buying at a druggist's for home use. Do not accept an imitation of Pompeian.

Generous Sample Mailed Free

Our booklet on facial massage, sent free with the sample, gives full simple directions for massage at home. Your name sent us on the coupon or on a postal will bring it.

Your wife or sister will be glad to have Pompeian Massage Cream in the house. Most women to-day recognize its value in maintaining a clean, clear, healthy skin It contains no grease. Regular size jars by mail where dealer will not supply. Price 50 cents and $1.00 a jar.

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 127 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Pompeian Massage Soap we believe to be the *best* toilet, bath and nursery soap on sale to-day. As surface cleanser it is wonderfully efficient—contains same medicinal properties as Pompeian Cream. 20c. cake; box, 3 cakes 60c.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US

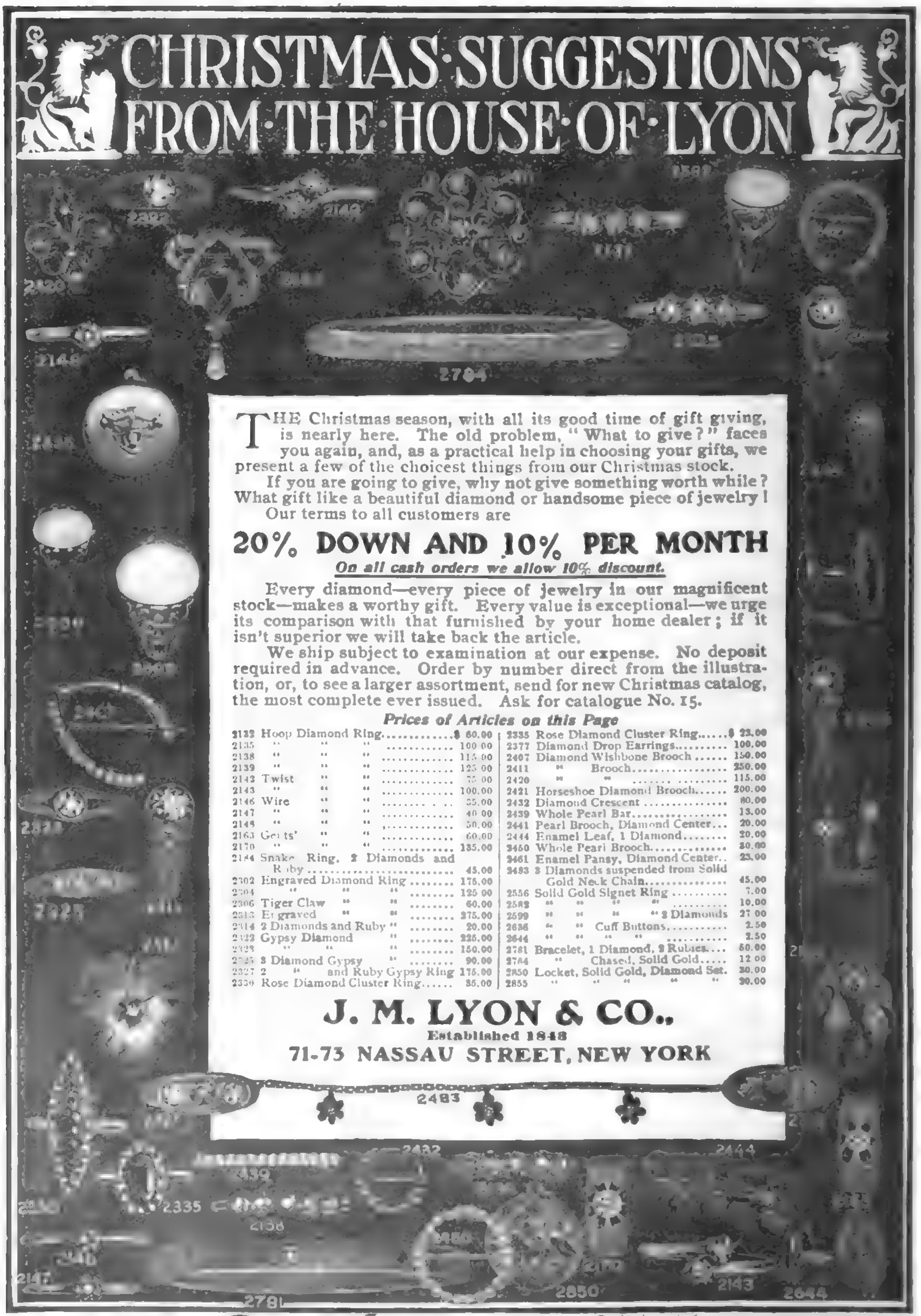
Pompeian
Mfg. Co.
127 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:—
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name ....

Address ....

....



CHRISTMAS·SUGGESTIONS FROM·THE·HOUSE·OF·LYON

THE Christmas season, with all its good time of gift giving, is nearly here. The old problem, "What to give?" faces you again, and, as a practical help in choosing your gifts, we present a few of the choicest things from our Christmas stock.

If you are going to give, why not give something worth while? What gift like a beautiful diamond or handsome piece of jewelry! Our terms to all customers are

20% DOWN AND 10% PER MONTH

On all cash orders we allow 10% discount.

Every diamond—every piece of jewelry in our magnificent stock—makes a worthy gift. Every value is exceptional—we urge its comparison with that furnished by your home dealer; if it isn't superior we will take back the article.

We ship subject to examination at our expense. No deposit required in advance. Order by number direct from the illustration, or, to see a larger assortment, send for new Christmas catalog, the most complete ever issued. Ask for catalogue No. 15.

Prices of Articles on this Page

2132	Hoop Diamond Ring	$ 60.00
2135	" " "	100.00
2138	" " "	115.00
2139	" " "	125.00
2143	Twist " "	75.00
2143	" " "	100.00
2146	Wire " "	35.00
2147	" " "	40.00
2148	" " "	50.00
2163	Gents' " "	60.00
2170	" " "	135.00
2184	Snake Ring, 2 Diamonds and Ruby	45.00
2302	Engraved Diamond Ring	175.00
2304	" " "	125.00
2306	Tiger Claw " "	60.00
2313	Engraved " "	275.00
2314	2 Diamonds and Ruby "	20.00
2322	Gypsy Diamond "	225.00
2323	" " "	150.00
2325	3 Diamond Gypsy "	90.00
2327	2 " and Ruby Gypsy Ring	175.00
2330	Rose Diamond Cluster Ring	35.00
2335	Rose Diamond Cluster Ring	$ 25.00
2377	Diamond Drop Earrings	100.00
2407	Diamond Wishbone Brooch	150.00
2411	" Brooch	250.00
2420	" "	115.00
2421	Horseshoe Diamond Brooch	200.00
2432	Diamond Crescent	80.00
2439	Whole Pearl Bar	13.00
2441	Pearl Brooch, Diamond Center	20.00
2444	Enamel Leaf, 1 Diamond	20.00
2450	Whole Pearl Brooch	30.00
2461	Enamel Pansy, Diamond Center	25.00
2483	3 Diamonds suspended from Solid Gold Neck Chain	45.00
2556	Solid Gold Signet Ring	7.00
2582	" " " "	10.00
2599	" " " " 3 Diamonds	27.00
2636	" " Cuff Buttons	2.50
2644	" " " "	2.50
2781	Bracelet, 1 Diamond, 2 Rubies	50.00
2784	" Chased, Solid Gold	12.00
2850	Locket, Solid Gold, Diamond Set	30.00
2855	" " " " "	30.00

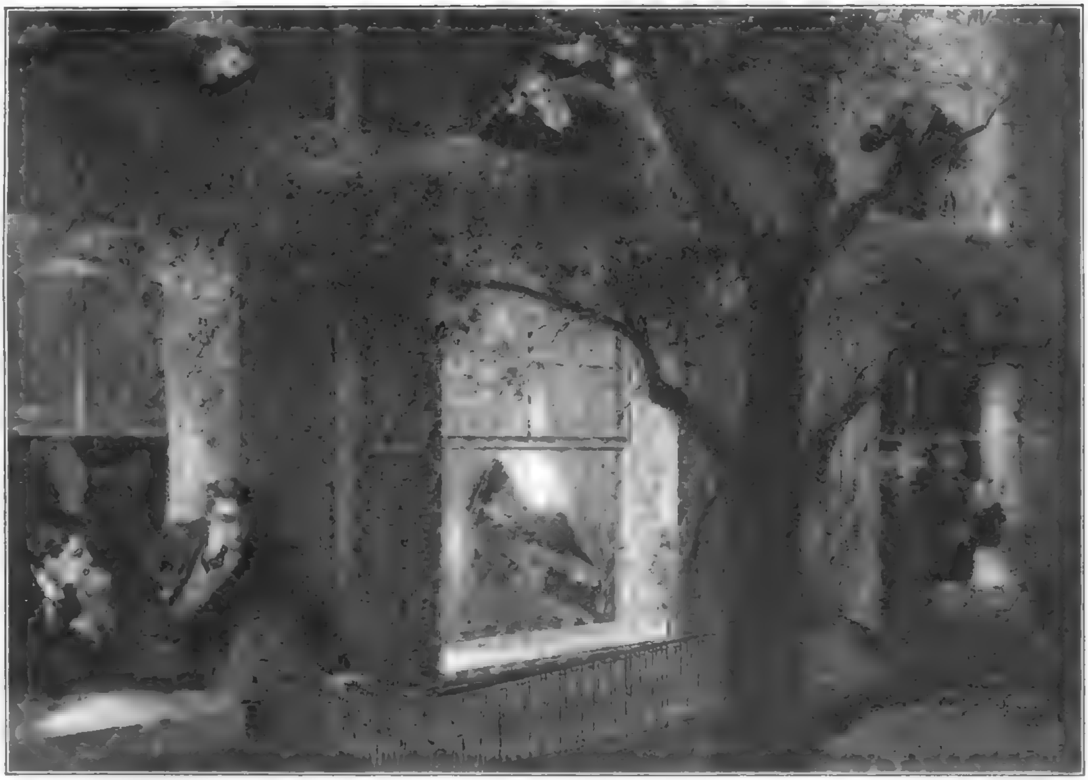
J. M. LYON & CO.,

Established 1848

71-73 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

You Can Not Buy This Picture



Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

Copyright, 1906, Life Publishing Company

An Old Love Song

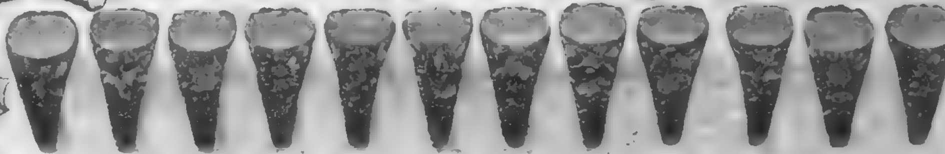
The size of the charming picture (of which this is a reproduction in miniature) is 10½ x 15 inches. The large print is a sepia photogravure, plate marked. It is hand-printed on Exora steel-plate paper, 19 x 24, ready for framing.

The Picture Will Not Be Sold

But the large print will be delivered, carriage prepaid, to **every** *new subscriber to LIFE at $5.00 a year, if we receive the remittance before February 1, 1907.*

In place of "An Old Love Song," new subscribers may, if they so prefer, select prints from our catalogue to the value of $2.50. The handsome little catalogue of LIFE'S PRINTS, with miniature reproductions of 127 drawings, will be sent to any address on application.

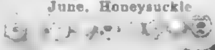
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 27 West 31st Street, NEW YORK CITY



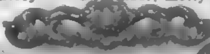
M573 Solid Gold Birth Flower Signet Rings, Finished in the Rich Rose Gold Color. Please mention month, and size of ring wanted..$2.00

January, Snowdrop
February, Primrose
March, Violet
April, Daisy
May, Hawthorne
June, Honeysuckle
July, Water Lily
August, Poppy
September, Morning Glory
October, Golden Rod
November, Chrysanthemum
December, Holly

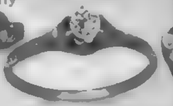
M574 Diamond Ring, Plain Mounting.......... $10.00



M575 Solid Gold Brooch, 4 Baroque Pearls and 5 Sapphire Doublets........$3.50



M576 Solid Gold, Handy Pin, Rose Finish.$1.00



M577 Diamond Ring Plain Mounting..........$35.00

Christmas Presents
of the Peacock Quality

are the satisfactory, lasting kind. They are distinguished by their unique and attractive designs. Our reputation as masters in our craft adds to the appreciation and pleasure of both receiver and giver. The reasonableness of our prices is also a portion of the givers' satisfaction.

The articles here shown in their full size are only samples from our immense stock of

Jewelry, Diamonds, Silverware, Plated Ware, Cut Glass, China, Leather Goods

Any of them will be sent post or express paid with the understanding that the price will be cheerfully returned without argument if you are dissatisfied in any way. Goods will be sent C. O. D. subject to examination if desired.

Our Shopping Guide of the Peacock Store

a surpassingly beautiful book of **two hundred pages,** containing about five thousand five hundred photo-engravings made from the actual articles—not ordinary cuts—is now ready and will be mailed free to you. For completeness, for beauty, for practical use in the selection of souvenirs and suitable gifts for any occasion, we know of no other publication like it. With it shopping by mail can be done at your ease.

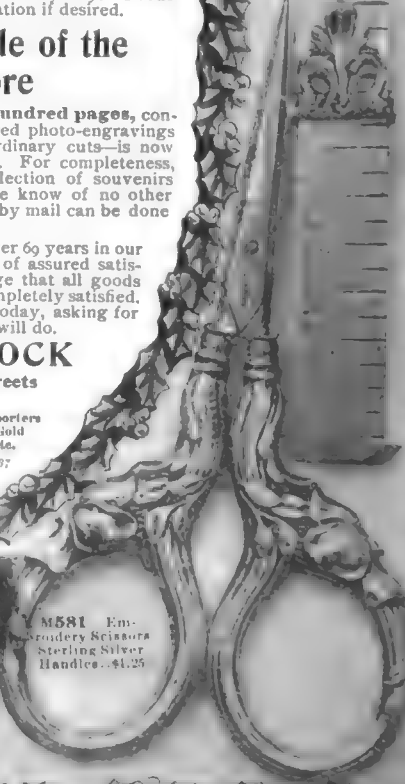
Our preeminent reputation for over 69 years in our line affords you a gratifying sense of assured satisfaction, enhanced by the knowledge that all goods may be returned if you are not completely satisfied.

We would like you to write us today, asking for Shopping Guide No. 5. A postal will do.

C. D. PEACOCK
State and Adams Streets
CHICAGO
Merchants in Diamonds, Importers and Master-Craftsmen in Gold and Silver, Stationers, etc.
Established in 1837

M579 Sterling Silver, Santa Claus Spoon, Raised Figures on Handle and in Bowl, French Gray Finish..................$1.50

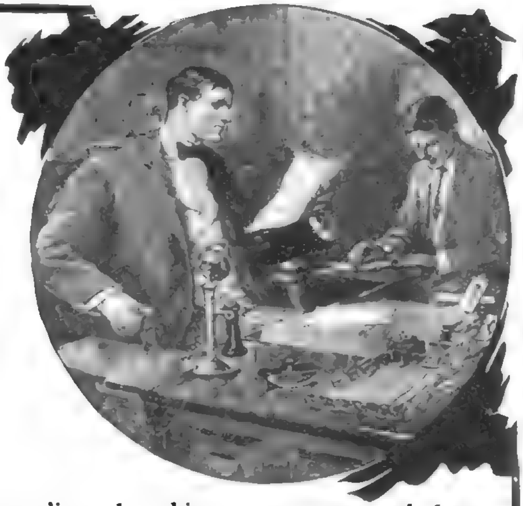
M578 German Silver Hem Gauge, very strong and serviceable..$ .35



M581 Embroidery Scissors Sterling Silver Handles..$1.25

M580 Emery, Sterling Silver Mounted.................... $ [illegible]

A Dollar An Hour Instead of A Dollar A Day



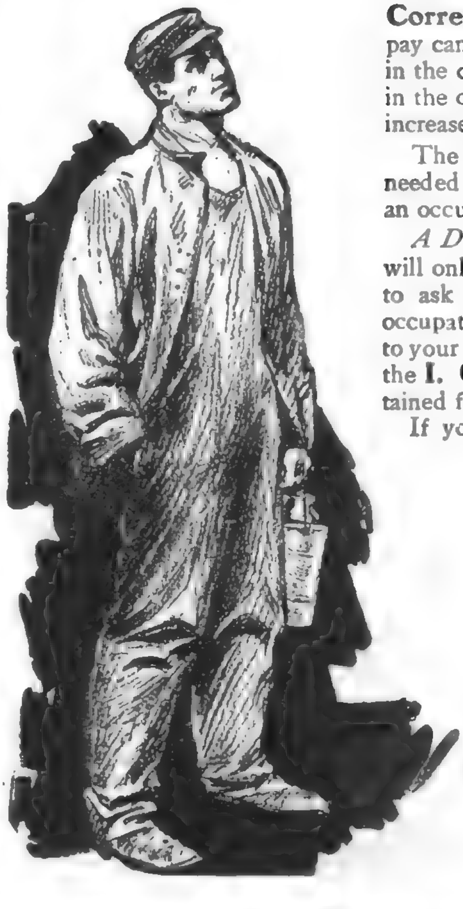
Do you realize what this means to you and those depending upon you?

Don't be satisfied with a small salary all your life—Do as thousands have done; let the **International Correspondence Schools** show you how your pay can be increased. It matters not where you are, in the city, or on the farm, in the mine, or in the mill, in the office, store, or shop, the **I. C. S.** can and will increase your earning capacity.

The **I. C. S.** imparts to you just the knowledge needed to advance you in your present position or at an occupation more to your liking.

A Dollar an Hour is not out of your reach if you will only let us help you. It will cost you nothing to ask us—*How?* Cut out the coupon—mark any occupation you like—mail it at once, and it will bring to your aid all the resources of that great institution the **I. C. S.** an establishment founded and maintained for the benefit of poorly paid men and women.

If you want your pay increased say so—**At once.**



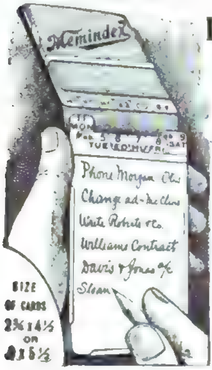
1 Bookkeeper
2 Stenographer
3 Advertisement Writer
4 Show Card Writer
5 Window Trimmer
6 Commercial Law for Corporation Employees
7 Illustrator
8 Civil Service
9 Chemist
10 Textile Mill Supt.
11 Electrician
12 Elec. Engineer
13 Mechanical Draftsman
14 Telephone Engineer
15 Elec. Lighting Supt.
16 Mechan. Engineer
17 Surveyor
18 Stationary Engineer
19 Civil Engineer
20 Building Contractor
21 Architectural Draftsman
22 Architect
23 Structural Engineer
24 Bridge Engineer
25 Mining Engineer

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1369, SCRANTON, PA.
Please explain, without further obligation on my part,
how I can qualify for a larger salary in
the position numbered ____

Name ________________________

Street and No. ________________________

City ______________ State ______________



Let YOUR MIND Go FREE

Do not tax your brain trying to remember Get the MEMINDEX HABIT and you can

FORGET WITH IMPUNITY

An ideal reminder and handy system for keeping all memoranda where they will appear at the right time. Saves time, money, opportunity. A brain saver. No other device answers its purpose.

A GREAT HELP FOR BUSY MEN

Used and recommended by Bankers, Manufacturers, Salesmen, Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Insurance Men, Architects, Educators, Contractors, Railway Managers, Engineers, Ministers, etc., all over the world.

Order now and get ready to **Begin the New Year Right.** Rest of '06 free with each outfit. Express prepaid on receipt of price. Personal checks accepted.

	Small	Large
Cowhide Seal Leather Case, hardwood tray and cards,	$2.00	$2.75
Am. Russia Leather Case, plain oak tray and cards,	2.50	3.25
Genuine Morocco Case, quartered oak tray and cards,	3.00	3.75
Genuine Sealskin Case, selected quar. oak tray and cards,	3.50	4.50
Silver Trimmed Case, mahogany tray with cover and cards,	5.00	6.00

Sundays extra, 35c, 50c.
Future Year's Cards, small $1.00; large, $1.25.
Outfits $1 to $10. Booklet Free

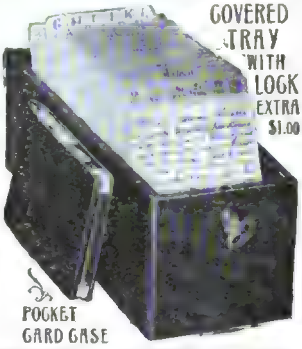
Memindex

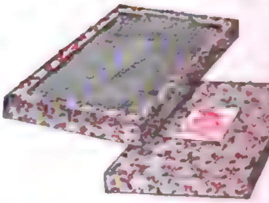
Also a valuable card index for desk use. Dated cards from tray are carried in the handy pocket case, 2 to 4 weeks at a time. To-day's card always at the front. No leaves to turn. Helps you to

PLAN YOUR WORK
WORK YOUR PLAN
ACCOMPLISH MORE

You need it. Three years' sales show that most all business and professional men need it. GET IT NOW.

Wilson Memindex Co.
75 Mill St., Rochester, N. Y.


COVERED TRAY WITH LOCK EXTRA $1.00
POCKET CARD CASE



An Ideal Sleeping Garment

and
a most desirable Christmas Gift
a suit of

"Sanspareil" Pajamas

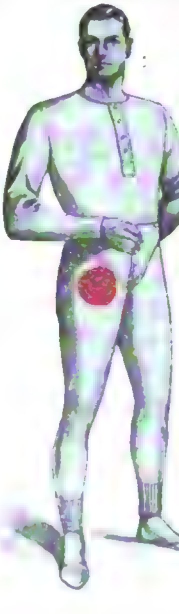
Packed in elaborate Holly finished, individual Boxes.

We make pajamas in all styles and sizes from Mercerized. Silk and Cotton (mixed) fabrics, Madras, Oxfords, Domets, Flannels and Pure Silk in all the most approved color treatments, which include plain colors, self reliefs, stripes, figures and the like, to retail from

$2.00 to $10.00 a Suit

If your dealer can't supply you with "Sanspareil" pajamas write us stating material and quality desired (and your dealer's name) and we will send you samples to select from, filling your order direct or through your dealer.

Millen, Aikenhead & Co.
Makers of
"Sanspareil" Shirts, Night Robes & Pajamas
in medium and better grades
628 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Next To Your Skin

put **wool, and wool only.** It is the only sensible, suitable **cold weather underwear fabric.** It is warmer, more comfortable, more enduring, more sanitary than the mushroom weaves known as 'mesh' and the like.

Dr. Kahn's Sanitary Wool Underwear

is fashioned of the finest, softest, **purest wool, shrunk before knitting.** It won't sting, pucker up or chafe—can't shrink or lose its shape.

Satiny-smooth, delightful to the skin, warm as toast, non-irritating, the ideal underwear for the American climate.

If your dealer can't supply you with **Dr. Kahn's Sanitary Wool Underwear** we'll forward it prepaid on receipt of price and chest, waist and leg sizes.

$1.50 to $3.00 a garment

"The Pathway To Health" sent free to any man who recognizes that health is wealth. **Write for it.**

FRANK BROTHERS & CO.
582 Broadway New York

5% A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT 5%

The perplexing question, "What shall I give for Christmas?" is wisely answered by people who have adopted the method of presenting

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

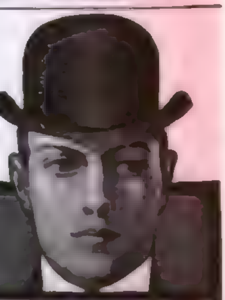
to children, relatives and friends.

Upon receipt of one dollar or more, we issue a Certificate of Deposit in the name of the persons designated; enclose these certificates in holiday envelopes and mail them in time to reach their destination on Christmas Day.

SEND FOR BOOKLET E, BANKING BY MAIL

THE OWENSBORO SAVINGS BANK & TRUST COMPANY.
JAS. H. PARRISH, PRES'T. OWENSBORO, KY.

GUARANTEED
GB
GOLD BOND



$2.00 HATS
GOOD AS THE GOVERNMENT

Write to-day for Gold Bond Hat Book and name of nearest dealer selling Gold Bond Guaranteed $2.00 Hats. Every authoritative New York shape deemed "correct" by Well Dressed Men. Gold Bond Hats at $2.00 possess more styling, more quality and more all-round betterment than other makes costing more money. Wear a Gold Bond Hat and learn the definition of Hat-smartness and Hat-quality. GOLD BOND HAT MFG. CO., 196-198 Greene St., NEW YORK CITY.

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WAY'S MUFFLER
Patented Nov. 16th and 30th 1897.

"Society Demands It"
A PERFECT CHEST AND THROAT PROTECTOR
for MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN
✦ DON'T GO ON OVER YOUR HEAD ✦
WITH OR WITHOUT EAR AND FACE COVERING

Sold by all dealers. Write us if mufflers cannot be obtained from local dealers

THE WAY MUFFLER CO.
Twenty-third & Arch Sts. J. HOWARD WAY, Prop. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

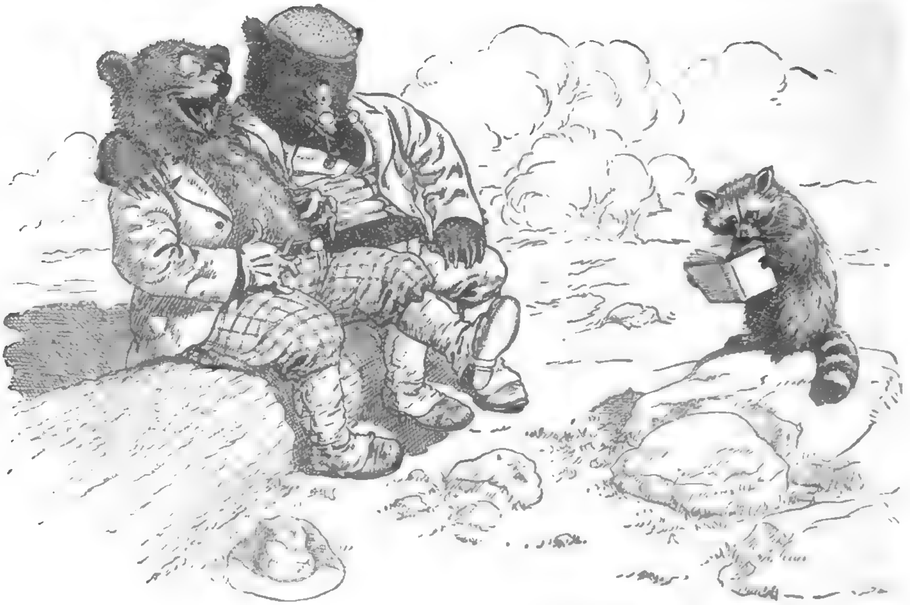
NEW YORK
43 Leonard St.

CHICAGO
Medinah Temple

SAN FRANCISCO
2165 Delaware St., Berkley

CANADA
Hiscox Bldg., London, Ontario

12



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The Travels and Adventures of The Roosevelt Bears

THESE two comical bears, TEDDY-B and TEDDY-G, leave their mountain home in Colorado and make a tour of the East, travel on Pullman trains and stop at the best hotels. They get into all kinds of wholesome mischief and have many hairbreadth escapes. The story is told in rollicking rhyme and the book is filled to the brim with humorous pictures, sixteen of which are full pages in beautiful colors. More than a million children, including President Roosevelt's own boys, and tens of thousands of "grown-ups" have already enjoyed this story, as it appeared in serial form in more than twenty leading daily newspapers. Size of book, 8½ x 11. 180 pages

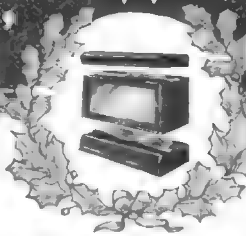
Story by SEYMOUR EATON

Illustrations by V. FLOYD CAMPBELL

FOR SALE BY THE TRADE EVERYWHERE, OR MAILED, POSTPAID, BY THE PUBLISHERS, **$1.50**

EDWARD STERN & CO., Inc., 118 N. 12th St., Philadelphia

Globe-Wernicke
"ELASTIC" BOOKCASES



The presentation of a set of Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Book-cases performs a double service by extending a recognition to the intelligence of the recipient, while reflecting the good judgment on the part of the giver.

Both must naturally realize that no other article of furniture combines the elements of utility and beauty to so great an extent as these particular cases, which allow such free exercise of individual taste in their arrangement and appeal to the best sentiments of home life by encouraging the care and cultivation of good books.

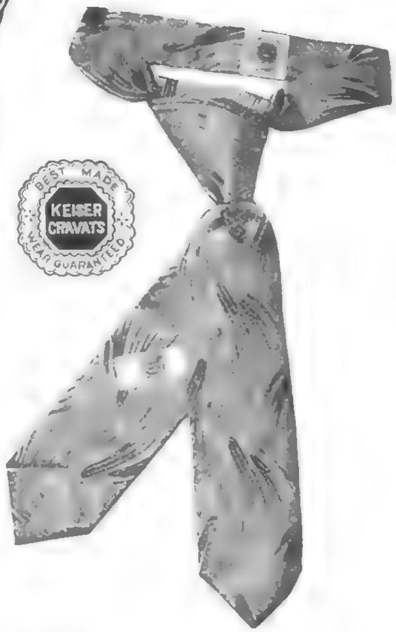
Discriminating buyers realize that the term "Globe-Wernicke" instantly identifies the best sectional book-case obtainable.

They are made in both dead and polish finish, Oak and Mahogany, and in three-quarter and full lengths. Prices uniform everywhere. Carried in stock by Agents in over 1100 cities. Where not represented we ship on approval, freight paid. Write for catalogue F 106, containing color supplement showing seven different finishes appropriate for libraries.

The Globe-Wernicke Co. CINCINNATI

BRANCH STORES: NEW YORK, 380-382 Broadway. CHICAGO, 224-228 Wabash Ave. BOSTON, 91-93 Federal St.

Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.



Choosing a Cravat

In selecting a Cravat be guided not only by the attractiveness of color and pattern—but choose with due consideration for wearing quality and correctness of cut.

KEISER CRAVATS

offer a wide selection of the very latest effects in Cravats of all styles—the name "Keiser" on each Cravat guarantees its quality and wear.

Sold by dealers in good furnishings.

Keiser-Barathea staples in black, white, plain colors and figures—also white or black for evening dress.
An illustrated book—"The Cravat"—on the ethics of Correct Dress, sent anywhere on receipt of six cents in stamps.

JAMES R. KEISER,
WHOLESALE ONLY
10-16 W. 20th St., New York.

Exceptional Underwear

An examination of a suit of Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear—which sells at 50 cents a garment—will prove it fully equal to underwear sold at $1.50 and more. The exceptional quality and low price of Vellastic Underwear is made possible by a patented automatic knitting machine, which knits a fabric one side of which is an elastic rib and the other side of downy fleece. The elasticity of

VELLASTIC
UTICA
Ribbed Fleece Underwear

makes it fit the body closely but allows perfect freedom of movement. A remarkable feature of Vellastic Underwear is that the fleece will not rumple or mat from wear or washing. The fleece coming next the skin keeps the body warm and affords perfect ventilation at all times.

Men's and women's garments 50c.; Ladies' Union Suits, $1.00; Children's sizes in Union Suits at 50c. or in two piece suits at 25c. a garment.

Trade Mark—Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece—sewed on every garment. If not at your dealers write us giving his name. Booklet and sample of fabric FREE.

UTICA KNITTING COMPANY
UTICA, NEW YORK

Let Us Send You On Trial This Two-Horn

DUPLEX

THE IDEAL

Christmas Gift

For your family, your parents, your friend or for yourself. Music—every one enjoys. A gift that insures many pleasant memories.

Direct from our Factory to any address in U. S.

SAVE ALL the DEALER'S 70% PROFIT
DUPLEX
PHONOGRAPH

Size of cabinet, 18 ins. by 14 by 10 ins. high.

ORDER EARLY

Each horn is 30 inches long with a 17 inch bell.

An Entirely New Principle in Phonographs

—**Two** vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound.
—**Two** horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.
—No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.

Consequently, the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

FREIGHT PREPAID

Double Volume of Sound

HERE is the explanation of the Duplex principle: When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which **side** of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course.

If you collect the waves from **one** side of the vibrating pan, you get only **half** the noise. That's plain, isn't it?

Well, the same thing holds true of the diaphragm of a phonograph.

In every talking machine made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were **wasted.** You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made—the rest was lost.

The **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

The **Duplex,** therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of **any** other—no matter what its price—and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means.

For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking,** squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

As a special guarantee against the presence of harshness resulting from vibration, the points of contact between the horns and reproducer are protected by rubber—an exclusive feature of the Duplex Phonograph.

Direct From Our Factory

WE ask the privilege of **proving** to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made.

We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one **at our expense**—under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it, and if they do not pronounce it better—in volume and in tone—than the **best** old style phonograph, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer, but it isn't all.

We save you in the price exactly $70.15—because we save you all the jobbers', middlemen's, and dealers' profits. We are *actual manufacturers*—not jobbers—and sell direct to you at factory prices.

Sold through dealers the Duplex would cost you at least $100—and it would be a bargain at that. Bought direct from our factory it costs you (one profit added) only

$29.85

And you get a seven days' trial in your own home—and are under no obligation to keep it if you are not satisfied. You run no risk, for this advertisement could not appear in this magazine if we did not carry out our promises.

Music In Your Home

THINK what a Duplex Phonograph will mean to you! The variety of entertainment you can command at trifling expense is practically unlimited.

You can enjoy a delightful selection of songs, poems, piano, banjo, guitar, or violin music, short stories, anecdotes or dialect pieces, all reproduced by the marvelous two horned Duplex with the faultless fidelity of an instantaneous photograph.

You can bring to your family and friends, in all their original beauty, the priceless gems of musical art, the classic performances of famous Artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Raoul Pugno, and Jan Kubelik.

Or, you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

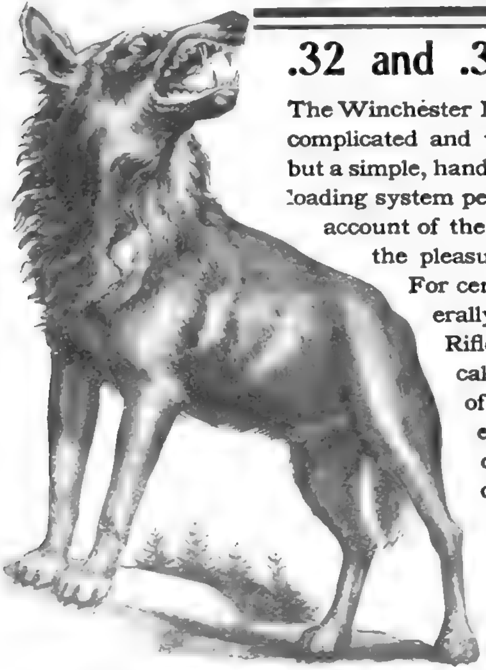
And, best of all, you can hear once more, the voice of dear old Joe Jefferson as, with matchless pathos, he delivers the lines of Rip Van Winkle so familiar to a former generation.

With every Duplex we send free three 10 inch records.

Write today for catalog and full particulars of our FREE trial offer. You will never regret it. Please address

The Duplex Phonograph Co., 106 Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

WINCHESTER



.32 and .35 Caliber Self-Loading Rifles

The Winchester Model 1905 Self-Loading Rifle is not cumbersome, complicated and unsightly like most other self-loading firearms, but a simple, handsome, well-balanced gun. The Winchester self-loading system permits rapid shooting with great accuracy and on account of the novelty and ease of its operation adds much to the pleasure of rifle shooting either at target or game. For certain kinds of hunting where the quarry is generally shot on the run, the Winchester Self-Loading Rifle is particularly well adapted. The .32 and .35 caliber cartridges that the Model 1905 handles are of the modern smokeless powder type and give excellent penetration and great shocking effect on animal tissue. Winchester guns and Winchester ammunition are made for one another.

FREE: Send name and address for large illustrated catalogue describing all our guns.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Protection from Sudden Chills

Everyone knows how easy it is to take a sudden chill by stepping from an over heated room into the cool, open air. Wright's Health Underwear assures absolute freedom from sudden chills, the skin is kept dry and healthy and the body at an even temperature under most extreme conditions.

WRIGHT'S Health Underwear

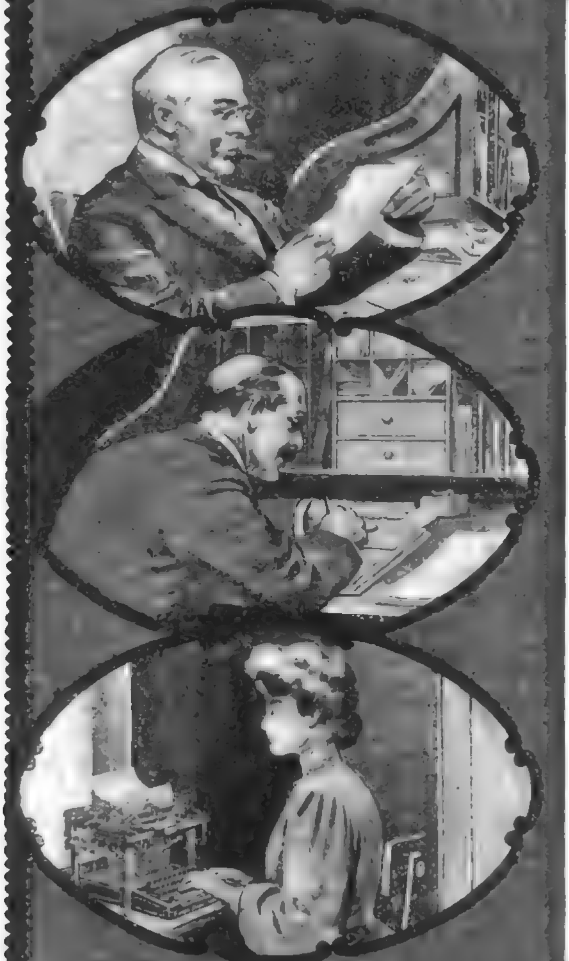
is made of wool, fleece lined, both fabric and fleece being woven upon Wright's famous "loop-fleece" principle, a myriad of tiny loops and air-spaces assuring perfect ventilation, perfect absorption and perfect health.

Wright's Health Underwear costs no more than the other kinds. Ask your dealer for Wright's. Send for free book, *"Loops of Health, Fleece of Comfort."*

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.,
75 Franklin St., New York

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

The New Models *of the* Remington Typewriter



please the man who receives the letters—because the work is the *best* he has ever seen.

They satisfy the man who signs the letters—because the work is the *best*, and the *swiftest* he has ever known.

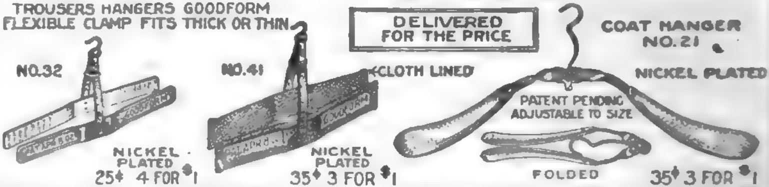
They gratify the operator who writes the letters—because the work is the *best*, the *swiftest* and the *easiest* she has ever done.

The *New Remington* Escapement accounts for it all. Have YOU seen it?

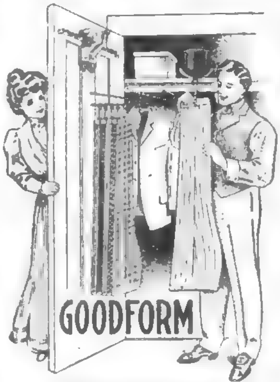
Remington Typewriter Company

New York *and* Everywhere

Many Merchants
have our goods in stock, but you may not readily find them. Send order to us, then you will receive the genuine "Goodform" equipments through the local merchant or from us by prepaid express. **Sold singly or in sets.**


TROUSERS HANGERS GOODFORM
FLEXIBLE CLAMP FITS THICK OR THIN
NO.32
NICKEL PLATED
25¢ 4 FOR $1
NO.41
CLOTH LINED
NICKEL PLATED
35¢ 3 FOR $1
COAT HANGER NO.21
NICKEL PLATED
PATENT PENDING
ADJUSTABLE TO SIZE
FOLDED
35¢ 3 FOR $1

DELIVERED FOR THE PRICE



"I Knew He Would Like It"

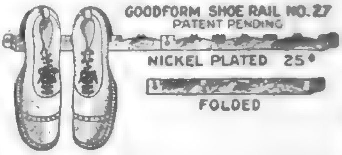
Get the Genuine "Goodform"

BOTH men and women like the "Goodform" Closet Sets. They save trouble and expense of pressing garments, retaining the shape and form; they increase the capacity of closets; every garment is instantly get-at-able. You will wonder how you ever did without it; for it's a joy every day in the year.

"Goodform" Set for Men
$4.50, delivered.
6 Coat Hangers, No. 21, adjustable.
6 Trousers Hang'rs, No. 41, cloth lined
1 each Shelf Bar and Door Loop.
1 Shoe Rail, No. 27.

"Goodform" Set for Ladies
$3.00, delivered.
6 Coat Hangers, No. 21, adjustable.
6 Skirt Hangers, adjustable.
1 each Shelf Bar and Door Loop.
1 Shoe Rail, No. 27.

All nickel plated. In attractive enameled boxes, especially right for Christmas. Remember we deliver for the price.


GOODFORM SHOE RAIL NO.27
PATENT PENDING
NICKEL PLATED 25¢
FOLDED

Accept no substitutes. Get the genuine. Every article in the "Goodform" Sets is superior to anything of its kind; if not, send anything or everything back and money will be refunded. For years "Goodform" Sets have been a favorite with gift buyers. Our experience and perfect equipment enable us to handle the holiday trade promptly. Your order will have quick and careful attention. Booklet free.

CHICAGO FORM COMPANY, 700 Garden City Block
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

You Are Always Sure

of garments that fit perfectly, retain their shape and give satisfactory service when you buy

MICHAELS-STERN FINE CLOTHING

which is the standard for correct fashion wherever *good* clothes are sold.

Ask your clothier—no matter where you live—to show you

MICHAELS-STERN SUITS AND OVERCOATS

At $12, $15, $18, $20, $25 and upwards.

Write post-card for fashion booklet "L" "Styles from Life" and for name of dealer in your city.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO., Manufacturers, Rochester, N. Y.

"CARTER" UNDERWEAR

is delightfully soft and pleasing to the skin, and of great elasticity and durability.

"Carter" Union Suits are constructed along lines entirely superior to other makes, and can be relied upon always to give absolute comfort and satisfaction.

They never chafe, roll up or sag, and have the celebrated wide, perfectly-closing "Carter" flap.

"Carter" Underwear is knitted from the finest yarns obtainable, and the workmanship is of the best. It is durable, healthful and economical.

Made in union and two-piece suits for women and children. Union suits for men. Also infants' shirts and bands.

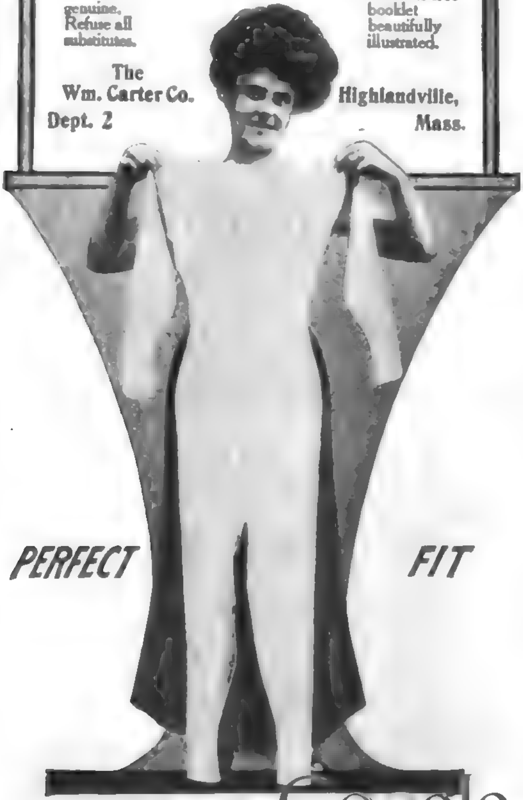
For sale by nearly all first-class dealers.

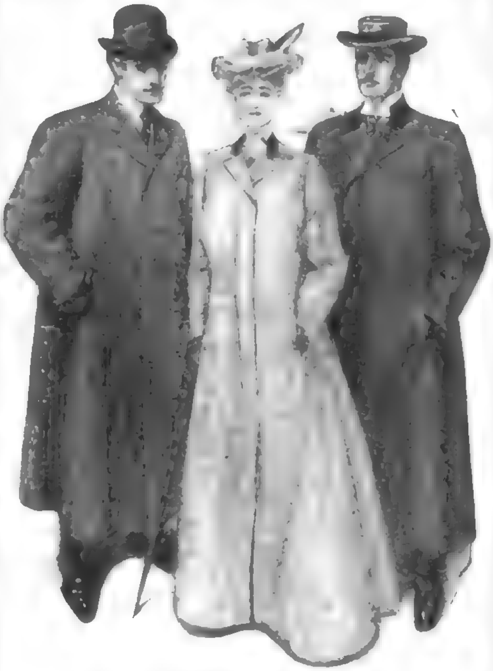
Look for the
"CARTER"
Trade-Mark

Insist on the genuine. Refuse all substitutes.

Send for free booklet beautifully illustrated.

The
Wm. Carter Co.
Dept. 2
Highlandville,
Mass.





Rain Will Neither Wet Nor Spot
A Genuine

"Cravenette" RAIN COAT

Remember that—and don't buy a rain coat unless you can find this ☛ circular trade-mark stamped on the back of cloth and this ☛ label sewed at the coat collar or elsewhere.

REG'D Cravenette TRADE MARK

REG'D Cravenette TRADE MARK RAIN PROOF

Rain Coats without the Cravenette trade-mark are cheap imitations—worthless. Ask your dealer.

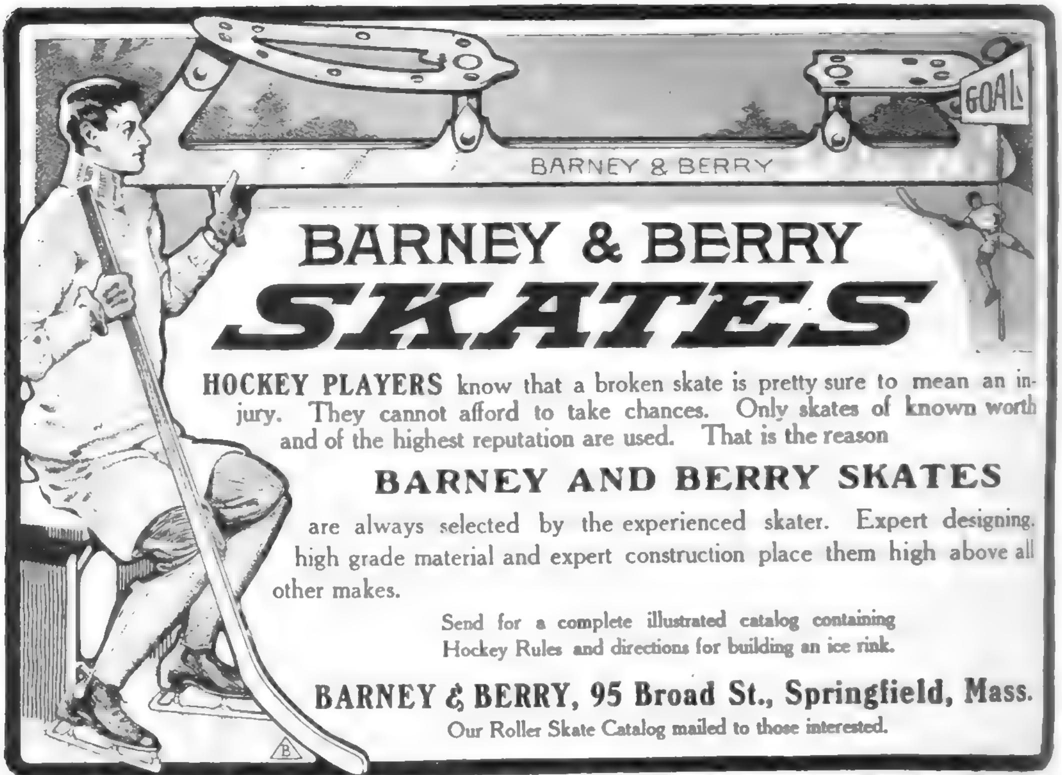
Write for interesting booklet—FREE

B. Priestley & Co.

Manufacturers of Black Dress Goods, Mohairs, Woolens, Cravenette Cloths, etc.

Grand St., Cor. Wooster, New York

Or to GREENSHIELDS, Ltd., Montreal, Canada



BARNEY & BERRY SKATES

HOCKEY PLAYERS know that a broken skate is pretty sure to mean an injury. They cannot afford to take chances. Only skates of known worth and of the highest reputation are used. That is the reason

BARNEY AND BERRY SKATES

are always selected by the experienced skater. Expert designing, high grade material and expert construction place them high above all other makes.

Send for a complete illustrated catalog containing Hockey Rules and directions for building an ice rink.

BARNEY & BERRY, 95 Broad St., Springfield, Mass.

Our Roller Skate Catalog mailed to those interested.

EVERY MAN NEEDS A CLARKE MIDGET Interchangeable Leaf Memo Book

Fits the vest pocket. Patented.
Permits rearrangement or renewal of any leaf desired.
Leaves lie perfectly flat when open
The most convenient and practical pocket memorandum book ever devised. Not for sale by dealers
Cloth cover and 50 ruled leaves, **25 cents**
Flexible seal leather cover and 50 ruled leaves, **50 cents**
Extra package leaves, 10c; 3 for 25c. Index, 10c.
Name in gold on cover 25 cents additional

The PERPETUAL DAILY REMINDER SET, for use in connection with above books, consists of a separate dated leaf for each day of 1907, conveniently arranged in a neat desk tray, as illustrated. Leaves for a month in advance are transferred to our regular pocket binder, balance of leaves remain accessible in tray until wanted. Important matters previously listed, are automatically brought to the user's attention when the proper date arrives. Insures against forgetfulness. One instance may save its cost } **$1.00** add'l to cost of book.

Cash or its equivalent must accompany orders. Add 10 cents exchange on local checks. Goods are sent postpaid. Money back if wanted. Send today.

Clarke Loose-Leaf Book Co., Dept. G, 230 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Temporary Investments 5%

Instead of keeping unemployed the funds you expect to have use for later, let them bear earnings at 5% until such time as you are ready for them. We can handle your temporary investments as profitably for you as more permanent accounts—**PAYING 5% PER YEAR** for each day left with us. Funds may be withdrawn at any time without loss of earnings, which are remitted by check quarterly or semi-annually or compounded.

Our business, established over 13 years, is entirely non-speculative and **conducted under supervision of New York Banking Department.**

Probably we can refer you to some one in your locality.

Write for full particulars.

Assets $1,750,000

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
5% PER ANNUM

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
26 Times Building, Broadway, New York

Learn at home by mail Mount Birds

We can teach you by mail to stuff and mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Game Heads, etc. Also to tan skins and make rugs. Be your own taxidermist. Decorate your home with your beautiful trophies. Or increase your income selling specimens and mounting for others. Easily, quickly learned in spare time, by men and women. Highest endorsements by thousands of students. If interested write today for catalogue and Taxidermy Magazine FREE. WRITE TODAY. N. W. School of Taxidermy, Inc., 99 H Street, Omaha, Neb.

BIG MONEY IN POULTRY

Our big Poultry Book with many new illustrations tells how to make it; also how to feed, breed, grow and market Poultry for best results. Plans for houses and a great mass of useful information. Tells how to start small and grow big. Illustrates and describes the largest pure bred Poultry Farm in the world; tells about our many varieties; quotes lowest prices on Fowls, Eggs, Incubators and Brooders. Mailed for 10c postage

FRANK FOY, BOX 65 - DES MOINES, IOWA

I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, books, newspaper. Card Press $5. Larger $18. Money saver, maker. All easy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

MAKE $10.00 A DAY

One man and one machine can do this with a

PETTYJOHN Concrete Block Machine

An opportunity to the first to write us from each locality to start a BIG PAYING BUSINESS with small capital. If you are going to build a home you should have it. Whole outfit costs only $125.00. Sand, Water and Cement only materials required. One man can make 200 blocks daily. Machine sent on trial. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

THE PETTYJOHN CO., 636 N. 6th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

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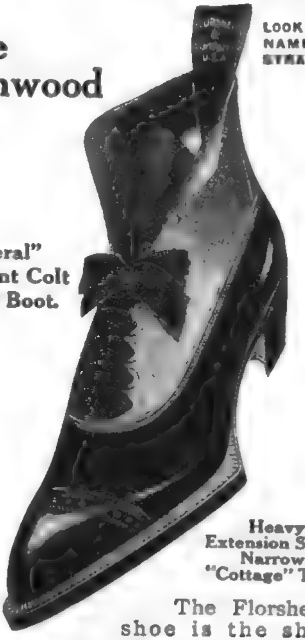
The Florsheim SHOE

The Kenwood


LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP
"Cheral" Patent Colt Lace Boot.
Heavy Extension Sole. Narrow "Cottage" Toe.

The Florsheim shoe is the shoe for the exclusive, discriminating man—the man who is willing to pay the price—the man who knows—the man who cares. Florsheim's require no breaking in. They are comfortable from the start.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most Styles sell for $5.00.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BURNS' Adjustable Telephone Holder and Extensible Bracket

For flat top or roll top desks.
Has largest radius of action.

Let us send you one on trial—if you like it keep it and send us $3.00; if not return at our expense. Send for free Bulletin No. 1312W. It tells also of our complete Telephone Exchanges.

American Electric Telephone Co.
6400 to 6600 State St.
Chicago, Ill.

You needn't figure on roof-repairs when you use asphalt for the waterproofing.

Genasco Ready Roofing is made of Trinidad Lake Asphalt, the permanent natural waterproofer. Rain and snow do not affect it; summer suns do not dry-up or melt it; winter cold does not crack it. Genasco does not go to pieces the way coal-tar and other substitute roofings do, but protects your property for years without requiring the slightest attention.

Several weights; smooth or mineral surface.

Easy to apply. Ask your dealer for Genasco Ready Roofing.

Write today for Book G and samples.

THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt in the world

PHILADELPHIA

New York San Francisco Chicago

When you purchase the

"Peck Clothing"

FOR BUSINESS OR DRESS

you take no chances—it is made in one of the best equipped and most up-to-date tailoring shops in the country, manned by the highest class designers, cutters and garment-workers—a combination of talent that makes "PECK CLOTHING" perfect in every detail of construction. Ask your clothier to show you the

"PECK" WINTER SUITS AND OVERCOATS $12 to $45

At Wholesale
SYRACUSE NEW YORK CHICAGO

Write for "Art in Clothes" a beautifully illustrated booklet of the correct Winter models—it's FREE and worth having.

W. S. PECK & COMPANY
Dept. F, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Making Good

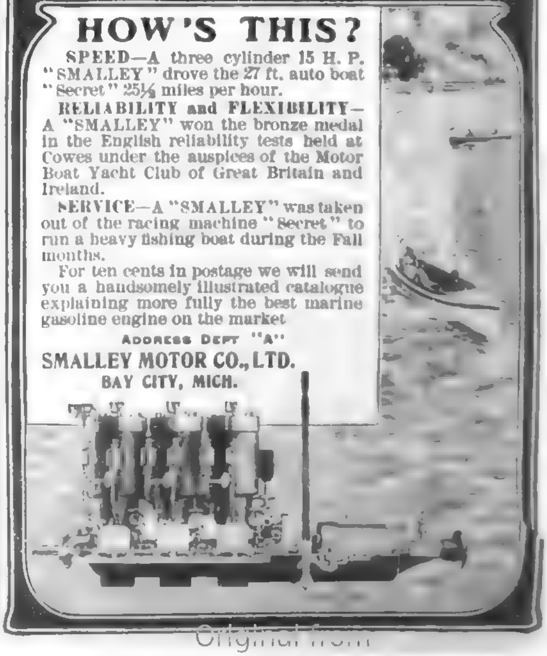
The New York Realty Owners Company has *made good* to hundreds of Shareowners who have for years received 6% Guaranteed Interest or Business Profits equalling 12% on sums of from $100. to $10,000.

This Company has been in successful operation over 10 years and is managed by men with 20 years successful experience in this special line of real estate investment. It has paid over $500,000. to its Shareowners. Over 11,500 paid checks, hundreds of letters from satisfied Investors, Assets of over a million and a quarter and an increased Surplus, show results.

This Company owns and handles New York Real Estate in the same manner as the Astors and other large estates and with an equal percentage of profits to individuals who invest smaller sums. It can help *you* in the same way that it is helping hundreds to get the full return from the use of their money in the safest business known, New York Real Estate Ownership. Send for Booklet D.

New York Realty Owners Co.
489 Fifth Avenue, New York

SMALLEY
MARINE GAS ENGINES



HOW'S THIS?

SPEED—A three cylinder 15 H. P. "SMALLEY" drove the 27 ft. auto boat "Secret" 25½ miles per hour.

RELIABILITY and FLEXIBILITY—A "SMALLEY" won the bronze medal in the English reliability tests held at Cowes under the auspices of the Motor Boat Yacht Club of Great Britain and Ireland.

SERVICE—A "SMALLEY" was taken out of the racing machine "Secret" to run a heavy fishing boat during the Fall months.

For ten cents in postage we will send you a handsomely illustrated catalogue explaining more fully the best marine gasoline engine on the market

ADDRESS DEPT "A"
SMALLEY MOTOR CO., LTD.
BAY CITY, MICH.

Just what he's been ardently wishing for— one of those celebrated STEVENS FIREARMS that have instructed and delighted generations of wide-awake boys the world over.

THEY HIT THE BULL'S EYE AS A XMAS GIFT FOR MAN OR BOY

Ask your hardware or sporting goods merchant for STEVENS RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, *express prepaid*, upon receipt of catalog price.

Our 140 page illustrated catalog embodies the most complete and varied number of Christmas suggestions in the firearm line. Mailed for four cents in stamps. **Beautiful hanger forwarded for six cents in stamps.**

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO., 450 Oak Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

SAFE
BEYOND
QUESTION and 4%

income assured. Capital and Surplus of five million dollars and resources exceeding thirty million dollars are ample guarantee of the safety of funds deposited in this well known bank. You can

BANK BY MAIL

as easily as you can bank at home. Send for our free booklet "C" giving full information.

The Cleveland Trust Company
(Savings Bank)
CLEVELAND OHIO
Sixty-two Thousand Depositors

UNION SUITS
(ONE-PIECE UNDERWEAR)

Did you ever stop to consider how inconvenient, unhealthy, and generally objectionable the old-fashioned two-piece underwear really is? One who has worn **PEERLESS UNION SUITS** will never return to the two-piece garment. **PEERLESS UNION SUITS** are woven by our special machinery in one-piece. They are made for men and women. They fit like the skin. They are so constructed that every part of the body is equally covered at all times.

Ask your dealer for **PEERLESS UNION SUITS**. The quality is high, the price moderate. Catalogue by mail on request.

PEERLESS UNION UNDERWEAR CO., Mnfrs.
MATTAPAN, MASS.

TRY IT AT OUR EXPENSE

Hair on Approval

To prove to you that we can save you money and give you the best live French hair, we will send you on 10 days consignment any design you may want for comparison. If satisfied, remit us, if not, return it at our expense. We guarantee to match any shade or quality. Send sample of your hair and describe what you want.

A FINE SWITCH FOR $1.00

Also complete line of hair goods at like prices.

2 oz. 22 in. switch	$1.25
2½ oz. 24 in. switch	2.25
3½ oz. 26 in. switch	4.00
Lightweight wavy switch	2.50
Featherweight seamless switch 22 in. long, natural wavy	4.95
Natural curly pompadour	2.90
Finest wigs, $15.00 to	50.00

Largest manufacturer in the world of hair goods and toilet requisites

Book on Hair Beautifying Free

We will send to any address our interesting and instructive book No. 67, telling all about correct care of the hair, proper styles for dressing, and how to become beautiful. This book also describes upwards of 500 complete lines of switches and goods of every description.

E. BURNHAM, Chicago, Ill.

RETAIL: 70 and 72 State Street **WHOLESALE: 67 and 69 Washington Street**

Three Dollars and Eightyfive cents, prepaid

Jet Black Warm Soft, Handsome, Durable

Also Mocha, Kid, Kazan, and Reindeer Gloves, unlined and silk lined, for men and women. Natural black **Galloway** fur Coats and Robes, **Black and Brown Frisian** and Black Dog Skin Coats. Elegant fur lined coats, with blended Muskrat or Russian Marmot lining, collar of Otter or Persian Lamb. Send us cow or horse hides, calf, dog, deer or other skins, and **let us tan them for you,** soft, light, odorless and moth proof, for Robes, Coats, Rugs or Gloves. "and Crosby pays the freight." We do robe, rug and coat making, also repair work, **taxidermy and head mounting.** We buy no hides, skins, raw furs or Ginseng. Write for Catalogue, mentioning this magazine.

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I was deaf myself for 25 years. I perfected and patented a small, invisible ear drum in order to help my own hearing. It is called "The Way Ear Drum," and by the use of these drums I can NOW HEAR WHISPERS. I want all deaf people to write me. I do not claim to "cure" all cases of deafness, neither can I benefit those who were born deaf. But I CAN HELP 90 per cent of those whose hearing is defective.

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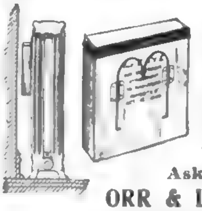

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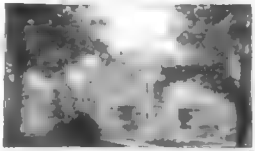

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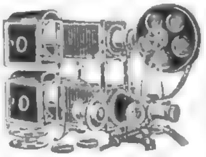

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Don't neglect your boy. When the time comes to select a Christmas present for him, a present that will reflect your desire to give him happiness and manly training at the same time, choose a **Daisy Air Rifle** and teach him to use it. The **"Daisy"** is a real gun, modeled after the latest hammerless rifle, and shoots accurately, using compressed air instead of powder. No smoke, no noise, and perfectly safe in the hands of any boy.

1,000-shot Daisy, an Automatic Magazine Rifle, $2.00
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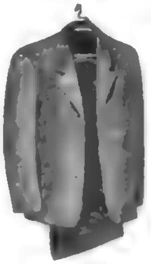
Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or delivered from factory anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. The "Daisy" book telling all about them free; write for it. **DAISY MFG. CO., 284 Union St., PLYMOUTH, MICH.**



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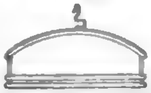
Sample Hangers for 25 cts.



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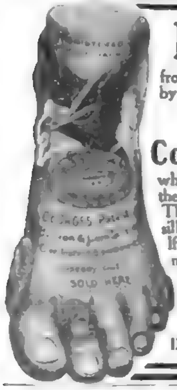

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which remove the painful pressure and friction, the cause of the condition.

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SOLVES THE PROBLEM

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This plan will encourage the habits of thrift and economy by offering an inducement to deposit additional sums from time to time, thereby providing for the inevitable "rainy day." We especially solicit small accounts on which we pay four per cent. interest, compounded twice a year. You can begin with

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Send for our free booklet "E" explaining our system of Banking by Mail.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO. THE CITY OF BANKS.

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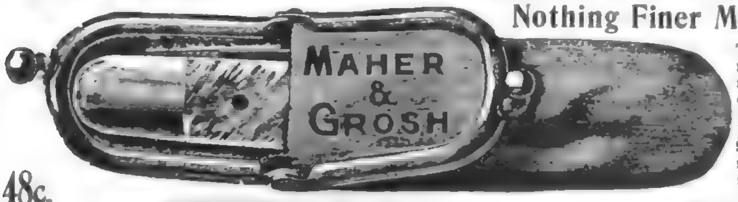

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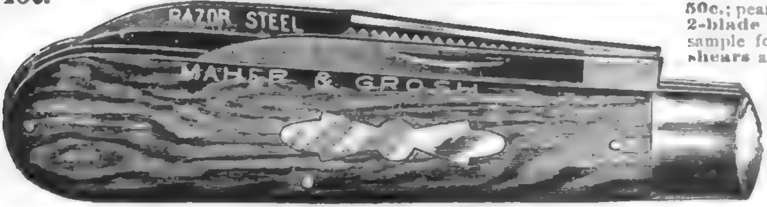

This is **"Our Special Pet,"** and is as fine a knife as can be made; pearl handle, nickel ends and back, 3 blades, in chamois case, **$1.50** postpaid; with 2 blades, **$1**; plainer 3-blade, **$1**, or with 2 blades, 75c. The Maher & Grosh **Knives, Razors, Scissors**, etc., are hand-forged from razor steel. They are made **on honor**, tested severely and warranted. Boy's 2-blade, with chain, **50c.**; lady's 2-blade, ivory, **50c.**; pearl, **75c.** The lower cut shows our **75c. 2-blade jack-knife.** For a while will mail sample for **48c.**, **5** for **$2.** Our **60c. steel shears** and **75c. knife free by mail** for **$1.**

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Send for 80-page free list and "How to Use a Razor."

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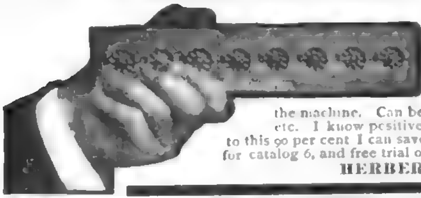

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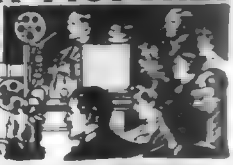

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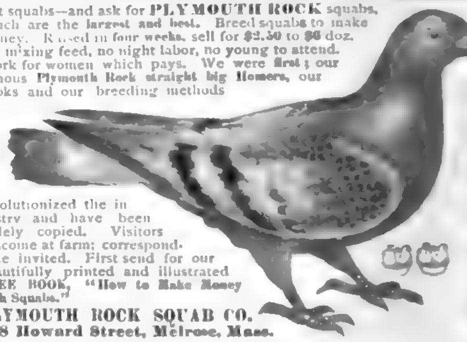

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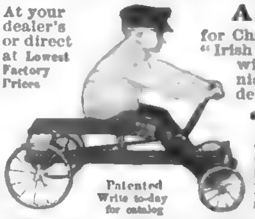

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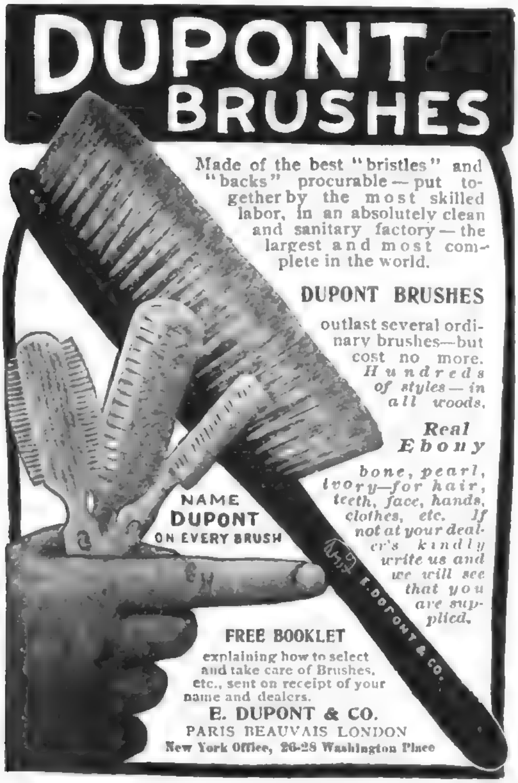

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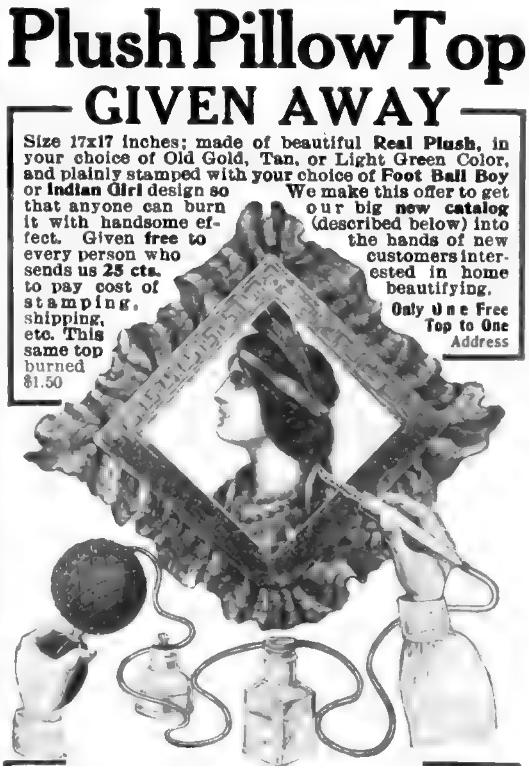

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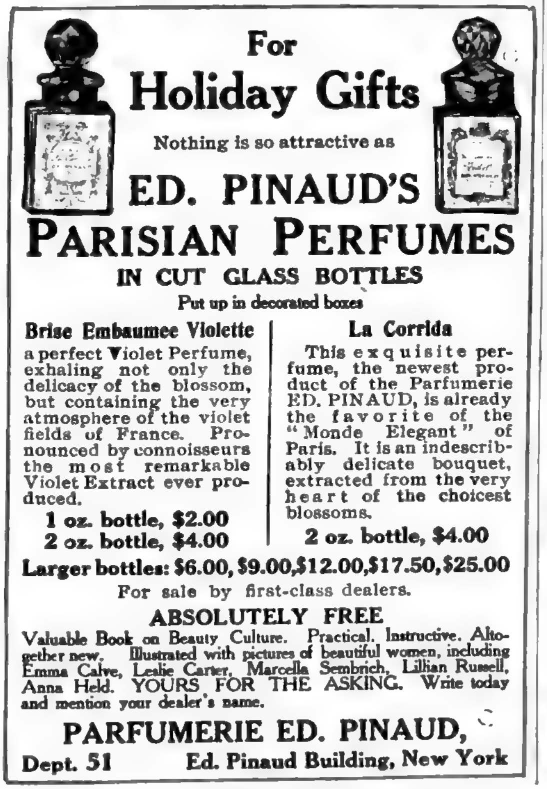

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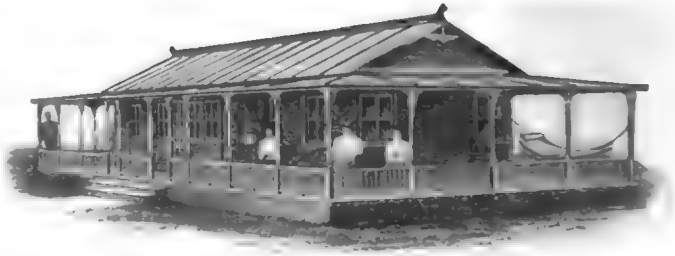

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Prevents colds caused by damp hair, etc.

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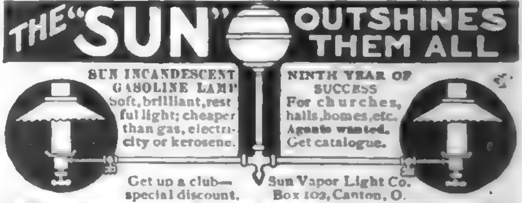

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Then you should know more about the Ann Arbor Lighting System. It is a practical system for lighting the home, that gives a bright mild light superior to gas or electricity, at about one-tenth of their cost. No matter where you live, you can have a complete incandescent lighting outfit in your home, with lights in every room, each lamp of which gives 300-candle power light at a cost of less than one-third cent per hour.

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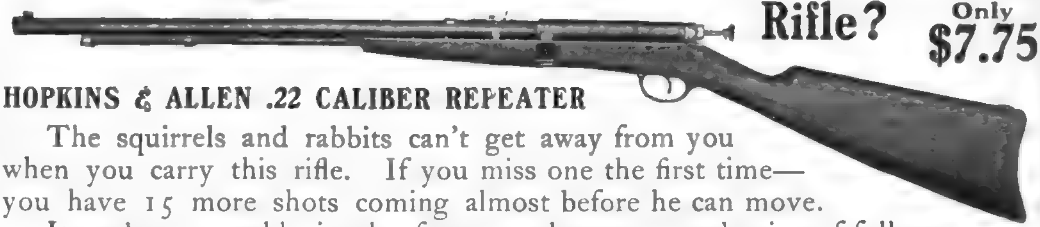


HOPKINS & ALLEN .22 CALIBER REPEATER

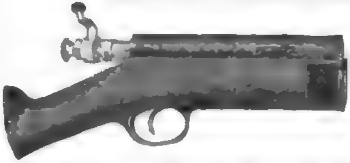
The squirrels and rabbits can't get away from you when you carry this rifle. If you miss one the first time—you have 15 more shots coming almost before he can move.

It makes a ramble in the forest a pleasure—productive of full game bags—and all the excitement of quick successful shots.

DESCRIPTION: This is the finest and most reliable repeating rifle ever offered at the price. It shoots 22 long or short or 22 long rifle cartridges—16 shots for shorts and 12 for long or long rifle—and the ejector works like lightning. You can deliver 12 or 16 shots (depending on the cartridge used) almost as quick as you can pull the trigger. THE GAME SIMPLY CANNOT GET AWAY.

Quick take-down pattern—full length 38½", length of barrel 20"—weight 5½ lbs. Has that excellent military bolt action—**the first ever put on an American sporting rifle.** HAS THE BEST SAFETY DEVICE—A SIMPLE TOUCH OF THE LEVER PREVENTS ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE. HAS THE ONLY EJECTING DEVICE THAT WILL QUICKLY EMPTY THE MAGAZINE WITHOUT FIRING A CARTRIDGE. HAS MORE UNIQUE, DESIRABLE FEATURES THAN ANY OTHER 22 CALIBER REPEATER. Has beautifully polished walnut stock, military butt plate, every part drop forged—lock work made of spring steel. AN EXCELLENT RIFLE FOR FIELD, FOREST OR GALLERY PRACTICE—SURE TO GIVE SURPRISING PLEASURE TO ITS POSSESSOR.

Price $7.75. Safe delivery GUARANTEED—IF YOUR OWN DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU.



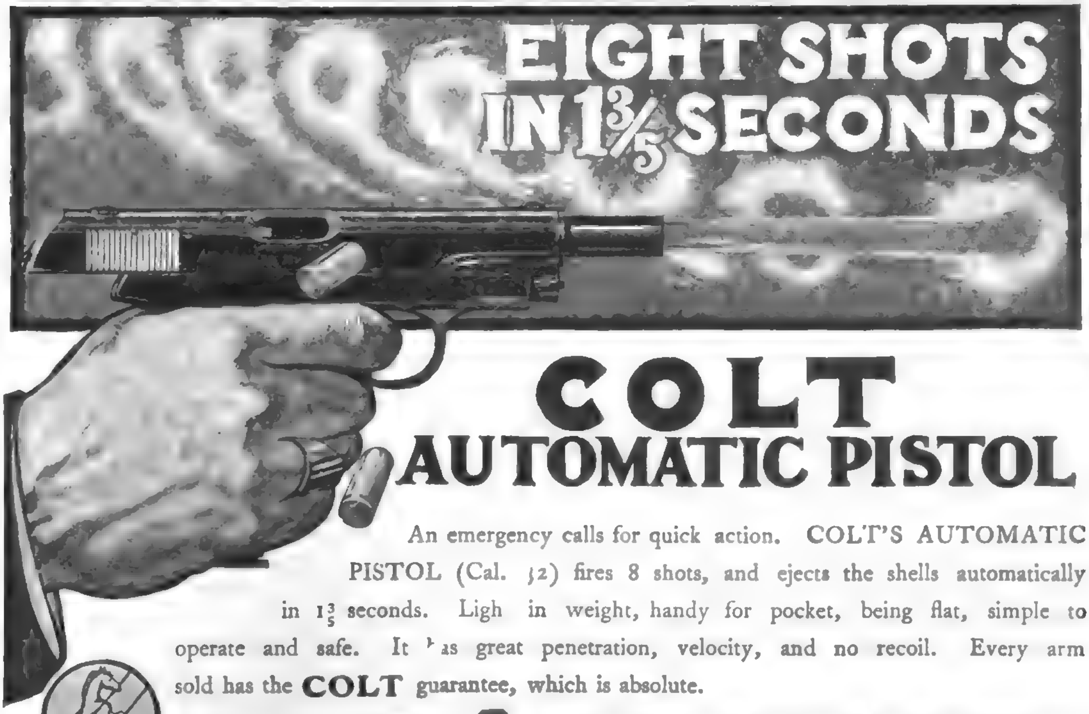
Showing Position of Ejector in Ejecting Shell

We publish two delightful stories—"William Tell" the experience of an expert with his first Junior Rifle, and "My First Rifle" by the famous marksman, Capt. Jack O'Connell, **which we will send free,** *with our illustrated catalogue of rifles, revolvers and shotguns.*

HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.

Dept. 13 **NORWICH, CONN.**

The Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Shot Guns, Rifles and Revolvers in the world



COLT

AUTOMATIC PISTOL

An emergency calls for quick action. COLT'S AUTOMATIC PISTOL (Cal. 32) fires 8 shots, and ejects the shells automatically in 1⅗ seconds. Light in weight, handy for pocket, being flat, simple to operate and safe. It has great penetration, velocity, and no recoil. Every arm sold has the **COLT** guarantee, which is absolute.

TRADE MARK

Send for catalogue "Military" which gives details of this and all models. Mailed Free.

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

LONDON OFFICE, 15A Pall Mall, London, S. W.

Razac at the Office

HUNDREDS of letters are reaching us—letters of congratulation from users of the Razac: business and professional men, Army and Navy people, actors, editors, workers in every industry.

We find the business man ordering an extra Razac to keep at the office. He can shave there on occasion as quickly and easily as at home.

The Razac means relief from barber-shop bondage, a saving of time, of money and temper. It means freedom from tools and towels that reek of other faces, and best of all, a cool, smooth shave for every man no matter how tough or wiry his beard. No beard is a hard beard for the Razac.

Anyone can use a Razac, and use it with impunity—shave against the grain, clean up all the corners, shave the back of the neck. It shaves smooth as velvet and does not irritate the skin.

The Razac outfit complete, ready for instant use, packed in handsome genuine leather case, price $3.50. Use the Razac for thirty days and if for any reason you are willing to part with it, send it back and we will promptly refund your money, without argument or question. No strings to this offer, and we pay express charges both ways. We authorize all dealers to make the same offer. If yours doesn't, send to us.

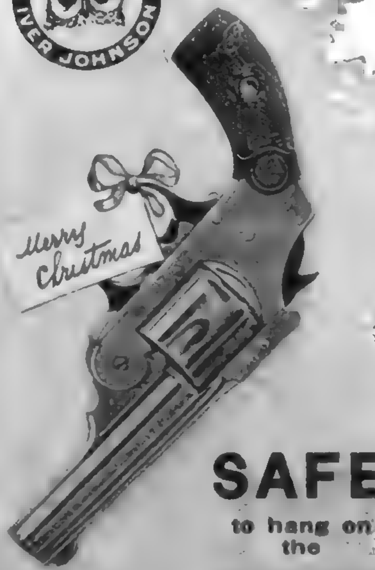
No more beautiful or acceptable gift for a man than our combination set containing triple silver-plated holder, twelve double-edge blades, genuine Badger-hair brush and Razac shaving stick, each in triple silver-plated box, all securely packed in genuine leather case with strong clasp, price $5.00. Same as above, quadruple gold-plated, $8.50.

Whatever you do, send your name on a postal card for our two books—RAZAC USE and RAZAC REASON. They explain and illustrate everything you'd like to know about shaving.

HAPGOODS SALES COMPANY, Suite 102-305 Broadway, N. Y.

TRADE MARK IVER JOHNSON

For Any "Him"



Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver, accidental discharge impossible, 22 and 32 calibre, 3-in. barrel (or 38 calibre, 3¼-in. barrel), hard rubber stock, nickeled finish, $5.00. Pocket size, 2-in. barrel, same price; 4-in. barrel, 50c.; 5-in. $1.00; 6-in. $1.50 extra. Pearl stock, 32 calibre, $1.25 extra; 38 calibre, $1.50 extra. Blued finish, any size, 50c. extra.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver, $6.00, in 32 or 38 calibre, furnished with same choice of finishes, stocks and lengths of barrel at same additional costs as on Hammer. Pocket size, 2-inch barrel, same price.

SAFE
to hang on the
Christmas Tree

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolvers

"Hammer the Hammer" of an Iver Johnson Revolver, if you will, throw the revolver against the wall, or drop it on the floor, it cannot possibly be discharged in any but the one way through the famous safety lever, which is operated solely by pulling the trigger. Accidental discharge impossible.

For straight shooting and hard shooting it is unexcelled by any other revolver, no matter what its name or price. It is compact, graceful, easy to carry, easy to handle—in every way a gentleman's weapon for pocket, desk or home.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," Tells You More in Detail

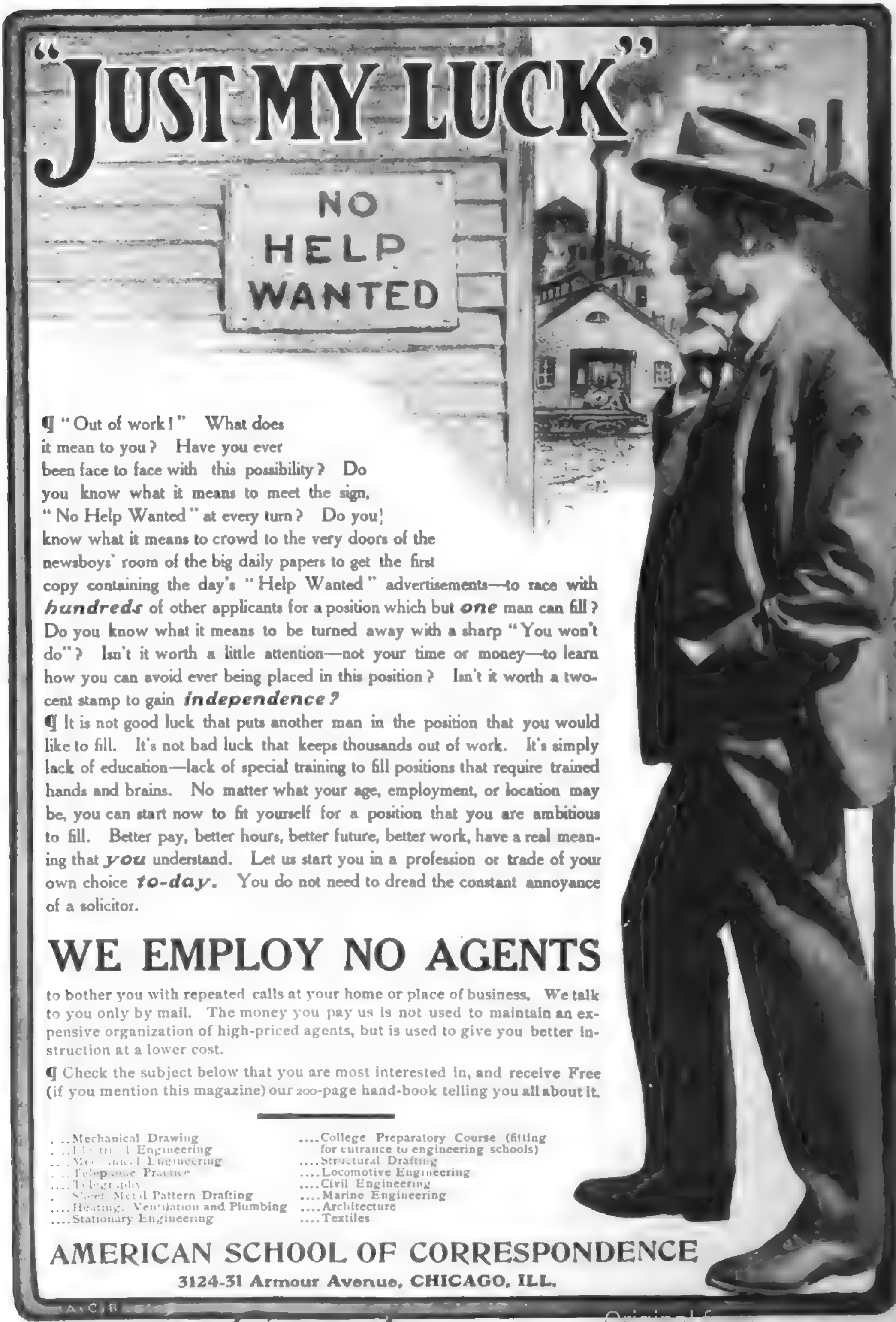
why the Iver Johnson has won its place in public favor. It also contains much revolver lore that everyone should know. Our handsome catalogue goes with it.

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York Office: 99 Chambers Street
Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Bekeart Co., 2330 Alameda Avenue, Alameda, Cal.
European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany
Makers of Iver Johnson Truss-Frame Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns

Hammer the Hammer

Accidental Discharge Impossible



¶ "Out of work!" What does it mean to you? Have you ever been face to face with this possibility? Do you know what it means to meet the sign, "No Help Wanted" at every turn? Do you know what it means to crowd to the very doors of the newsboys' room of the big daily papers to get the first copy containing the day's "Help Wanted" advertisements—to race with *hundreds* of other applicants for a position which but *one* man can fill? Do you know what it means to be turned away with a sharp "You won't do"? Isn't it worth a little attention—not your time or money—to learn how you can avoid ever being placed in this position? Isn't it worth a two-cent stamp to gain *independence?*

¶ It is not good luck that puts another man in the position that you would like to fill. It's not bad luck that keeps thousands out of work. It's simply lack of education—lack of special training to fill positions that require trained hands and brains. No matter what your age, employment, or location may be, you can start now to fit yourself for a position that you are ambitious to fill. Better pay, better hours, better future, better work, have a real meaning that *you* understand. Let us start you in a profession or trade of your own choice *to-day.* You do not need to dread the constant annoyance of a solicitor.

WE EMPLOY NO AGENTS

to bother you with repeated calls at your home or place of business. We talk to you only by mail. The money you pay us is not used to maintain an expensive organization of high-priced agents, but is used to give you better instruction at a lower cost.

¶ Check the subject below that you are most interested in, and receive Free (if you mention this magazine) our 200-page hand-book telling you all about it.

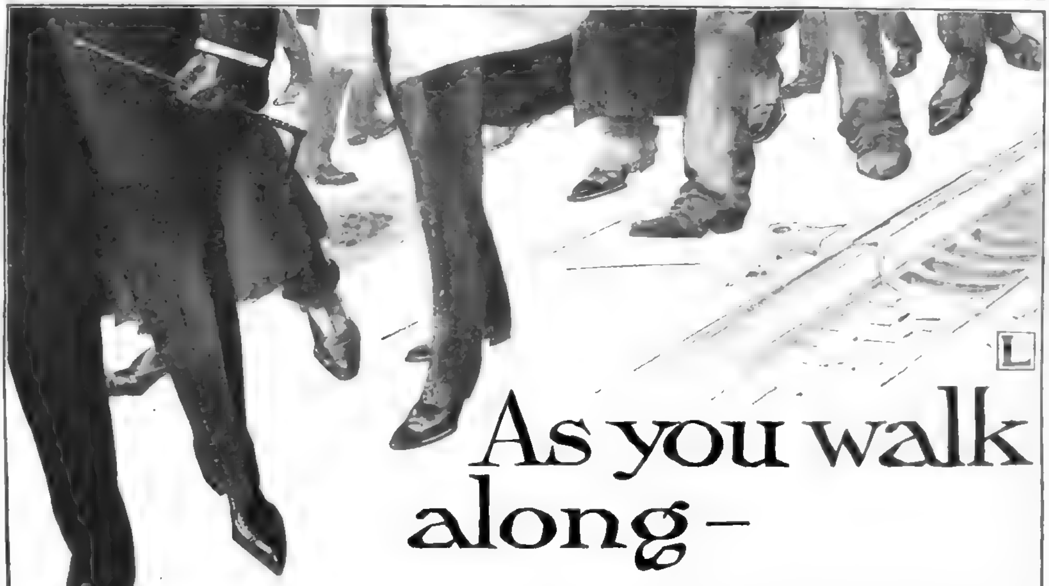
....Mechanical Drawing
....Electrical Engineering
....Mechanical Engineering
....Telephone Practice
....Telegraphy
....Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting
....Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing
....Stationary Engineering
....College Preparatory Course (fitting for entrance to engineering schools)
....Structural Drafting
....Locomotive Engineering
....Civil Engineering
....Marine Engineering
....Architecture
....Textiles

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
3124-31 Armour Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

American Gentleman

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

$3.50 SHOE $4.00



As you walk along—

how many of those you meet are hampered in their daily occupation by shoes that cramp, run over or lose their shape and style? Are *you* sometimes unpleasantly reminded of your shoes?

The largest shoe house in the world wants a word with you—

We sell the greatest number of shoes—
We sell the greatest variety of shoes—
We buy our materials in the largest quantities.

Are we not in a position to suit the greatest variety of men? And do it economically? The "American Gentleman" line is made to meet the widely differing requirements of different men. You are almost *certain* to find "your shoe" in this line. Over 18,000 dealers handle the American Gentleman.

We urge you to send a postal for

The 1907 "Shoelight" for Men

It's a style book that will help you solve the shoe question forever.

Style 1081, Patent Colt, dull calf upper, Blucher button, extension edge, single sole, spade shank, military heel, "Tribune" toe.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Co.
S. Louis, U. S. A.

'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor

Complete $1.00

IT'S EVERY MAN'S XMAS GIFT

The only 12-Bladed Razor in the world selling for less than $5.00. Marvelous mechanism that reduces blade-making to a scientific exactness has made possible **this $5.00 Razor for $1.00.** Exorbitant profit-taking on the part of other razor makers will be a thing of the past just as soon as **you** and your friends have tried **"Ever-Ready"** shaving. **12 blades** as lasting as flint, as true and keen-edged as ever identified a "best" razor—together with safety frame and stropper handle—all in a compact little case for **$1.00.** No knack—no skill required—it's impossible to cut the face. Shaves any growth of beard with pleasurable ease. Blades can be stropped, but we'll exchange **6** brand **new "Ever-Ready" blades** for 6 dull ones and **25 cents,** any time. Special **"Ever-Ready"** blades to fit "Gem," "Star" and "Yankee" frames, **6 for 50 cents**—or 12 for 75 cents, prepaid.

"Ever-Ready" dollar razor sets are sold by **Hardware, Cutlery, Department stores, Jewelers** and **Druggists** throughout America and the world. There are imitations already on the market, more profitable to dealers but valueless for shaving, so remember it's the **"Ever-Ready"** razor you want. Guaranteed to shave your beard or money back. **Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of $1.00.** *Canadian price, $1.25.*

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.
299 Broadway, New York

We've a clever Combination Set at $3.50

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The pen with the Clip-Cap

Solves the Xmas problem

Styles A and D

Plain and Chased

No.	No.		Price
A 12	or D 22,	-	$2.50
A 13	or D 23,	-	$3.50
A 14	or D 24,	-	$4.00
A 15	or D 25,	-	$5.00
A 16	or D 26,	-	$6.00
A 17	-	-	$7.00
A 18	-	-	$8.00

Style B

Plain or Chased

German Silver Clip

No.		Price
B 12	With Clip	$2.75
B 13	" "	$3.75
B 14	" "	$4.25
B 15	" "	$5.25
B 16	" "	$6.25
B 17	" "	$7.25
B 18	" "	$8.25

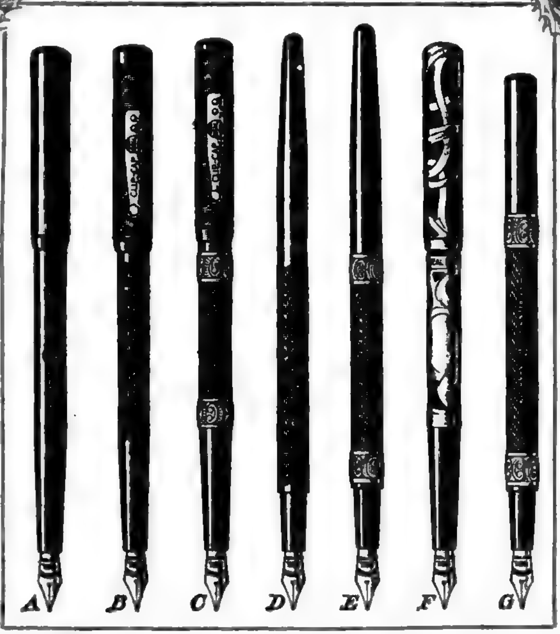
Style C

GOLD BANDS

Plain or Chased

No.		* Price
C 12 G.M.	- -	$3.50
C 13 G.M.	- -	$4.50
C 14 G.M.	- -	$5.00
C 15 G.M.	- -	$6.00
C 16 G.M.	- -*	$7.00

**See price of Clips in next column*



Style E

GOLD BANDS

Plain or Chased

No.		Price
E 22 G.M.	- -	$3.50
E 23 G.M.	- -	$4.50
E 24 G.M.	- -	$5.00
E 25 G.M.	- -	$6.00
E 26 G.M.	- -	$7.00

Style F

SILVER FILIGREE

With Nameplate

No.		Price
F 12 Fil.	- -	$5.00
F 14 Fil.	- -	$7.00
F 15 Fil.	- -	$8.50
F 16 Fil.	- -	$9.50
F 18 Fil.	- -	$12.00

Style G

GOLD BANDS

Plain or Chased

No.		Price
G 2 G.M.	- -	$3.50
G 3 G.M.	- -	$4.50
G 4 G.M.	- -	$5.00
G 5 G.M.	- -	$6.00
G 6 G.M.	- -	$7.00

CLIPS ADD TO COST—

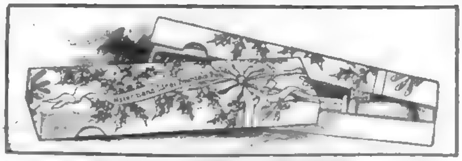
German Silver	25c.
Sterling Silver	50c.
Rolled Gold	$1.00.
Solid Gold	$2.00.

Unit figure in all numbers indicates size of gold pen contained in holder

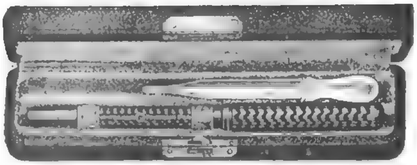
For Man or Woman - Boy or Girl

The Christmas problem is to find a suitable gift. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen solves this problem because it means pleasure to the giver and satisfaction to the user, whether man or woman, boy or girl. To the woman in search of a gift for a man this pen will come as a particularly appropriate suggestion. It is of service everywhere and becomes more valuable as time goes on. With a present of this kind goes the satisfaction of having given the best because—there are imitations. Insist on the genuine.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION BOXES



FOR UNMOUNTED PENS



FOR GOLD MOUNTED PENS

For sale almost everywhere. If your town has no dealer write for Xmas booklet

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N.Y.
8 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON · 209 STATE ST., CHICAGO · 136 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL ·
742 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO · 12 GOLDEN LANE LONDON., E. C.

Successful Classified Advertising

By Successful Classified Advertisers

"OF our list of mediums EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE stands at the head. We have been in since the first classified advertising columns were opened in your magazine and we expect to continue indefinitely. One agent whom we secured from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has already sold over $1,000 worth of our goods and has secured five sub-agents from one of whom we this morning received an order amounting to $81.96. Personally I do not believe that summer or winter makes any difference with the pulling qualities of your magazine."—THOMAS MFG. CO., Cutlery, Dayton, Ohio.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

"I have tried Newspaper advertising for agents, without getting a single answer, time and again, until I had gotten discouraged, when a friend recommended EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE as the best periodical to get the attention of agents."—L. B. LAWLER, Rushville, Ill.

"The advertisement in the classified columns of your magazine brought more replies than we received from the same ad which we placed in the classified column in the Sunday issue of 30 daily newspapers combined."—COTTO-WAXO CO., St. Louis, Mo.

MAGAZINE ADVERTISING

"We receive much more satisfactory results all the time from your classified columns than from any other publication of like character."—KINLOCH PAINT COMPANY, St. Louis.

"We have had three times as many inquiries from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE as from all the others we advertise in."—H. C. WHITE CO., Stereoscopes, North Bennington, Vt.

"We are receiving more inquiries from the classified ad we are carrying in EVERYBODY'S than from quarter page display which we are running in some of the other leading magazines."—MAIL ORDER LYCEUM, Scranton, Pa.

QUANTITY AND QUALITY

"The total number of replies received will approximate 175."—GEORGE C. YOCUM, Attorney at Law, Scranton, Pa.

"We have received letters from almost every civilized country in the world mentioning EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. In this morning's mail a letter from New Zealand. Your publication is rightly named."—SILKDOWN COMPANY, Sensitized Fabrics, Benton Harbor, Mich.

"We were simply swamped with orders and inquiries and they are still coming."—REALTY SCIENCE PUBLISHING CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

KEY YOUR ADVERTISEMENT

"Our engraving department is working over time to keep up with the business that is directly traceable to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. The ad is keyed and we are able to tell exactly what comes in through the different mediums."—GEORGE T. BRODNAX, Inc., Memphis, Tenn.

KEEP EVERLASTINGLY AT IT

"I am getting requests for samples of my Cold Water Paste and inquiries about its merits from manufacturers and paste-users generally throughout the United States. The readers of your classified department are no doubt becoming familiar with my name as it appears consecutively in the regular issues from month to month and I am confident that a number of the most recent inquiries I have had come from parties who took no notice of my ad the first time it appeared but have been impressed with its regularity and at last demonstrate that they are interested by writing me for sample and particulars."—CHARLES BERNARD, Cold Water Paste, Chicago, Ill.

"We have been advertising in the classified columns of EVERYBODY'S every month since last March, and each succeeding month gives us better returns."—G. A. SULLIVAN & CO., Sign Cards, Chicago, Ill.

"Have been advertising since last July, and each month finds a steady increase; either your circulation is growing, or I am getting the rich reward that comes with sticking everlastingly at it."—REES MANUFACTURING CO., Phila.

Send Copy for the January Everybody's before November 30th

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
31 EAST 17th ST., NEW YORK ______________ 190__

Kindly enter my order for __________ lines, six times, in the classified columns of Everybody's Magazine. Enclosed please find ______________ ($2.50 per line) in full payment for first insertion—copy attached.

Upon receipt of memo. bill on the 25th of next and each succeeding month (six-time discount to be credited on bill for sixth insertion) I will remit promptly and advise whether to repeat or to run new copy.

Very truly yours,

____

Address ______________

¶Allow about eight words to the line—most of last line for name and address. 4 lines, 6 times, $54. $13.50 per line additional.

HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SELL?

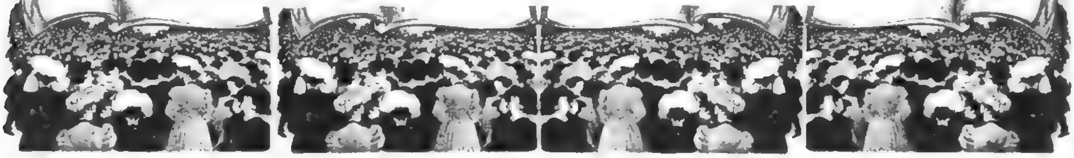
EVERYBODY'S CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

More than Three Million People Read Everybody's Magazine Each Month

Advertisements measuring 4 agate lines, $10.00; 6 times, $54.00—$2.50 per line additional; 6 times, $13.50—to 12 lines, the largest acceptable. No display; no stocks; no mines; no cures.

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable.

HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SELL?



REAL ESTATE

ORANGE GROVES, FARMS, TRUCK LANDS, HOMES, water fronts and timber lands in Beautiful Florida. Finest all-year-round climate in the world. Write for full information. Turner R. Weakley & Co., Birmingham, Ala.

FOR SALE, SOUTHERN FARMS and safe Income Realty and Business Investments. I can sell your realty or business no matter where. Nineteen years experience and thorough methods regardless of expense, win. To buy or sell, address for results B. F. Eborn, Birmingham, Ala.

PEACH FARMS IN ARKANSAS, 5 & 10 acres on monthly payments will net $700.00 to $1500.00 yearly. Not a speculation, investment secured, send for our illustrated book. Fruit Belt Land Co., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

CALIFORNIA

A BEAUTY. RANCH 120 acres behind Stanford University. Fine Improvements and stock, all for $900! Great Boom Coming! Greater San Francisco Corporation, Mayfield, Cal. Information!

BARGAIN. 520 acres in Butte County, Cal. Olives, Olive Oil, Figs, Peaches, and Mineral Springs. No earthquakes. Price, $65,000. After first payment crops will soon pay for property. May I send you prospectus giving full details? C. C. Spotswood, Suite 507–239 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE. FINE HOME IN PINES NEAR OCEAN beach; summer the year round. Rents for $100. per month. Send for photo's and price. R. H. Stevens, Carmel, California.

MONROVIA—BEAUTIFUL FOOTHILL suburb of Los Angeles. Electric car service. Refined Moral Community. Send 2c stamp for descriptive matter. C. E. Slosson, Monrovia, Cal.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, the most progressive city on the Pacific Coast. Southern California is the ideal Summer and Winter Resort of the world. Information for 5c. postage. Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FARMS—60 Minutes from Los Angeles. Beautiful farms with all modern rural improvements; only $75 to $150 per acre; easy terms; inexhaustible water supply; three transcontinental railroads. Ten acres will make you independent. Fruits, vegetables and alfalfa grow every day in the year; no cold or frost; perpetual summer; the land of sunshine and health; beautiful towns of Pomona and Ontario adjoin our lands; write today for maps and complete literature describing the famous Chino Ranch. Chino Land and Water Co., Dept. A, 516 Wilcox Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

REAL ESTATE BUSINESS SELF-TAUGHT. I teach California methods. Best in world. Sure money-makers. My course shows how. Particulars and map Los Angeles free. Write today. W. A. Carney, Stimson Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

SAN DIEGO, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S IDEAL home city, offers unrivaled opportunity for profitable investment. Write immediately for illustrated booklet telling how monthly payments of $5 or $10 will secure fine level lots with splendid mountain view, within two blocks of new car line, in the most rapidly growing section. These terms apply for limited time only. Ralston Realty Co., San Diego, California.

CALIFORNIA—GRIDLEY COLONY—Ideal for a Home Most fertile and prosperous section of the State. Special offer to the Homeseeker. Land at $30. to $100. per acre. Easy terms. Fruit growing—dairying—alfalfa. Free printed matter. Charles F. O'Brien, Mgr. 109 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA LAND $1.00 ACRE. Balance entire purchase $1.00 week for each 5 acres. No taxes. No interest. 5 acre tracts. Level, rich, clear. Ready to plow. Under irrigation. Perpetual water right. Immediate possession given. Particulars, Maps, Photographs for 2c. stamp. Stevinson Colony, Room 21, 703 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

COLORADO IRRIGATED FARM, 160 A. Alfalfa, Sugar beets, fruit, etc. 1906 beets are yielding $100 per acre. Land, water and climate excelled nowhere. To close estate will sell for $36,000. Roy G. Blakey, Admr., Fowler, Colo.

FLORIDA

PROPERTY ON ORMOND PENINSULA on Halifax R. Best location in state for all year or long winter season. Good house. Paying groves, price $5,000. Address E. A. Lapp, Bulow, Fla.

FLORIDA ORANGE AND GRAPE-FRUIT Groves and Pineries, are paying Big Returns. We have some Bargains. Write for our descriptive Booklet. Tidd, "The Real Estate Man," Jacksonville, Fla.

ORANGE GROVE:—250 bearing trees twenty years old, including Grape Fruit and Tangerines. In fine condition. One mile from RR. station. High land, near large lake. J. E. Davison, Pawtucket, R. I.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. For information and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid, or Investor address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort.

SUMATRA TOBACCO LAND in the blue grass section of Florida. Will produce $1000.00 worth every year on each acre. Write quick as boom has started. T. A. Ausley, Tallahassee, Fla.

CHICAGO REAL ESTATE is a safe and sound investment; now is the time to Buy. Send for list of Guaranteed Eleven per cent investments. Southard & Trainer, 3905 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

INVESTORS—HOME-SEEKERS—take notice. We have for sale 150,000 acres of the richest improved and unimproved land in Indian Territory and the Southwest. Fertile soil—ideal climate—has no competitor for the raising of stock and the growing of the various fruits and grains. Devore-Birkeland & Co., 131 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

MINNESOTA LANDS, 2550 acres good land near markets and railways; only $10 an acre if taken in a bunch; most of it near new iron range and worth prospecting; an ideal investment. For particulars address Box 383, Iowa City, Iowa.

FARMS, ANYWHERE IN NEW ENGLAND, 3,000 to select from. Send 4 cts. for Bradshaw's Farm Book. Have you a farm to sell? We will sell it, no matter where it is located. E. G. Bradshaw Co., 101 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

INVEST YOUR MONEY NEAR A GREAT AND GROWING Metropolis. Building lots in Boston's suburbs at $10 each to introduce, on new electric car line, near factories, etc. Boston Suburban Land Co., 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

BUY FORTY ACRES OF MICHIGAN land on monthly payments and double your money without risk. Better than life insurance, good land, perfect title, bank references. Write for particulars. J. E. Merritt, Manistee, Michigan.

MISSOURI

BIG BARGAINS IN LAND for Investment or Homeseeker in Missouri, Kansas, Sunny Texas and Mississippi. Large and small tracts. The Investors Realty Co., 696 Hall Bldg., Kansas City, U. S. A.

ST. LOUIS REAL ESTATE OFFERS best opportunity—Humboldt Heights is in City Limits, on direct trolley line. Send $10 first payment—we will return if not satisfactory—balance $5 per month. Refer to any St. Louis Bank or Trust Co. A. R. Schollmeyer R. E. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS PROPERTY OWNERS who want to sell or change collection agents should write us. We are active real estate agents constantly making good sales. Established 1873. Henry Hiemenz Realty Co., St. Louis, Mo.

REAL ESTATE—Continued

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"WHERE FORTUNES ARE MADE" is a book telling all about Atlantic City and its popular suburb, Pleasantville Terrace; how land bought at $14 an acre is now selling at $1000 a foot; how $10 grew to $3000; how $25 invested in Pleasantville Terrace made 125 per cent. in six months. It contains a lot of valuable information and facts every ambitious person who can invest a few dollars a month should know. Write for a copy today. It's free. Atlantic City Estate Co., 1006 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

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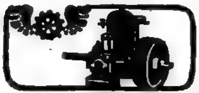

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BIG CLEAN MONEY. How to make it by investing large or small sums. Send $1.00 for a year's subscription to The National Co-operative Investor, 697 Hall Bldg., Kansas City, U. S. A.

SANITARY AND DUSTLESS HOUSE CLEANING. For sale—Portable Compressed Air House Cleaning Wagons and Machinery sold to responsible parties to operate in Cities of from five thousand inhabitants upward. Each Portable Cleaning Plant has an earning capacity of from $50.00 to $70.00 per day, at a cost of about $8.00 per day. Capital required from $2,000.00 upwards. Stationery Residential Plants also from $350.00 upwards. Over 100 companies operating our system. We are the pioneers in the business, and will prosecute all infringers. State references. Address General Compressed Air H.C. Co., 4435 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

ORIGINAL CARTOON OF YOURSELF in pen & ink & color 14"x22" for framing—stamp for particulars. Cartoons of Roosevelt, Bryan, etc. Originals $3 in advance. Jno. Farnum, Cartoonist, Times Union, Albany, N. Y.

I WANT A REPRESENTATIVE in every city of any importance—a clean-cut gentleman of good standing who has a following and the Confidence of people of means in his community—to co-operate with me in handling high grade dividend paying stocks and gilt edge bonds of reputable well established, prosperous industries. A permanent connection and very liberal compensation will be given in return for conscientious, reliable service. Write for particulars. William B. Curtis, 74 Broadway, New York City.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME. Learn to make your own specialties and run mail order business; 156 pages of complete plans (one alone sold for $5.00) 10c. The Progressive Monthly, Brooklyn, New York.

I SELL PATENTS. To buy, or having one to sell, write Chas. A. Scott, 700 Mutual Life Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

A BUSINESS CHANCE. Several wide-awake men have built up a good, paying business under their own control. They plan out the work themselves; they do it as they see fit; some of them employ others; all are making good money. Everybody's Circulation Department on request will send you an attractive little booklet that will show you. Address: Circulation Manager, Everybody's Magazine, New York City.

A POSITION IN WHICH YOU CAN ARRANGE your own hours, which you can carry on according to your own ideas, which requires no capital, except enthusiasm and perseverance. Does that interest you? If so, write for particulars as to how you can co-operate with Everybody's and Ridgway's in their great work for morality in politics and business. There is something in it for you. We have prepared some attractive booklets, and if you will state whether you have ever had any experience in Circulation work or not, we will send you the booklet which will most interest you. Address:—Circulation Manager, Everybody's Magazine, New York.

LET ME SELL YOUR PATENT. My Book explaining how mailed free. 15 years' experience patent sales exclusively. Call or write William E. Hoyt, Patent Sales Specialist, 290 V Broadway, New York City.

LARGE PROFITS ARE MADE by wise investments in New York and Suburban Real Estate. We are buyers' agents, not sellers of any particular property. Write for booklet. Co-operative Realty Co., Dept. C, 60 Wall St., New York.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES—Continued

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE IGNORANT of our system of supplying high grade positions for Salesmen, Executive, Clerical and Technical men. Salaries, $1000–$5000. Hapgoods, 305–307 Broadway, New York.

WE ARE OFFERING FOR SALE country and city rights on a quick selling necessity; you appoint your own agents; small capital and unquestionable references required. Write to-day. Colonial Supply Co., Wellsville, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY—Men of business interested in a new field for making money, will find in our proposition what they are seeking. We have a new plan in the Mail Order line that will please those seeking a good investment with large profits. A fortune for the right person. The F. H. Alden Co., 130 E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN PROFITABLE Investments? If so, send for our free booklets just issued, "Opportunity with a big O," "Will it pay Me?" Don't miss these. J. C.Kernohan & Co..Suite 1431 Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, O.

CASH FOR LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES. I pay more than Company. Write me about any policy or equity you wish cash or advice. Circulars free. Wm. E. Rhodes, Life Ins. Lawyer, 1526 Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS: All successful financiers do so. It increases your capital and opportunities, also protects you from loss. Write at once for information. South Dakota Incorporators Co., Sioux Falls, S. D.

IF YOU USE imitation typewritten letters, you should know about our Ideal Process. Printing and filling in match so perfectly as to puzzle experts. Samples prove. Send for them, enclosing copy of letters you have been using, for estimate. Don't order circular letters until you see our samples. Philadelphia Typewriter Exchange, 601 Chestnut, Philadelphia.

EVERY FIRM IN the mail order business or contemplating starting it, should have our booklet "Mail Order Advertising," 32 pages of valuable information regarding plans, rates, mediums, follow-up systems, etc. 12c. postpaid. Ross D. Breniser & Co., 433 Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN AGGRESSIVE MAN WHO CAN INVEST $300, to $500, with services may secure the exclusive control for his county of a business that enjoys as complete a monopoly as the Bell Telephone. References exchanged. National Nailless Horseshoe Co., 316 Bourse Philadelphia.

LEARN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS FOR $1.00—Send for "Realty Science," $1.00 postpaid. Full descriptive booklet sent free. Realty Science Pub. Co., Dept. 15, 1101 Farmers Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

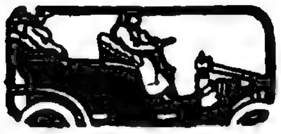
EXCEPTIONAL business opportunity. District Manager wanted; no canvassing, collecting, or soliciting. Position will pay $1200 to $5000 yearly. Duties simple,attractive,easy. Address for full particulars,Yocum,20 Phelps Bldg.,Scranton,Pa.

WANTED—A REPRESENTATIVE in every city of 5000 or over to handle exclusive product of manufacturing concern owning valuable patents, awning and canvas goods. Reliable men must invest from $1000, to $5000 each; a splendid income; careful investigation requested. W. H. Shrader, Secretary, 407 Coal Exchange, Scranton, Pa.

MAKE MONEY BY MAIL.—Only spare time and little cash required to start. We teach you the mail order business by mail, thorough, practical instruction gleaned from experience of poor men who have become rich. If you are tired of being a drudging nobody, let us show you how to start and develop a big paying business of your own. Write now. Mail Order Lyceum, 241 Spruce St., Scranton, Pa.

INDUSTRIES WANTED. City of 10,000 population. Free from Labor troubles. Good railroad facilities. Natural Gas; pure water and splendid schools. For further particulars address A.P.Cooley,Sec'y, Chamber of Commerce,Titusville,Pa.

FOR SALE. Portable outfits for cleaning carpets without removing from floor; also rugs, upholstery, etc., by compressed air and vacuum. An outfit means a good income, an independent business and exclusive territory. Capital required about $3,000. Don't write unless looking for legitimate money-making business and have necessary capital. Address Dept. A., AmericanAirCleaningCo.,452-454E. WaterSt.,Milwaukee,Wis.



AUTOMOBILES, BOATS, ETC.

MOTOR BOAT FITTINGS AND YACHTING SUPPLIES We manufacture and carry in stock the most complete line of marine goods in the world. We also make racing sails and other requisites for yachting in all its branches. Send 10c. in stamps for our 250 page illustrated marine catalog M-77; it will interest you. Geo. B. Carpenter & Co., 5th Ave. Bridge, Chicago, Ill.

INCREASE YOUR POWER—Latest in Vaporizers—Send $3.50 for 4 Cycle—or $5.25 for 2 Cycle including New Noiseless Check—Guaranteed. Jno. M. Sweeney, Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT by the Brooks System of full size patterns and instructions. Anyone can do the work and get boat at ½ regular price. We also furnish complete boats—knocked down—ready to put together. Send for free catalog describing boat patterns and K. D. frames. Nearly 100 models. Note change of address. Brooks Boat Mfg. Co., Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building. 1712 Ship Street, Saginaw, Mich, U. S. A.

"SUCCESS" AUTOMOBILE $250. At last, after ten years' labor a perfect steel tired Auto buggy, runs 25 miles an hour, good hill climber. Write for particulars. "Success" Auto M'nfg. Co., 532 De Balliviere Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

TIRE BARGAINS: Let us know what sizes you use and make preferred. Outer Casings guaranteed $12.94. Inner Tubes $3.60 and up. Old Tires repaired or bought. New York-Broadway Rubber Tire Co., 1186 Bedford Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.

SPECIAL PRICE ON HIGH-GRADE AUTOMOBILES. We have a number of new touring cars (10 to 45 h.p.), such as Panhard, Mercedes and Renault, 1905 and 1906 models, which we will close out at considerable reduction from list prices, to make room for our 1907 line. This is an unusual opportunity to secure a standard make of automobile, much below the market value. Write for full description of what we have left. Smith & Mabley, Inc., Broadway, 56th and 57th Sts., New York City.

FREE INFORMATION WHERE BEST TO PURCHASE gas engines, launches, yachts, marine supplies, boat fittings, etc. Marine Engineering, Whitehall Building, New York.

EVERY MAKE OF TIRES AT CUT PRICES including Michelin,Diamond,Goodrich, Hartford, and Morgan & Wright, Fisk & Dunlaps. We have a few special bargains in the following sizes: Diamond—28x3" $21.03, 30x3" $22.17, 30x3½" $30.08, Morgan & Wright—32x3½" $18.00, 30x4" $20.00, 34x4" $22.50, 34x4½" $25.00, Continental Inner Tubes—28x3" $4.50, 30x3" $4.70, 30x3½" $6.25. All other sizes in proportion. Times Square Automobile Company, Largest Automobile dealers in the world, 215 West 48th St., New York City.

REMARKABLE SALE of Pope-Tribune Runabouts $350. Every Car new direct from Factory. Just in time for That Christmas Gift. Write for full information and circulars. United Automobile Co., 136 West 38th St., New York City.

GOOD AUTOMOBILES AT REDUCED PRICES—As the largest dealers in the world, always carrying over 250 slightly used automobiles, we offer exceptional bargains. Our mammoth garage occupies 30,000 feet of floor space. Runabouts, $150 to $600; Tonneaus, $350 to $5,000. With no charge for storage and but 5 per cent commission for selling, we have the pick of all desirable cars. If we haven't the car you want, we can get it for you, and at a price much less than you would pay elsewhere. Frequently we have at one time a dozen or more autos on which owners eager to sell ask bids. If you cannot call, send for list. Manhattan Storage Co., 334–336–338–340 West 44th St., New York City.

KNOW YOUR AUTOMOBILE. We teach you everything about your own automobile, by mail, the how and why of construction, operation, repair. Absolutely simple, perfect working model with course. Full particulars in elegant 16 page book illustrated. Write to-day. New York School of Automobile Engineers, Department E., 146 West 56th Street, New York.

FOR SALE—2–1906 Pope-Toledos, 2–1906–4 Cyl. Pope-Hartfords, 1–1906–40 H. P. Pierce-Arrow, 1–1905 Stevens-Duryea, 1906 Royal Tourist. Bargains in other cars, write for prices. Amos-Pierce Auto Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

OF ESSENTIAL INTEREST to everyone concerned in automobiling, is the ¼ page advertisement of the Pennsylvania Rubber Company, page 122 this issue.

This Department is indexed. Turn to page 3.

HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, ETC.

HUSTLERS WANTED TO SELL BEST SPECIALTY of recent years. Aggressive workers make $10.00 per day (no exaggeration). Those who Mean Business write for full particulars. Special—To those wishing to lose no time we will send samples for 10c. W. P. Chase & Co., Wilcox Blg., Los Angeles, Calif.

MANAGERS WANTED in connection with our system of stores in principal Pacific Coast cities. High grade, forceful men with selling ability, address Pacific Syndicate Stores Company, 1031 Ellis Street, San Francisco.

WANTED—AGENTS IN EVERY SHOP IN THE world to sell Vanco hand soap. Send ten cents for full size can and particulars. Some agents make $40.00 per month in addition to regular work. Address the J. T. Robertson Co., Manchester, Conn., (Dept. E).

SALESMEN WANTED:—Men or Women, whole or part time, to sell Advertising Calendars, Fans and other Advertising Novelties, for an old reliable house. Box 160, Meriden, Conn.

SALESMEN TO SELL the largest line of souvenir post cards in the country. Also large line of advertising fans. Excellent side line. Good Commission and Prompt settlement. Alfred Holzman, Publisher, 340 Dearborn St., Chicago.

WE WANT A HUSTLING AGENT in your town for the only automatic shears, the Sheer-Cut Shears. Best Shears, best terms. Credit given. Orders filled same day received. Novelty Shear Co., 184 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

BENTON HOLLADAY & CO. Man cleared $1,182, lady $720 last six months selling Celluloid Waterproof Shoe Dressing. Why not you? Demonstrated samples free. Benton Holladay & Co., 260 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED in every Gas town on Salary or Commission to demonstrate superheated inverted Gas light. Latest Light out. Nothing to sell. Sample free. Perfection Light Co., Dept. A, 53 River St., Chicago.

GENERAL AGENTS, Crew Managers, establish a Permanent Business for yourself. Our Wonderful 5, 6, 7 and 8 piece soap and toilet article combinations with premiums are hot sellers. Our Xmas. Novelty box, will average one to every house. Big income, increasing yearly. $200 Monthly easily earned. Davis Soap Works, 24 Union Park Place, Chicago.

WANTED MEN, EVERYWHERE: Good Pay: to distribute circulars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc. No canvassing. Address National Adv. and Distributing Bureau, Suite O Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT AN ENERGETIC, HONEST MAN OR WOMAN who desires to increase their income during spare moments or after working hours to represent us in each city and town where we have no local representative; considerable money can be made with little effort, as we have the largest and finest selection of diamonds and jewelry in the country. Write at once and have territory reserved. Mitchell & Scott Co., 1120 Champlain Bldg., Chicago.

LADIES, TO MAKE SANITARY BELTS. Material all cut ready to sew, $1.20 per dozen. Particulars stamped envelope. Lenox Co., Dept. E. D., Chicago.

MAN OR WOMAN WANTED BY MAIL ORDER Catalogue House to travel, collect and appoint agents. No capital or experience required. $21.00 a week. Expenses advanced. Address Secretary, Desk A5, 381–385 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

CALENDAR AND NOVELTY SALESMEN—Our new ideas in calendars and large line of celluloid, glass, paper and metal novelties offer an unusual opportunity for progressive men. Liberal terms. Cruver Mfg. Co., Chicago.

WANTED MERCHANTS AND AGENTS to take orders for our fine line of Custom-made Suits, Trousers, and Overcoats. Large line of samples on cards arranged in an entirely new and unique manner furnished free to those who can do business. Liberal concessions and terms given. Write at once for information and territory. A. L. Singer & Co., Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

"SELLS LIKE BLUE BLAZES" says one of our enthusiastic agents regarding our new 35c. box of soaps containing six whopping big cakes of fine toilet soap and six solid silveroid teaspoons. Amazing Profits for our agents, branch offices and road crew managers. Agent in Durham made $1000 first ten weeks. Write today for free circulars, or send only 15c. for sample box. Parker Chemical Co., Chicago.

SALESMEN—"SIDE LINE"—Sell the Cook Safety Clevis (boltless—nutless—pinless) to hardware implement and general stores. Practical, common sense utility. Quick sales—prompt deliveries—straight commissions. Ask for nickeled sample (1 pound) and handsome show card. Give line handled, territory covered and home address. Want good substantial men. Address Cook Clevis Co., 416 Unity Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS—WE HAVE AN AGENCY PROPOSITION that will interest any factory foreman, or any honest man who wants to make a little on the side without much effort and who mixes with men that use tools. Write quick for details and secure exclusive territory. Orr & Lockett Hardware Co., Dept. "A," Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT AGENTS TO SELL OUR MADE-TO-ORDER suits and pants. Suits from $10.00 up. Pants, $3.00 up. We will give liberal commission to the right men. If you are interested, write at once for sample outfit, particulars and territory. Warrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 21, Chicago, Ill.

PORTRAIT AGENTS. 16 x 20 Crayons 25c. Water Color 30c. Samples and Catalog Free. Berlin Artists Ass'n, 152–O Lake St., Chicago.

$25 PER WEEK AND TRAVELLING EXPENSES paid salesmen to sell goods to grocery stores, drug, and general stores. No canvassing. A rapid selling line. Experience unnecessary. Purity D. E. Co., Chicago.

WANTED: TWELVE EXPERIENCED LECTURERS, subject, industrial activities. Also musicians for male quartettes. Give full particulars and references with first letter. Edward Amherst Ott, 250 East 61st Street, Chicago.

MINIATURE PHOTO JEWELRY and Photo Button. Agents in every part of the country. Start a business of your own. Large profits. Send for particulars. Hursen Bros., 326 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS, OUR NEW GOLD Window Sign Letters beat anything on the market. Big Profits. Agents make $10.00 to $20.00 daily. Complete sample outfit 25c. Particulars free. Sullivan Co., 406 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—HERE'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. Stoll's shoes for flat irons, something entirely new, sell in every home. For full particulars address Dexter Supply Co., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

MORE MONEY, LESS TALKING, Steadier work, bigger field, handling our new inventions, than any other line. Needed in every home. Agents you can't beat this. Selwell Co., 105 W. Jackson B., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write to-day for a free sample and full particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 60 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

THE GREATEST BOOK AND MAGAZINE offer ever made. Howard Chandler Christy's new book in colors, the Christy Girl (Regular price $3.00), The Reader Magazine for a full year (Regular price $3.00), until January first both for $3.00. Think of it. Two great Christmas gifts at half price. Each the best of its kind. Good agents wanted everywhere. Intelligent men and women can make a splendid income. The Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

DON'T BE HARD UP. When you can make large profits making mirrors. The work comes to you. No big money or tools required. Start at once. Success guaranteed. Particulars for stamp. Macmasters, D-116, Peru, Ind.

WANTED—TAILORING SALESMEN experienced in taking orders on the road from the consumer or holding opening sales with merchants in the smaller towns. Our proposition holds out excellent opportunities for men of experience and capacity. In applying give references, previous experience, territory covered and business done. Men without practical experience in tailoring need not apply. State territory wanted. Kahn Bros., Inc. Tailors, Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS and canvassers, in towns and counties of U. S. and Canada; best selling article on earth. Large permanent income; enormous Christmas demand. Samples Free. References given and required. Hanks Mfg. Co., Augusta, Me.

A WONDERFUL BUSINESS OFFER. $50 to $150 per week and upwards positive. Representatives wanted everywhere to operate sales parlors for the Best, most rapid-selling Ladies' and Gents' Dress shoe known; No risk; reply quick. Kushion Kumfort Shoe Co., 55 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED, MALE OR FEMALE, greatest money making business in America to-day, success guaranteed from start, $60 to $75 weekly, easily made, write to-day. Bates Optical Co., Dept 2, Boston, Mass..

RESIDENT MANAGER wanted in each city or town to represent large manufacturer of complete line of high-grade automobiles; must invest some money, which is amply secured; good salary, expenses and commission to desirable party with A1 references. Send application and references to general sales manager, H. Palmer, 46 A Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

ACTIVE MAN OR WOMAN WANTED as local manager for the Suffolk Hosiery Mills, 179 Summer St., Boston, Mass. Manufacturers of first quality hosiery; factory to consumer; no capital required; excellent opportunity. Write for terms.

MONEY IN MUSHROOMS; cheaply grown by either sex in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc.; whole year; great demand; big profits; send for free booklet and learn this profitable business. Dept. 78, Eastern Importing Co., Brighton, Mass.

HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, ETC.

Continued

AGENTS MAKE $50 week and more selling our Household Necessities. New and in demand. Cannot be bought at stores. 100% profit. Handsome sample case free. Send for special offer. The Specialty Co., 4 Spring St., Springfield, Mass.

EASY MONEY FOR YOU. QUICK SELLER. ABSOLUTELY new. Every woman that sews has need of it. Sells for $.50. Write immediately for proposition to agents, stating experience. Chasbert Co., Dept. C, Stoughton, Mass.

GOOD SALESMAN WANTED for a patented specialty selling for $50 and $75, needed in all manufacturing plants. May devote entire time or sell as side line. Some of our representatives average $15 a day. Some more. Write at once to Power Specialty Co., 240 Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

A LADY AGENT to sell Sempre Giovine (Always Young), a pure face toilet; Sells at sight—big profits. For free sample and particulars address:—Marietta Stanley Co., 91 Fourth St., Grand Rapids, Mich

EXPERIENCED TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED, in all parts of the U. S. where not already represented, to sell as a side line or otherwise, the well known Putman Boots, at wholesale to Shoe Dealers and Sporting Goods Dealers. See our advertisement in this and other magazines. Samples are light, compact and easily carried. Commission paid is larger than usually paid shoe salesmen. This is a straight, legitimate salesman's proposition and none but experienced salesmen, with good references, (preferably shoe salesmen) need apply. H. J. Putman & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

AGENTS IN EVERY CITY AND TOWN to sell our new 25c. Picture. "A Summer Night's Episode." Clean cut but humorous. Every mother wants it; large profits. Samples 15c. J. W. Bowman, Box 374, St. Paul, Minn.

WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want more home and traveling salesmen. Oldest Nurseries in the West—Established 1825. Largest Nurseries in the World. Outfit free. Liberal terms. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL established staple line; technical experience unnecessary; pocket samples; permanent and profitable commission side line. Manager, 215 S. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

$75 WEEK. EASILY MADE fitting glasses. Write today for free eye book. Complete easy mail course. Diploma. Special tuition offer. Big demand for opticians. We start you in business. National Optical College, Dept. B, St. Louis.

SALESMEN WANTED by well rated manufacturer of advertised staple sold by several lines every town. Easy side line; no samples necessary; commission on reorders; big repeater. Sales Mgr., Box 1198, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS TO SELL NO DUST "COTTO WAXO" Floor Compound, invaluable for stores, schools, hospitals, and public buildings. Agents make $10.00 to $20.00 daily. Exclusive territory. Particulars free. Cotto Waxo Co., St. Louis.

ROOFBESTOS ROOFING-FINISHED READY TO LAY; exclusive agencies allowed to hustlers. No matter what your business, Roofbestos will prove a big paying addition. Write now before some one else secures it in your town. Secure free samples; no stock necessary. Others are making big money. Roofbestos Mfg. Co., St. Louis.

SALESMEN—ADVERTISING NOVELTIES, low priced, complete line; small, light-weight, attractive pocket samples. Earn $100 per week at 25% commission taking signed orders; we collect. Shellonite Co., Box 909, Manchester, N. H.

AN ENERGETIC MAN OR WOMAN can increase their income without interfering with present occupation. Large income, no expense, people with good reference only. Premier Corporation, 176 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

50 CHAMBERS SECURE POSITIONS. To Employ or Having Services To Offer, write Consol. Cham., Buffalo, N. Y.

GOOD CONTRACT FOR LIVE hustling men as State Managers to control own agents for popular Fire Extinguisher. Reliable, lasting, protected by patents. Strong testimonials. Improved Fire Appliance Co., 208 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

DRAFTSMEN LOOKING FOR OPPORTUNITIES to get off the board should learn of good positions on our list at $900–$2500. Offices in 12 cities. Write us today stating experience. Hapgoods, 305–307 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL a pure food product, direct to house-keepers, 25% commission. Exclusive territory given. Quick seller, sure repeater, good income assured. Write today, Bucknam & Vanderpoel, 198 West Broadway, New York.

SMOKERS' DELIGHT. NEW CIGAR LIGHTER. Sells on sight. New York purchasers tickled. Sent prepaid. Pocket size 60c. Can't blow out in strongest wind nor burn clothes. Desk size $2.50. Very ornamental Splendid Xmas present. M. V. Crippen, 25 Broad St., New York. Agents Wanted.

THE GRABLER BANK CHECK PROTECTOR costs only 25 cents and gives you same protection as $25.00 kind. Prevents erasure and makes alteration impossible. Write for free circular. Agents wanted. A. T. Kline, Somerville, N. J.

WANTED LOCAL MANAGER in every town to become interested in a New York State Corporation conducting a general mercantile business. Splendid opportunity for parties with small capital to secure a paying investment and independent position. G. Merrill, 68 Broad St., New York City.

INSURANCE MEN, capable, willing to present to their insured our Real Estate Acre proposition in Greater New York. Call,—write for particulars—Owners—Quick Transit Realty Co., 41 Park Row, New York City.

WE WANT LIVE men and women: $20.00 to $40.00 a week. Some of our agents make $75.00 a week. Lambert Snyder Co., 41 West 24th Street, New York.

MANAGER WANTED in every city and county to handle best paying business known, legitimate, new, exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Chas. Halstead, 35 West 26th St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED in every city & town in this & foreign countries for quick selling office specialty, universally used. Big seller. Large profits. Exclusive territory. Sample free. R. A. Nelles, 105 Chambers St., New York City.

WE HAVE CORNERED the greatest money-making proposition in this country; secret divulged to first applicant from each city, town, or village; secure territory immediately before too late. Sherman Co., 17 Dover St., New York

AGENTS. Don't miss this opportunity; handsomely chased, Hard rubber Fountain Pens, $1.25 dozen up; write for catalogue; story of values; great mail-order proposition. Ira T. Barnett, manufacturer, 21 Beekman St., New York.

AGENTS' KLONDIKE. "Every Man His Own Lawyer." Everybody's Law Book, 816 pages; Sample copy. Write for 16 page table contents. Agency terms free. Hitchcock Company, 49 Eighth Ave., New York City.

AGENTS! OUR DISCOUNTS ARE VERY LARGE. Our line appeals to every member of the family and is absolutely Novel. Do You catch our argument? It is that the "Little Wonder" water motor household outfit, "Hydro-Massage," the Gas Cannon and Matchless Cigar Lighter all mean Money For You. Holidays Coming! Write us today! Warner Motor Co., Inc., Flat Iron Bldg., New York City.

CLEVER AMBITIOUS MEN can associate themselves with an established investment securities house, in local or territory management; high grade offices, references and propositions; competent Life Insurance, Bond and Investment salesmen, as well as men of general business experience can make permanent and profitable connection. (Address C. J. Eastman, Sixty-six Broadway, New York.) Offices; Los Angeles, San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago.

HOW ABOUT A BETTER PAYING POSITION? We would like to correspond with you on this subject. High grade men needed. Openings paying $1000 to $1500. Write Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, N.Y.

SALESMEN FOR BONDS, SECURITIES, Real Estate, opportunities for reliable, capable, energetic men to secure official positions in corporations in return for successful work. American Commercial Exchange, 1135 Broadway, New York City.

NOTICE TO CATHOLICS. AGENTS WANTED in every parish in the United States to present to intelligent Catholic families the most interesting proposition of the year, viz.: "The Catholic World" ($3.00) with "Goffine's Instructions," a home study course in Catholic doctrine and history ($1.50) both for $3.00. Great Christmas offer, liberal consideration for Agents. Catholic World, 126 W. 60th Street, New York City.

ENTIRELY NEW—MEN'S BRACELET GARTER, 320 Broadway, N. Y. No elastic or leather, never wears out. Thousands in use, not one dissatisfied customer. 25c pair. One man sold 24 first hour. Agents wanted.

MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES. Have you ever taken orders for a magazine? Do you know which will pay you best? This season, many of Everybody's Special Representatives are making a dollar in commissions and prize money for every dollar they send us. We offer cash prizes of $10,000 for a little faithful work; monthly, increase and grand season prizes. Now is the time to start. We want experienced special representatives wherever we have not already appointed them, both for Everybody's and for Ridgway's (the new weekly). Send for our booklets which give valuable suggestions to magazine men. Address:—Circulation Manager. Everybody's Magazine, 31 E. 17th St., New York City.

OPPORTUNITY COMES ONCE TO EVERY MAN! Maybe reading these lines will bring yours. Perhaps you have been in the Insurance or Book line. Perhaps you are a clergyman, doctor, or lawyer, with affairs so arranged as to give you a little extra time. Perhaps you have just resigned a position. In short if you are on the lookout for something to do that will be worth your while, write for our booklet "How To Become A Magazine Representative." Address:—Circulation Manager, Everybody's Magazine, New York City.

This Department is indexed. Turn to page 3.

HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, ETC.

Continued

POSITIONS OPEN, $1000–$5000. Write us today for "The Right Man in The Right Place" telling ambitious men how to get out of the rut. Hapgoods, 305–307 Broadway, New York.

OFFICE SUPPLY OR ELECTRICAL SALESMEN, calling on Factories, to handle our Interior Telephone proposition. Commission paid for any inquiries resulting in business. Schmidt Wilckes Electric Co., 135 William St., New York.

AGENTS, SALESMEN TO HANDLE rapid selling line of advertising novelties suitable for every business, year round, fine income assured. No experience required. Largest manufacturer in world. N. Field, Desk E, 189, B'way, N. Y.

WE PAY SALARY, expenses, and commission. Call on physicians only. High grade medical journals. No heavy samples. Pleasant profitable work among educated class. Bond required. Wm. Wood & Co., 51 Fifth Ave., New York.

YOU CAN EARN $2000, UP. Advertising Thermometers sell easily because they pay. High grade proposition to good men. Liberal Commission. No Collections. Well worth investigating. Tay or Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y. (est. 54 yrs.).

SALESMEN visiting Hardware and Housefurnishing trade, also canvassers. Entirely new article, considered indispensable when seen. "Can't Spill Lamp and Lantern Filler." Sample by mail 25 cents. Wilmot Castle Co., Dept. 9, Rochester, N. Y.

PROFITABLE SIDE LINE for Commercial Travelers and Agents. Latest and fastest seller ever put in the market. Pocket sample free. Mention territory. Alderman, Fairchild & Gutland, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS EARN $75 to $250 a Month Selling "Novelty Knives." Your name, address, photo underneath handles; also emblems lodges, societies, etc. Finely tempered razor steel blades. Big Profits. Good commission paid. Send 2c stamp for great special offer to agents. Novelty Cutlery Co., 20 Bar St., Canton, O.

WANTED—SALESMEN calling on the paint and varnish consumers. Excellent side or main line. None but first class men need apply. Address Box No. 38, Collingwood, Ohio.

GET MY LATEST BULLETINS, 55 reliable firms offering clean money making opportunities. Inside information for agents, M. O. dealers and ambitious men and women. Price $1.00. Particulars for stamp. F. R. Ritter, (10) Columbus.

CLOTHING SALESMAN—to sell tailoring from samples. Workmanship the best there is. Sample outfits high class. Superior service in deliveries. Big money to right men. Ask for information. E. L. Moon, General Manager, Columbus, O.

WANTED—UP-TO-DATE CAPABLE AGENTS to handle high grade cutlery, lightning sellers in homes, offices, stores, shops. Samples in pocket. Experience unnecessary. Proof given of wonderful sales. E. A. Thomas M'f'g Co., Dayton, O.

SALESMEN FOR 1907 Fine large line advertising goods. Very large assortment leather goods, calenders, etc. Big sellers, liberal commissions. Choicest territory goes first. Consolidated Novelty Mfg. Co., Springfield, Ohio.

AGENTS wanted to sell best Kettles in World for Cooking, Steaming, Straining Food of all kinds; no more burned or scalded hands, no more food wasted. Sample Free. For particulars write American Specialty Stamping Co., Johnstown, Pa

STEREOSCOPIC VIEW SALESMEN.—For experienced men we have best proposition and best selling goods published. Let us convince you. Write to-day "Lest You Forget." C. H. Graves, Publisher, Fairmount Ave. and 26th, Philadelphia, Pa.

A SUBSTANTIAL INCOME CAN BE MADE by devoting part or all of one's time to the sale of the "Square Deal" Disability Policy. No insurance education is necessary to sell this contract (covering every accident and every illness in full). Responsible representatives wanted in every locality east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers. Liberal terms. Good territory. For particulars apply, Dep't H. The Philadelphia Casualty Company, Capital $300,000, No. 116 No. Broad Street, Phila., Pa.

$25 TO $75 PER WEEK FOR LIVE MEN—Agents wanted for line of specialties. Every home, office, hardware, general store and individual will need something from our list. Quick sellers. Easily handled. Write for samples and terms. General Specialty Manufacturing Co., Room 20, 10th & Susquehanna Ave., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL Rees Fulcrum Corkscrew and Can-opener, dollars for hustlers, "needed household utensil," sells on sight, pulls corks without breaking or spilling contents, new principle, easy to operate and demonstrate, 25c. postpaid, catalog free. A. Rees Manfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOND SALESMEN OF EXPERIENCE wanted in principal cities and towns by Phila. bond house. Unimpeachable references required. Address Post Office Box 2027, Philadelphia, Pa.

INSURANCE AGENTS—Everybody wants our $1000 Accident policies at $1 a year. No examination or assessment. $2000 with special features, $3. Secure an agency at once. Duquesne Registry Co., 300 Ferguson Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

WE HAVE OPENINGS FOR A FEW HUSTLING salesmen. Good commission basis. New, fast selling line. Address with reference and experience Dept. C, H. C. White Co., North Bennington, Vermont.

LOCK YOUR DOORS WITH A SAFETY DOOR LOCK without a key. It can be used on all doors without tools. Burglars and sneak thieves kept out. Proof against pass keys and nippers. Does not scratch door or casing. Can be carried in the pocket. Price 25 cents. Live agents can secure good territory. Sells at sight. 100% profit. Safety Door Lock Co., Seattle, Wash.

AGENTS:—New hand power sharpener, light weight. Has non-heating Carborundum wheel. Everybody with tools or knives to sharpen buys. Big profits, exclusive territory, commission on reorders and free advertising. Sam Newman, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

RELIABLE AGENTS TO HANDLE OUR LINE of pat. Specialties exclusive or side line; to dealers or consumers everywhere. No experience necessary. $75 to $300 per month. Badger Chemical Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

AGENTS—BRAND NEW Article—Patented August 7, 1906—Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe. Also 30 other meritorious ladies' specialties. Quick sales, big profits. We pay you to secure new agents—men or women. Fair Mfg. Co., 3912 Fair Bldg., Racine, Wis.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

POSITIONS IN PUBLIC and private schools and colleges procured for teachers. Parents advised about schools. School Officers advised about teachers. Write to Pratt Teachers' Agency, 70 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE BEST TEACHERS for schools. The Best Schools for Teachers. Special inducements to superior Teachers. Write for circular E. Positions every month in year. Schermerhorn Teachers' Agency, 3 E. 14th St., New York. Established 1855.

FOR THE ADVERTISER

WE TRANSLATE ACCURATELY. Catalogues and Technical works in all languages, handle Foreign Correspondence, write and publish advertising matter in all countries. Estimates cheerfully given. DeMare & Ertmann, 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

FOR LIVE ADVERTISING SPECIALTIES, business souvenirs, calendars, signs, read The Novelty News, official organ of the mfgrs. Full of suggestions. $1. per year; trial 3-mo., 25 cts. 173 Washington St., Chicago.

"ADVERTISERS MAGAZINE"—The Western Monthly should be read by every advertiser and Mail-Order dealer. Best "Ad School" in existence. Trial subscription 10c. Sample copy free. Western Monthly, 805 Grand, Kansas City, Mo.

"89 AD WRITING RULES" (En. Ed) presents in a condensed form practically same instructions, type, data, tables, etc. on advertisement writing that $25 Course teaches. 25c. Postpaid, L. Rommel, Jr., 61 E. Merchant St., Newark, N. J.

CELLULOID SANTA CLAUS BUTTONS, 1¼ inch, with Advertisement, $10. per 1000. Great Holiday Souvenir. Blank 25c doz. Badges & Buttons, all kinds, in stock or special. Bastian Bros., 150 Nassau St., New York.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ADVERTISING? Send for prospectus of "The Principles of Practical Publicity," the new book on the modern art of advertising. Covers exhaustively every phase of the subject. For the advertiser and the student of advertising. Truman A. DeWeese, Publisher, Box 82, Buffalo, N. Y.

BOOKS ON ADVERTISING—Separate volumes on "General Advertising," "Mail-Order Advertising," "Retail Advertising," "Advertising Typography," "Rates, Mediums, Etc." Write for List E—it's free. A. S. Carnell, 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

WHILE MY REGARD FOR STEREOTYPED Advertising Methods is far from reverential, I abominate mere flippancy and "horse-play." Permit me to explain myself in a brief circular? Francis I. Maule, 411 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

FOR THE TRAVELLER

BOOKLETS OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL WINTER RESORTS together with detailed information about any of them are yours for the asking—we have them for you. Everybody's Magazine Hotel Service, Wm. Chamberlain, Mgr., 31 East 17th Street, New York.

ORIENT. Clark's 9th Annual Cruise, Feb. 7, '07. 70 days by chartered S.S. "Arabic," 16,000 tons. Frank C. Clark, 6 B'way, N. Y.

MALLORY STEAMSHIP LINE—Single and Excursion Tickets to the Southern States. Short or extended sea voyages embracing Jacksonville, Fla., Galveston, Tex., Mexico City, San Francisco, Denver, Colo., etc. Write for free booklet "Southern Resorts" to C. H. Mallory & Co., 129 Front St., New York.

WINTER RESORTS ARE GOING TO BE UNUSUALLY crowded this winter. More people are travelling than ever before. Reserve your rooms through us and insure yourself the best. Our service is for you—absolutely free. Everybody's Magazine Hotel Service, Wm. Chamberlain, Mgr., 31 East 17th Street, New York.

FOREIGN TRAVEL. Miss Weldon, who has had unlimited experience in Europe and the Orient, will return soon, and will chaperon a few young ladies abroad this winter. Very highest references. Address 108 Madison Ave., N. Y., or Morgan, Harjes & Co., Paris France.

WINTER RESORTS

WINTER RESORTS ARE GOING TO BE UNUSUALLY crowded this winter. More people are travelling than ever before. Reserve your rooms through us and insure yourself the best. Our service is for you—absolutely free. Everybody's Magazine Hotel Serv., Wm. Chamberlain, Mgr., 31 East 17th Street, New York.

IF YOU ARE GOING AWAY FOR THE WINTER why not be comfortable and take a Completely furnished cottage at Seabreeze (Daytona Beach, Florida, the famous Auto Race Course) 110 miles south of Jacksonville, (east coast). Have there 3 to 12 rooms—with baths, etc. Everything supplied. H. Kay, 1110 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

COME TO MIAMI FLORIDA THIS WINTER and enjoy summer weather until May, average temperature here is 73.65 degrees. Miami is the sportsmen's paradise. Send to Bressler, Secretary Board of Trade, for booklet.

BOOKLETS OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL WINTER RESORTS together with detailed information about any of them are yours for the asking—we have them for you. Everybody's Magazine Hotel Service, Wm. Chamberlain, Mgr., 31 East 17th Street, New York.

FOR MEN'S WEAR

ARE YOUR LEGS CROOKED? Make them appear straight and stylish with Ad-Shape forms. Hundreds wear them. Handsome new booklet "Personal Appearance" tells the story. Write today. The A-F Co., Dept. E, Willimantic, Ct.

TO INTRODUCE, 200 DOZ. AT COST. Warrior Mittens, unlined, 30c per pair. Councilior, lined driving mittens, 55c. Postpaid. Made from horse and cow hides tanned with the hair on. 11 in. long. No pieces. Booklet on request. Edes Robe Tanning Co., Dubuque, Iowa.

AUTOMATIC RAZOR STROP. Works automatically and surely. Cannot round razor's edge nor cut the strop. Price $1.50 postpaid. Money back if not satisfactory. E. M. James Specialty Co., Box 1954, Boston, Mass.

BEST ABSOLUTELY WATER PROOF hunting boot for men—superior to rubber. Lace top, 16 inches high. Black or Russia leather. Introductory price for a short time only, $7.50 per pair. Worth double. Minnesota Specialty Co., Mazeppa, Minn

GENTLEMEN'S FINE CLOTHING ON EASY TERMS; one dollar a month; no reference; no security; clothing sent anywhere immediately we receive first payment. Send for samples to-day. Free, White King Co., 28 East 23rd St., New York.

ALISON LEG FORMS make the legs appear trim and straight in the trousers. Adjusted instantly, impossible to detect, easy as a garter. Highly recommended by army and navy officers, actors, tailors, physicians and men of fashion. We send them on approval. Write for beautiful photo-illustrated book, with self-measurement chart, many references and testimony of hundreds; sent under plain letter seal. The Alison Co., Dept. 11-A, Buffalo, N. Y. Our advertisements have been crudely copied by several, but there are no real "Forms" for the legs except the "Alison."

GENUINE WM. ELLIOT & CO. RAZOR for $1. Regular price $2.50. No honing or grinding. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for catalog. Adolph Strauss & Co., Sole agents, Dept. A, 412 Broadway, New York City.

$2.50 & $3.00 IMPORTED RAZORS FOR 97c. The Genuine "Wade & Butcher," "Wostenholm Pipe" and "I-X-L" Razors mailed anywhere upon receipt of 97c. Booklet free. Brandt Cutlery Co., Dept. C, 105 Chambers St., New York.

SHARPEN YOUR RAZORS by Wolf's new method. For barbers or home use. Makes shaving a pleasure. Scientific, practical, up to date; a time saver. Postpaid $1. Jos. Wolf, 4-6 St. Paul St., Dallas, Tex.

FOR WOMEN'S WEAR

CALIFORNIA PRECIOUS STONES. Large variety, beautiful gems. Catalogue free. Genuine Turquoise Matrix set in Guaranteed solid gold ring or pin $2.25 any address C.O.D. Janes & Leatart, Jewelers, 340–342 S. Bdy., Los Angeles, Cal.

YARD WIDE BLACK TAFFETA SILKS only 85c. a yard for $1.25 quality you buy in cities. Over 100 shades taffeta silks 50c., 69c., 75c. Send color you want matched & receive samples. John C. Ellsworth, Dry Goods, South. Bend Ind.

EVERY WOMAN WITH TENDER FEET SHOULD WEAR Pillow Shoes. New shoes easy as old ones. Soft, flexible, durable, handsome. Best materials, all styles. Perfect Fit and Perfect Comfort Guaranteed. Write today for free catalog. Agents Wanted. Suffolk Shoe Co., 184 Summer St., Dept. C-12, Boston, Mass.

DO YOU KNIT OR CROCHET? The most beautiful yarns and worsteds are not sold through the stores. Sold only by mail to the consumer, direct from the mill, at manufacturers' prices. Write for free booklet and samples of "Lawrette" yarns, and save money. Lawrence Dye Works Co., 12 South Canal St., Lawrence, Mass.

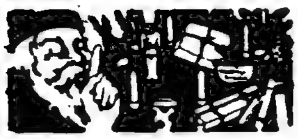
PRIESTLEY CRAVENETTE AND CRUCIAL TEST raincoats and suits. Buy from the maker, save half. Write to-day for 50 Free samples, booklet and designs. Dept. E., Crucial Test Rain Cloth Co., 10 West 22d St., New York.

A VANITY POCKET BOOK SENT PREPAID for 75 cts. value $1. Walrus pressed leather, back straps, moire lined, gilt or gun metal frame, all colors, size 7x3½ inches. Doblin's, Leather Goods, 212 W. 42nd St., New York.

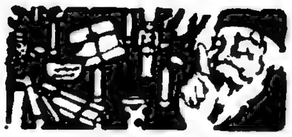
CORAL NECKLACES. "Wonderful Value"—writes an expert. As the result of a large importation, we offer Genuine Sicilian Coral Necklaces with patent clasp for 25c. (postpaid). International Manufacturers' Alliance, Asbury Park, N. J.

SHOPPING BY PROXY—Special, direct from mfr's, Silk Petticoats guaranteed $4.85. Silk shirt waists $4.75, latest design, all colors. Careful shopping on small commission. Baltimore Purchasing Agency, 808 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md. Circ.

This Department is indexed. Turn to page 3.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



DOLLARS SAVED ARE DOLLARS EARNED. You save 25% on watches and jewelry, buying at wholesale prices from us. Write for 100 page Free catalogue, showing latest design. Address C. R. Allen and Co., 315 Dearborn St., Chicago.

A XMAS BAZAAR OF DAINTY Home-made Aprons, Bags, Dressed Dolls, etc., brought right to your own home, at prices to suit you. Something different. Mrs. K. G. Miller, 2066 Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGNET SAFETY PIN, "20 year gold filled." A dainty Christmas gift. As a special advertising offer we will send sample for 12c. Greely Jewelry Co., Dept. E, Portland, Me.

PLACE A TOUCH OF INDIVIDUALITY on your Xmas packages, make them daintily attractive by using Bond paper and Holly Silk Ribbon (green & red), narrow 25c, med. 35c, broad 50c spool of 10 yds. Paper 17x22 25c quire. Telanian finish, new, distinctive, appealing to artistic sense of all, 50c quire. Harry Dreschler, Baltimore, Md., 230 Courtland St. A few imported Japanese Pin Trays, something unique, 25c.

LADIES OR GENTS CALFSKIN WATCH FOB. Something new and up to date. Made of finest calfskin without removing the natural hair. Excellent Xmas present. Mailed on receipt of $1.50. C. W. Moore, 114 South St., Boston, Mass.

GET READY FOR CHRISTMAS. Send 10c. (silver) and 2c. stamp for directions to make three dainty Christmas gifts; can be gotten up for 25c., 35c. and 50c. each. E. L. H., 109 Richmond St., Dorchester Center, Mass.

HOLIDAY PRESENT, the most appreciated by man is a Good Razor. A clean Shave means happiness; we will mail you free, a $3.00 Razor for $1.50 guaranteed, short time only. Sheffield Razor Co., 101 Tremont St., Boston.

A HANDSOME ALL SILK GARTER 50c.—patented clasps and castoff. Guaranteed not to tear or slip. Special Christmas offer for ladies. Second grade 25c. An elegant gift. E. K. B. Garter Co., 22 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

A LINE A DAY BOOK—a unique Christmas gift. A few lines for every day in the year, each year's entries appearing under the year preceding, and so on for five years. For recording interesting events—for any comparative record—happenings at home or at school—conditions of weather—accounts of travel—or any purpose where "a year ago to-day" is interesting. Handsome bindings, 50 cents to $3.50. Two popular styles are No. 100 bound in Red Art Cloth, $1.00. No. 103 Genuine Black Seal Grain Leather, $1.50. Ask your stationer or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Catalogue free, Ward's, Manufacturing Stationers, 57 to 63 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

SEND "THE MUSICIAN" for one year to a music loving friend $1.50—twenty-four pages music in each number. May be added to Club offer of any subscription agencies. Elegant gift. Oliver Ditson Co., 10 Mason St., Boston, Mass.

THE PERRY Pictures are beautiful for Christmas Gifts and are adapted to all ages. Send $1.00 for Christmas Set of 120 Art Pictures, no two alike. See our advertisement on page 16. The Perry Pictures Company, Box 400 A, Malden, Mass.

$25.00 WALTHAM WATCH $10.00, Gent's 17 jewels, Ladies' 15 jewels, in 20-year Gold case. Sent C.O.D. to any address for inspection on receipt of 50c to cover Express charges. W. I. Smith, 247 Moody St., Waltham, Mass.

WINSLOW'S SKATES—Ice or Roller—make ideal Christmas gifts for men, women, boys and girls. Winslow's Skates are made of the best materials and beautifully finished. For over fifty years they have enjoyed the highest reputation for speed, safety and durability. Sold by dealers everywhere, but if yours does not have them, send direct to the factory. Ask for handsome free illustrated catalogues, showing styles of skates. The Samuel Winslow Skate Manufacturing Company, Worcester, Mass.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR A LADY—an Embroidered Silk Pongee Shirt-waist Pattern. Mailed direct with beautiful card. Better write now for special offer. Model Shirtwaist Co., Box 113, Battle Creek, Mich. (Agents wanted.)

MEXICAN DRAWNWORK. Exquisite Turnover collar, finest linen 50c. Three, $1.25—Indian Swastika Lucky Stick pin silver, 25c—Genuine Indian Bow, two arrows postpaid 50c. Indian Trading Co., Box 372, Albuquerque, N. M.

UNCOMMON XMAS GIFTS. Genuine Mexican Drawnwork, Indian Rugs, Pottery, Baskets, etc. are appreciated. 20 p. holiday catalogue of these goods with Special Xmas Offers —Free. Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. BB12, Mesilla Park, N.M.

PLEASURE AND EDUCATION combined. Complete lettering outfit, consisting of Fountain Lettering Brush, Book of Sample Alphabets, complete instructions, 4 colors ink, postpaid $1. J. C. Pless, 415 East 87th St., New York.

IN A LITTLE WHILE you will be thinking of the Christmas Gifts you must purchase. And then the brain racking to decide what is appropriate. Let us show you what beautiful things and what useful things you can get in New York, at prices from a few cents to hundreds of dollars. Send a postal today for Macy's-Special-Christmas-Gifts-Catalogue. It's Free. Thousands of suggestions of gifts for men, women and children illustrated, and all at Macy's famously low prices. Address R. H. Macy & Co., Broadway, New York.

THAT FOUNTAIN PEN FOR XMAS should have no defects. Hicks-Sackett is cleanest and only wholly satisfactory one made. No screw joints to gum up, stick fast or ooze ink. Barrel all one piece. Simply pull out "lip" to fill. No blots, new feed stem makes steady flow. No soiled fingers, new cap prevents that, most easily cleaned pen made. Gift reflects credit on donor. 14-Karat gold pen. Barrel handsomely chased rubber. Sent postpaid on approval for $2.50 or write for booklet of styles. Sutton Pen Co., 11-19 William St., New York City.

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING 11-16 Karat perfectly cut, very brilliant, Tiffany setting. Special $65.00. Other Jewelers ask $90.00. Illus. catalogue free. Reference any bank. Casperfeld & Cleveland, Department E, 144 Bowery, N. Y.

SEND $1.00 FOR ENOUGH vanilla flavoring to flavor 200 "layer cakes"; and a 14 K., Gold, Iridium Point, fountain pen will accompany the flavoring—a Xmas present unsurpassed. R. P. Gordon, P. O. Box 465, New York City.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, jewelry delivered; convenient payments accepted. Representative calls. Telephone connection. Syndicate Watch Co., 11-13 East 14th St., New York. Est. and located at present address 17 years.

CIGAR BAND ALBUM. 100 IMPORTED CIGAR BANDS, no two alike and an album that will hold 200, sent on receipt of 50c. James P. Prendergast, 392 Madison St., New York.

A VEST POCKET CAMERA IS THE BEST XMAS GIFT guaranteed practical. Looks exactly like a watch and is no larger or heavier; loads in daylight with film for 25 pictures ⅝ x ⅞. Used by the New York Herald and other leading newspapers. $2.50 postpaid. Circular and sample of work on application. Expo Camera Co., 140 W. 23rd St., N.Y.

CATHOLICS ATTENTION. Beautiful imitation Amethyst, Crystal, Emerald or Garnet Rosary with sterling silver chain, Heart and Cross, 14 inch $1.00; 17 inch $1.75. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Frank J. Stupp, Dept. C, Rochester, N. Y.

A BANK BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS—A Savings Account opened with one dollar or more by Mail with the The Citizens Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, makes a most acceptable Christmas gift. See advertisement on page 71.

NO GIFT MORE PLEASING than a dainty Pony Cutter, Cart or Trap, Saddle or Harness, from the famous quality shops of The Walborn & Riker Co., Saint Paris, Ohio. World's Prize Builders, Pony & Cob Vehicles. Catalog D free.

HAND-WOVEN RUGS FOR CHRISTMAS. Dorothy Manners Rugs in blue, green or pink. 2x3 ft. $1.15; 3x6 ft. $3; expressage prepaid. Send money-order and address of friend; we will deliver just in time for Christmas. Order today. Booklet F on request. Old Colony Weavers, Germantown, Pa.

LADIES—ROGERS SANITARY BELT. Most comfortable device of the age. 50c postpaid. Send waist measure. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Agents wanted everywhere. M. W. Rogers & Co., 1126 Ridge Ave., Phila.

FOR $3.00 YOU CAN BUY THE LARGEST and finest engraving of the Supreme Court of the United States; sent post paid; drawn by the great artist, Floyd Campbell. Reduced from $12. Number limited. Every Justice drawn from life. Every lawyer and business man should have this important picture. Write today. Rosenbach Galleries, 1324 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

KIPLING, IN HIS "VAMPIRE," says "A Good cigar's a smoke," but he didn't say "Any old cigar's a Smoke." Our Superfine Havana filled—Havana or Sumatra wrapped—Cigars, each in an air tight package, fully preserving that delightfully soothing flavor, are as Superior to the dead, stale, flavorless ones as Champagne is to cider. Deliciously appropriate for Xmas purposes. Neat, attractive package. Price $3.50 for 50. Write us, A. C. Brenckle Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

CANADIAN ENAMELLED SOUVENIR Jewelry, a decided novelty for Christmas Presents and quite different from anything obtainable in the United States. Prices 25c to $5.00. Write for illustrated list. R. Hemsley, Montreal, Can.

TOILET ARTICLES

CALIFORNIA VALLEY VIOLETS. A perfume made Out West where the flowers grow. Send 10 cents for Agent's sample, and a souvenir picture of the Big Fire. McKim & Co., Perfumers, 1005 Ashbury St., San Francisco, Cal.

FREE. LISTEN. I DON'T CARE IF YOU NEVER used a nail polish in your life, and laugh at the idea, send for a free sample of Pearl Finger Nail Polish anyway, and if, after using it, you don't see that it improves the appearance of the hands 100%, I will send you a 50c box free. If you are using a polish, you will learn what a Real polish is. J. B. Bryant, 2601 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

TWO TOILET ARTICLES EVERY WOMAN NEEDS—Marinello—Marinello Whiting Cream will beautify any skin, remove freckles, tan and moth-patch. Marinello Olive Soap—cleanses without irritating and is guaranteed pure. Trial offer. If your druggist does not keep Marinello preparations, send name and fifty cents and obtain both full size packages—Regular price fifty cents each. Marinello Company, Chicago.

GET ACQUAINTED ORDER. To give you a chance to try our goods we offer ½ oz. our Curative Face Cream, or Lip Tint for 25c. Use Standard Goods. Coralene Curative Co., 208 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

KEEP BEAUTIFUL! WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOK. It tells how to care for the face, hands and figure. National Mfg. Co., 104 "C" Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR. My own preparation which gave me positive relief. Keeps the scalp clean and healthy and the Hair Soft and brilliant. Postpaid 50c. J. H. Murphy, 37 Adams, Melrose, Mass.

SIMONDS' COLD CREAM IS A PURE WHITE, delightfully perfumed cream that will feed the tissues and beautify the complexion. Good for cracked lips. 1 oz. 10c, 4 oz. 25c, 1 lb. 75c. Send postpaid, Simonds, the druggist, Watertown, Mass.

ADORNS ALL IT TOUCHES!—Derma Clarine (trade mark) imparts, regains, and perpetuates, the fresh complexion of Youth; the rosy brilliancy and oval grace of "Sweet and Twenty." By mail $1. Address "Siempre Joven," 109 Court St., Newark, N. J. Harmless as Milk, Unfailing as Fate!

LETTUCE CREAM, OLDEST AND BEST CREAM, for the skin. Not greasy. For skins needing oil, use Cream of Lettuce. Sold everywhere. Send 10 cents for cake Lettuce Cream Soap with ring Coupon. Lettuce Cream Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

VELDOR—THE NEW PERFUME of Maison Violet (Ve-o-lay) of Paris. 1½ oz. bottle $1.50. Sample bottle 10c. Also in Soap, Toilet Water, Powder and Sachet. Money returned if unsatisfactory. F.M.Prindle & Co., 36 E.21st St., New York.

NEW AND RARE BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

LEARN ABOUT ARIZONA "In Arizona Magazine" Hundred pages illustrated six months including any personal information about the Mining, Stockraising or Farming industries only fifty cents. W. J. Homer Publisher, Box 306, Phoenix, Ariz.

TUBERCULOSIS. Best popular book on subject by leading specialists, Dr. Knopf's Prize Essay. Articles by local physicians on Arizona, California, Colorado, etc., 246 Pages. Cloth, $1.25 postpaid. H. M. Brinker, 1010–16th St., Denver, Colo.

MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS AND ALL PERIODICALS at lowest club prices. Our catalogue contains a list of 3,000 periodicals and combination offers. A handy magazine guide, 40 pages and cover, sent Free for the asking. Address Bennett's Magazine Agency, 68 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRONE by Patterson, a book by London and one by Sinclair, with other socialist literature, in all 228 pages, mailed for 10c. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 268 Kinzie St., Chicago.

PACKARD'S NORTH & SOUTH. Illustrated Monthly shows developing South in detail. Soils, seasons, climate, water, crops, life under soft skies. Remarkable opportunities. $1.00. 4 Mos. 25c. C. Packard, 430 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.

AUTO CAR PRACTICE—"Homans' Self Propelled Vehicles," 1907 edition just issued, right up to date, is the most complete book on the motor car, practical, fully illustrated, 600 pages, handsomely bound. Price $2.00 postpaid, money back if not satisfied. Agents wanted. Specimen pages free upon request. Theo. Audel & Co., 63 5th Ave., New York.

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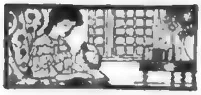

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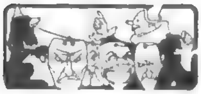

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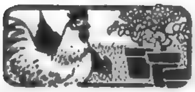

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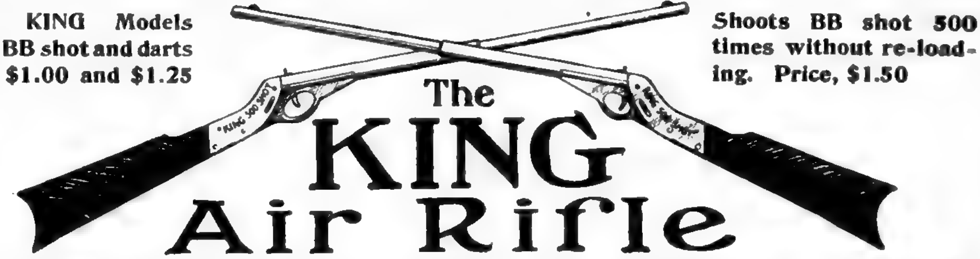

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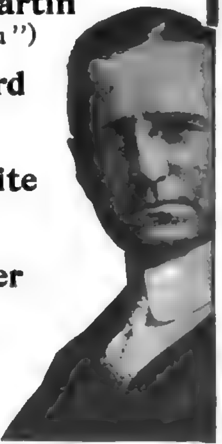

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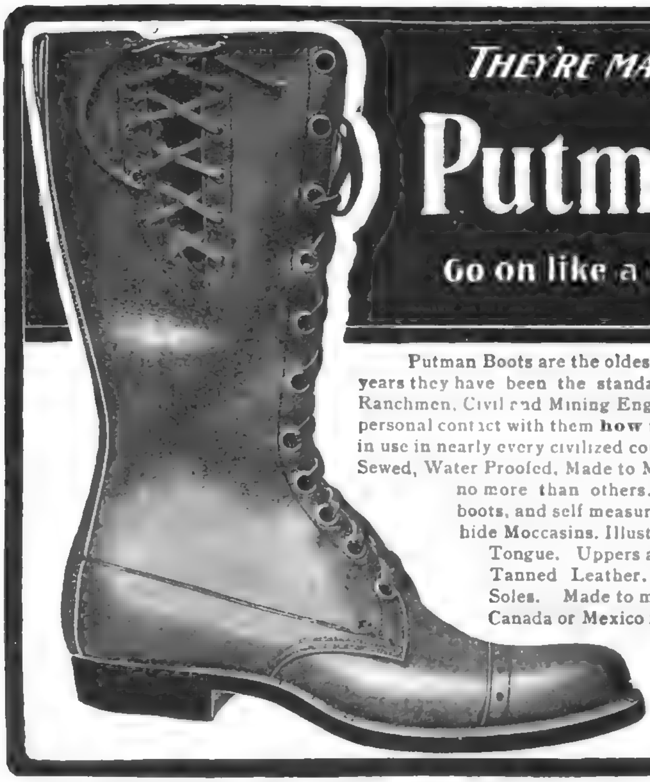

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Putman Boots are the oldest and best known line of boots made. For years they have been the standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen, Civil and Mining Engineers, &c., and we have learned by our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are in use in nearly every civilized country in the world. They are genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to Measure, Delivery Charges Prepaid, and cost no more than others. Send for catalogue of over 40 styles of boots, and self measurement blanks. Also Indian Tanned Moose hide Moccasins. Illustration shows No. 200, 14 inches high. Bellows Tongue. Uppers are Putman's Special Water Proofed Chrome Tanned Leather. Black or Brown color. Water Proofed Soles. Made to measure and delivered in the U. S. Canada or Mexico for **$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO.
21 HENNEPIN AVE.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

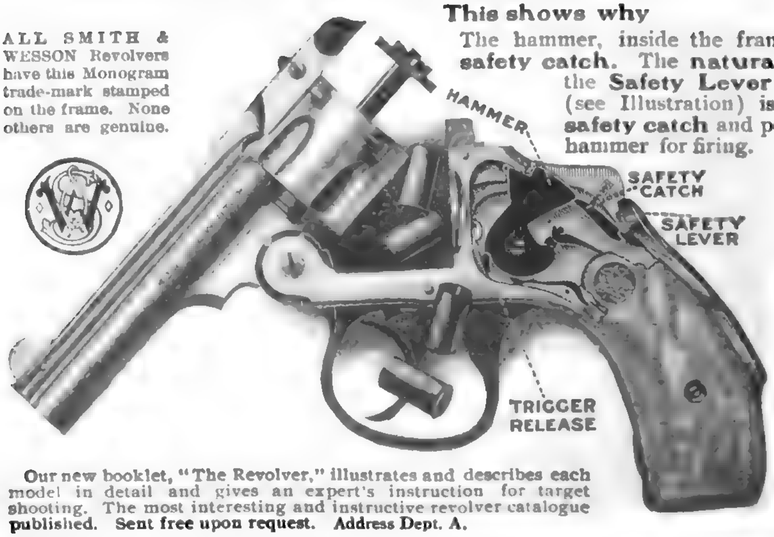
SMITH & WESSON

The Only Absolute Safety is
SMITH & WESSON "HAMMERLESS SAFETY"

This shows why

The hammer, inside the frame, is always locked by the **safety catch**. The **natural** pressure of the hand upon the **Safety Lever** in the back of the handle (see Illustration) is the only way to lift the **safety catch** and permit the trigger to raise the hammer for firing. The safety lever and trigger must act at the same instant. To discharge this arm otherwise than **deliberately** is an impossibility—and

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.



Here is the Proof

Over 800,000 **SMITH & WESSON** Hammerless Safety Revolvers have been made and sold, and not one single accident has ever been reported. They are absolutely accident proof.

SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are the thoroughbreds of the revolver world. Each is tested for the maximum of efficiency, range and strength — each is modelled on lines of grace and beauty without an ounce of superfluous weight.

Our new booklet, "The Revolver," illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives an expert's instruction for target shooting. The most interesting and instructive revolver catalogue published. Sent free upon request. Address Dept. A.

SMITH & WESSON, 7 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 1346 Park Street, Alameda, Cal.

THREE PAGES OF ABSORBING INTEREST ABOUT THE TWO-CYCLE PRINCIPLE IN AUTOMOBILE CONSTRUCTION

The valveless two-cycle engine is the most intensely interesting thing in automobile construction today.

Even in principle it fascinates the investigator—in every day practise and performances it absolutely satisfies him.

We take three pages to tell about it because eight years experience have proven that if we once set a man's foot on the valveless two-cycle road—he'll never travel any other.

This means that he'll never be satisfied with a four cycle car, no matter what the make. The very idea of steady, persistent, unbroken power—a positive impulse at every stroke of the piston—you must see its beauties at once.

In order that you will fully grasp the advantages we repeat—a positive impulse at every stroke of the piston for each cylinder—in the three cylinder Elmore three impulses every time the main shaft turns; and in the four cycle four impulses. In other words—continuous power. In other words—just as much work with three of our cylinders as six of the four-cycle; in other words just as much power with four Elmore cylinders as eight of the other type.

You begin to see now, don't you, what a tremendous advantage more than a thousand Elmore owners have been enjoying over you? Well, we've only begun.

The rule in four-cycle construction is this: "If you want more power multiply your cylinders." And every time you multiply your cylinders your multiply your troubles.

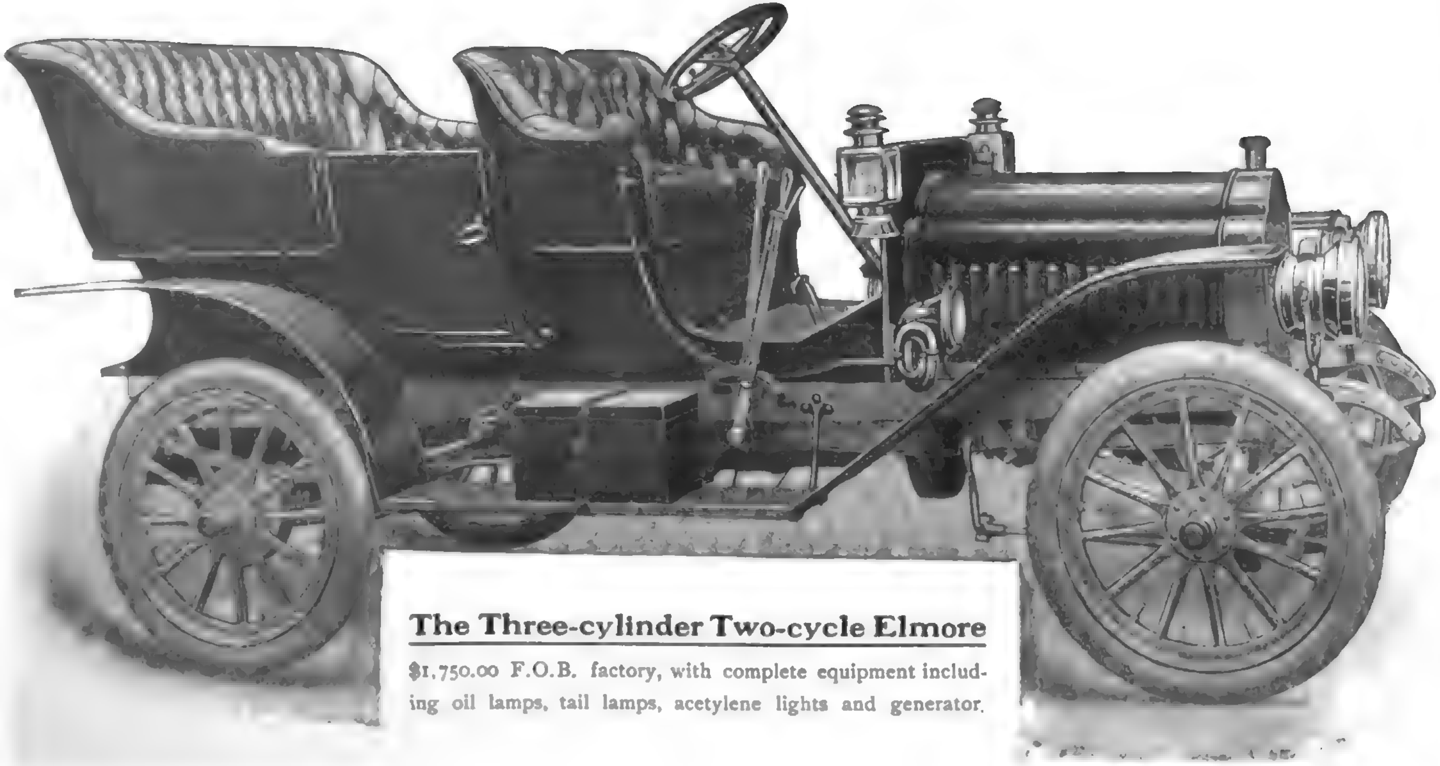
The two-cycle rule is: More power with half the cylinders and less than half the parts. For the Elmore two cycle engine, mind you, has no cams or valves.

Think what that means! A delay of one two-hundredth of a second in the opening or closing of a valve may reduce the power of a cylinder 20 per cent. The valves must open and shut to admit the gas. Figure what that means in lost power alone!

Each four-cycle cylinder has twenty or more valve parts—cams, springs, levers and fastenings. On a six cylinder four cycle therefore you have nearly one hundred parts.

In the two cycle Elmore engine you cut the number of cylinders in half, cut out all the cams, gears, valves and fastenings and get greatly increased power.

But, you say, what about concrete results? Only this—that the every day



The Three-cylinder Two-cycle Elmore

$1,750.00 F.O.B. factory, with complete equipment including oil lamps, tail lamps, acetylene lights and generator.

performances of the Valveless Two-cycle Elmore in the hands of over a thousand owners for four years have been just as remarkable as the principle of the engine itself.

Only this—that the Valveless Two-cycle Elmore was the one car that came through the Glidden tour absolutely without repair, replacement, adjustment or tinkering of any kind.

Only this—that the expense and repair bill of owners all over America are lower than those in any other car in the world.

Only this—that the Valveless Two-cycle Elmore by reason of its constant torque or turning power will travel continuously on the high speed. Only this—that it has been proven the most successful self-starting engine in the world.

Only this—that every Elmore agent and every Elmore owner is an absolutely irrepressible enthusiast. Only this—that the Elmore has forced universal recognition among engineering experts of the fact that the Valveless Two cycle engine is the only true type of progression in automobile building.

Only this—that agents, owners, and engineers have showered upon us thousands of letters expressive of their admiration and enthusiasm.

Don't you see that you must—to keep step with the march of progress—learn more at once about this wonderful car? Study the illustration of the three cylinder car on the opposite page and then write to us for the intensely interesting little books:

The Heart of the Man and the Machine.

Busy Little Two Hundredth of a Second.

Two Short Steps and One Long Jump.

New Features of the 1907 Elmore

The new features of the car illustrated above—the three-cylinder two-cycle Elmore—include the selective type sliding gear transmission, three speeds forward and reverse; platform spring suspension; I beam front axle; spark and throttle control on top of steering-wheel; new design radiator and hood and new design body with tonneau capacity for three people. While the car has a greater seating capacity and 100 inch wheel base, the weight has been reduced to nearly 200 pounds less than the model 14, which gave such splendid satisfaction last year.

The price of this car is $1,750.00 with full equipment of oil lamps, tail lamps, acetylene lights and generator.

THE ELMORE MFG. COMPANY

1904 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

We shall exhibit only at the 7th National Automobile Show at Madison Square Garden, January 12-19, 1907.

The Thomas-Flyer.

TF TF

The past performances of the Thomas are the surest guarantee for the future.

In 1906, Thomas cars competing with the world's best, won more speed, endurance and reliability tests than were ever before recorded by one car in a single season.

Indeed, it is doubtful if the Thomas record has ever been approached in the whole life of any other car.

Each and every one of these victories is vital and valuable, not because of the mere marvelous speed attained, but because of the structural soundness and

The 1906 Thomas Record

The Vanderbilt Cup

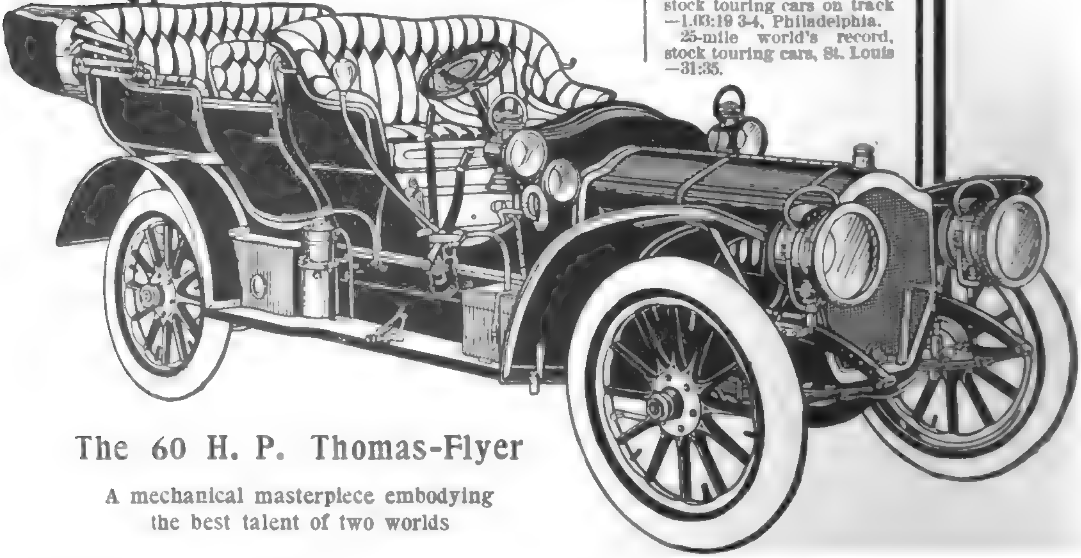
The Thomas Flyer, never in a race before, arrived at the course barely completed and practically without trying out. It used ordinary touring car, non-skid tires. One of these tires only lasted three miles. Changing seven tires and losing thirty-five minutes in all, it advanced from fifteenth to sixth place, passing some of the fastest cars at full speed, and beat five out of the ten long tried out foreign cars. Under the conditions, this is conceded to be the most marvelous record of the Vanderbilt Cup.

In the Glidden Tour

The Thomas car came through the Glidden Tour absolutely without repair, replacement or adjustment of any kind, not only finishing with a perfect score at Bretton Woods, but bowling clear through to Buffalo, as fresh, snappy and smooth as the day it started. This meant a 2,000 mile trip with an absolutely perfect score.

50-mile world's record for stock touring cars on track —1.03:19 3-4, Philadelphia.

25-mile world's record, stock touring cars, St. Louis —31:35.



The 60 H. P. Thomas-Flyer

A mechanical masterpiece embodying the best talent of two worlds

Unquestioned Leadership—Reserve Power—Reserve Strength

The Thomas-Forty

TF TF

mechanical perfection which made that speed possible.

No car can be called sound, safe, scientific and dependable until it has gone through the terrific tests to which Thomas construction has been subjected this season.

Consider this. Read the record. Remember that one thousand and eighteen owners speak up from every State and section and proclaim the Thomas the perfect car.

Remember that its construction engages the ability of the largest, most experienced, and most expensive corps of foreign and American engineering experts ever maintained in one factory.

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Members American Association Licensed Automobile Engineers

We exhibit only at the 7th Annual Automobile Show Madison Square Garden, January 12-19, 1907

50-mile stock touring car record, Hawthorne track, Chicago—1.06:19.

50-mile Pimlico track, Baltimore—1.06:36.

Stock touring car record of 5 miles, standing start, in 4.55; 8 mile in 57 3-5 seconds at Atlantic Beach.

1 mile, 55 4-5 seconds, Atlantic City. First and second in one minute class, Atlantic City.

First in $4,000 and $5,000 touring car championship classes, Atlantic City.

Record, Philadelphia to Reading—61 miles—2 hours.

Record, Philadelphia to Atlantic City—60 miles—90 minutes.

Record, Philadelphia to Wilkes-Barre—146 miles—6 hours, 30 minutes.

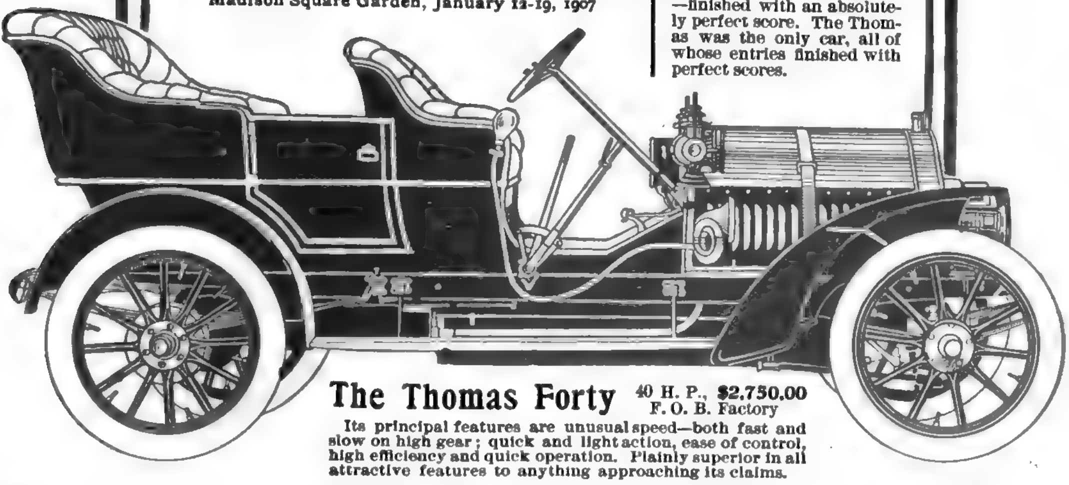
Record, Cape May to Philadelphia—93 miles—2 hours, 45 minutes.

1 mile Price handicap, Atlantic City, Thomas from scratch—1.21 2-5.

Hill climbing record of California, Pasadena-Altadena course.

Road record, Buffalo to Rochester, 68 miles—1 hour, 32 minutes and 45 seconds.

The Elgin-Aurora contest—86 competitors entered this 104 mile endurance run. Three Thomas Flyers—one driven by a 17-year old boy, son of the owner of the car—finished with an absolutely perfect score. The Thomas was the only car, all of whose entries finished with perfect scores.



The Thomas Forty 40 H. P., $2,750.00 F. O. B. Factory

Its principal features are unusual speed—both fast and slow on high gear; quick and light action, ease of control, high efficiency and quick operation. Plainly superior in all attractive features to anything approaching its claims.

Absolute Reliability—Reserve Power—Reserve Strength

National

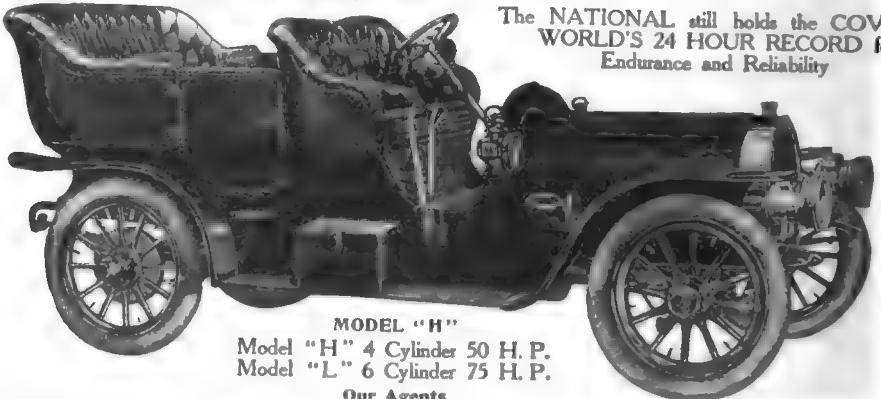
WATCH FOR THE ROUND RADIATOR

THE GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED IN AN AUTOMOBILE

Two new Models embodying many new perfected features: BALL-BEARING ENGINES, DOUBLE IGNITION SYSTEMS, CAST ALUMINUM SEVEN PASSENGER BODIES

Examine our New Models carefully. We will exhibit them at the NEW YORK AUTOMOBILE SHOW, December 1st to 8th, Grand Central Palace, New York

The NATIONAL still holds the COVETED WORLD'S 24 HOUR RECORD for Endurance and Reliability



MODEL "H"

Model "H" 4 Cylinder 50 H. P.
Model "L" 6 Cylinder 75 H. P.

Our Agents

Homan & Schulz Co. New York	Ralph Temple Auto Co. Chicago	Linscott Motor Co. Boston	Rarig Auto & Garage Co. Oakland, Cal.

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO. Write for particulars **1017 E. 22nd St., INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.**

DELIGHTFUL SEA TRIPS THE YEAR ROUND

Southern Pacific

Passenger Steamships Between

NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS

Weekly Service From Both Ports

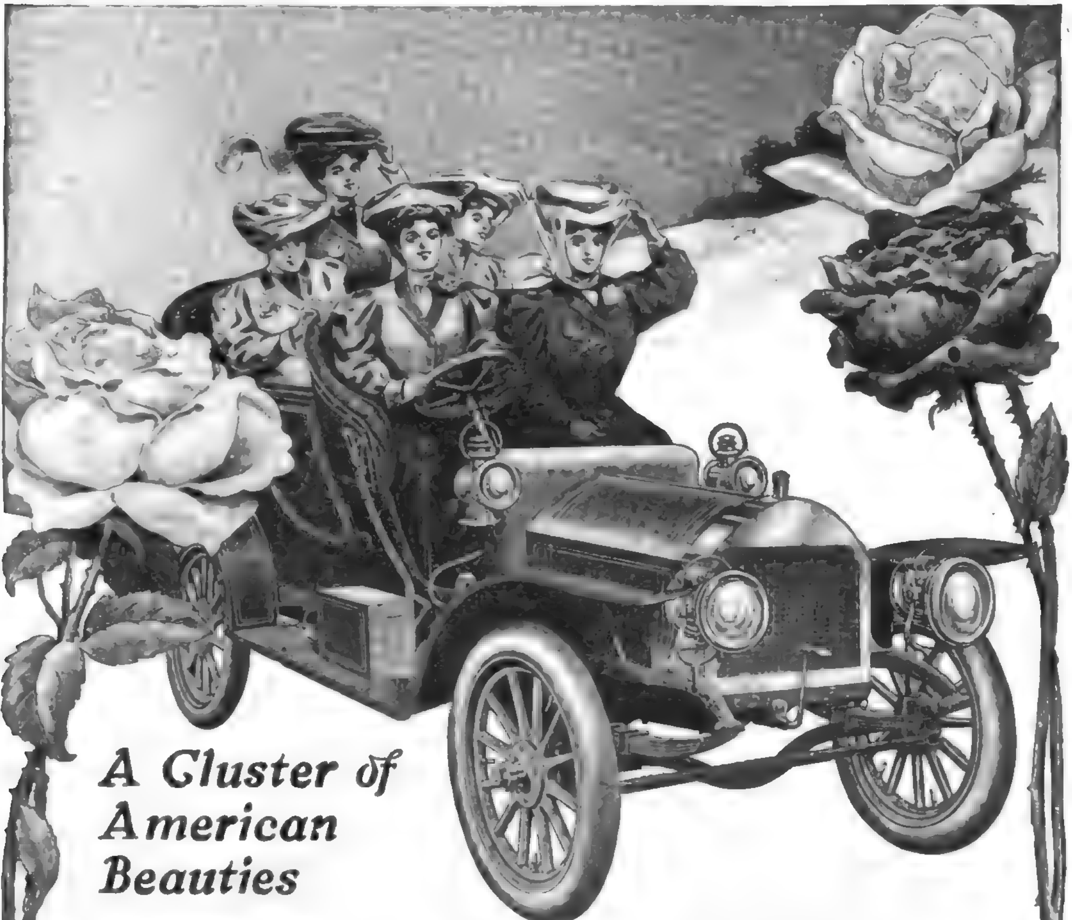
The Ideal Trip Summer and Winter

SPEED——COMFORT——SAFETY

Connecting at New Orleans with rail lines for all points in **LOUISIANA, TEXAS, NEW and OLD MEXICO, ARIZONA, CALIFORNIA and OREGON**

INQUIRE

NEW YORK: 349—1 Broadway BOSTON: 170 Washington St.
PHILA.: 632 Chestnut St. BALT.: Baltimore & Hanover Sts.
NEW ORLEANS: Magazine & Natchez Sts.
SYRACUSE: 212 W. Washington St.



A Cluster of American Beauties

"HANDSOME IS as handsome DOES," and the central figure of this distinctively American beauty show—the Stoddard-Dayton Model-F—is a machine with performances to its credit quite as handsome as the lines upon which it is built.

Stoddard=Dayton

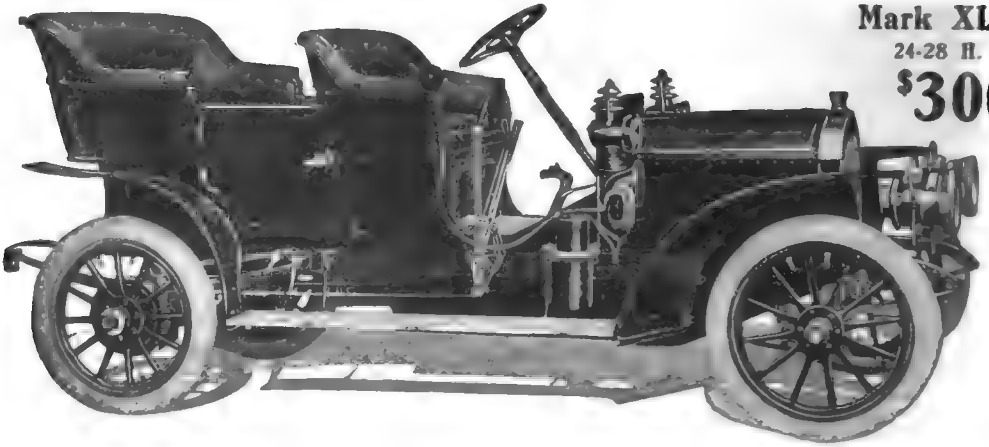
beauty is the *wearing beauty* of *dependability* and *durability.* We are the makers of the car. We know the worth of every ounce of metal and wood in its construction. *Beauty* in an automobile without *worth* is a waste of motoring energy—time and money both sacrificed.

The Stoddard-Dayton will equal the performance of any American-made car, at any price, as to speed, power, control and durability.

Model-F is a 5-passenger touring car, 30-35 H.P., driven by our new four-cylinder Stoddard-Dayton motor, cylinders cast in pairs, with valves on opposite sides, insuring simpler and fewer connections, assuring **higher** efficiency. In one test our engine drove a Model-F 154 miles on 7 gallons of gasoline. That is **beauty** which **counts.** Decided advance in Motor Car construction is shown in our 1907 improvements. Fenders enclosed. Equipped with strut rods, which **take all strain** off rear springs, now hung on shackles at both ends. Transmission brake larger. Seats wider and wheel base longer. Wheels 2 inches larger.

A $2,500 machine with full lamp equipment, that is better than others costing more. Fully described in our Illustrated Catalog. Let us send it to you—FREE.

THE DAYTON MOTOR CAR CO., DAYTON, OHIO.



Mark XLVIII
24-28 H. P.
$3000

YOU cannot afford to invest several thousand dollars in an automobile unless you feel pretty sure that the quality is right. The new Columbia Models are Quality Cars, through and through. They are built of the best materials in the world under the most advanced methods and processes yet discovered.

A highly perfected selective type of sliding gear transmission is used in the two 1907 Columbia models.

The lower section of the case is both webbed and cross-webbed to prevent its settling and deranging the alignment with motor and drive.

Gears are *not* case hardened, but are cut from the toughest steel and made singly and in combination; the combination gears are a single unit,—not the bolting together of different sizes.

Front axle is an "I" beam section with pivot ends, drop forged,—centre, hand forged. Unlike any other "I" beam front axle, is not welded. Beyond doubt the strongest axle yet produced.

Rear axle construction of Mark XLVIII is an especially strong and clever design. The driving pinion revolving in roller bearings, is housed within a cage and is bodily removable from the housing.

This axle is of "floating" type, and bears no transverse strains. May be easily removed from either side without the aid of jack or pit.

Axle housing extends through hub, and the housing tube bears the weight of car upon roller bearings.

No other car has such powerful capacity brakes as the expanding shoes of extra wide face which operate within the countershaft and rear wheel sprocket drums of our Mark XLIX.

Foot brake operates by rods and rocker shafts, and emergency brake through an endless steel wire cable.

The new double carbureter, providing a mixture for slow and another for high speed work, is a distinctive feature of both 1907 Columbia Models.

Separate catalogues of Columbia Gasoline Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles will be sent on request. Demonstration by appointment. The nearest Columbia representative will be pleased to give you any practical test desired, with absolutely no obligation on your part to purchase.

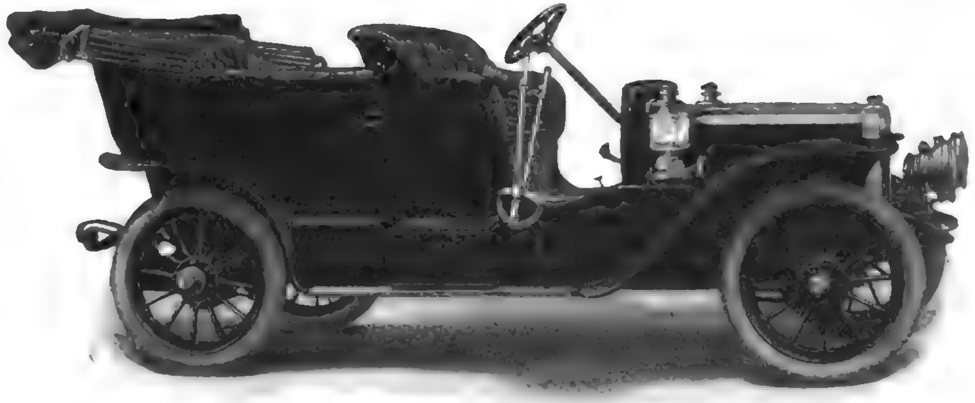
ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.

New York Branch: 134-136-138 W. 39th St. Chicago Branch: 1332-1334 Michigan Ave. Boston: Columbia Motor Vehicle Co., 74-76-78 Stanhope St. Washington: Washington E. V. Transportation Co., 15th St. and Ohio Ave. Mexico City: C. L. Seeger, Primera Humboldt, No. 2. M. A. of L. A. M.

At New York we shall exhibit only at the 7th National Automobile Show, Madison Sq. Garden, Jan. 12-19

Columbia

Mark XLIX
40-45 H. P.
$4500



YOU'LL NEVER RUN OUT OF GASOLINE

on the road—when you have a Winton Model M.

Every time the tank is filled, two gallons go automatically into a reserve supply tank, and can't be used accidentally, or without warning. When the main tank runs dry, you turn a valve, and the reserve gasoline takes the Model M to a base of supply.

A gage always shows how much gasoline the main tank contains, but you may forget to look. No matter—you'll never be stranded. That two gallon reserve is your constant protection.

This safety idea is one of the very least important features of the Winton Model M. We mention it only to show how carefully every detail is worked out—even to details that offset forgetfulness.

Note these features of the Model M

WINTON

Seats seven passengers.
40 H. P. four cylinder motor.
Offset cylinders; save power and eliminate the "knock."
Interchangeable, mechanical valves; all on one side of motor.
Single cam shaft; offset to save power.
Multiple disc clutch; will start on any speed from standstill without jar or shock. Tested to hold 90 H. P.
Four forward speeds, selective.
Direct drive on third speed, with countershaft at rest.
Clutch and transmission run on annular ball bearings.
Carburetor mechanically throttled; hand and foot control.
Positive "Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated.
Improved Winton Twin springs.
Four brakes; all on rear hubs.
Wheels and pinion shaft run on taper roller bearings.
Drive shaft horizontal under normal load.
New roller type universal joints.
Jump spark ignition.
Centrifugal pump cooling.
Wheel base, 112 inches.
Trunk carrier, gas, oil and tail lamps, horn, tools, etc. included as equipment.
Instant access to all working parts.
Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10,000 of an inch.
Materials tested to assure safety.
Price $3500, f. o. b. Cleveland.
Book D gives the details.
Book D1 describes Type X-I-V 30 H. P. four cylinders. Same careful selection of materials and exacting workmanship as on Model M. Admittedly the best $2500 car for 1907.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., (Member A. L. A. M.) **Cleveland, O., U.S.A.**

Type XV
50 H.P.

POPE
Toledo
AUTOMOBILES

Price
$4,250

POPE-TOLEDO

If every prospective purchaser of a touring car knew what we know about Type XV Pope-Toledo, ten times our factory capacity would not supply the demand. We shall build Type XV so good that our capacity will be limited to 500.

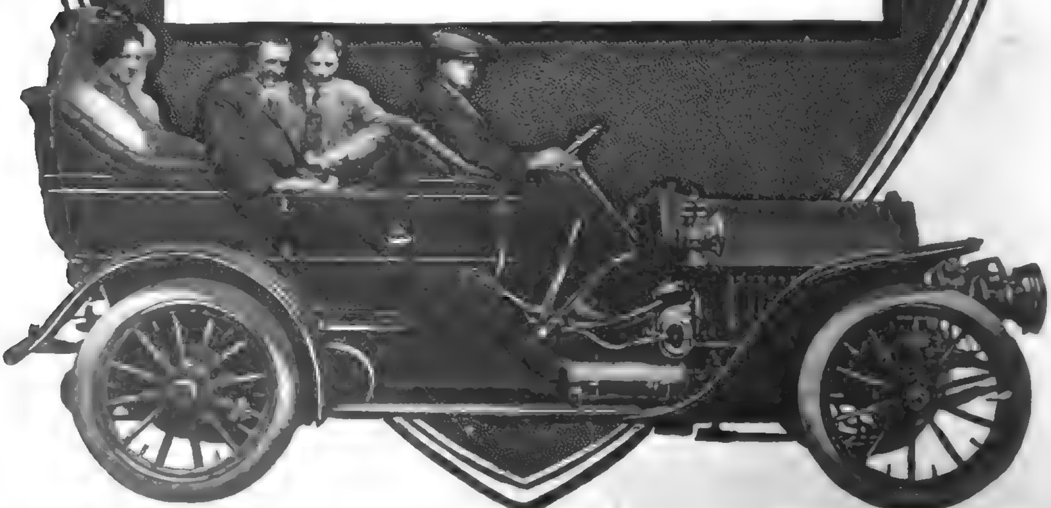
Six to Sixty Miles an Hour on High Gear; Chrome Nickel Steel Construction throughout; Selective Gear-set; Four Speeds; Deutsch Waffen Fabrik Bearings; Mechanical Valves; Multiple Metal Disc Clutch.

Send for complete advance literature.

Pope Motor Car Co., Toledo, Ohio

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

We exhibit in New York at Madison Square Garden only Jan. 12th to 19th



If you want comfort, you must buy a Franklin.

You can't get comfort in a car with half-elliptic springs or metal frame. It magnifies inequalities into bumps; turns car-tracks into jolts; and makes the average road a continuous strain.

Franklin wood-sills with Franklin full-elliptic spring-suspension neutralize these inevitable shocks, and give a comfort that makes motoring the complete pleasure that it ought to be.

Part of Franklin comfort is absence of trouble. Light weight—avoids tire-trouble. Air-cooled—no freezing troubles.

Why don't you send for Whitman's story "Across America in a Franklin"? We want you to have it; also catalogue.

Shaft-drive Runabout	**$1800**	**4-cylinder Touring-car**	**$2800**
4-cylinder Light Touring-car	**$1850**	**6-cylinder Touring-car**	**$4000**

Prices in standard colors and equipment, f. o. b. Syracuse.
Special upholstery, equipment and colors, extra.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.
M. A. L. A. M.

105-inch wheel-base

REO

1907

REO 1907 Touring-car $1250

18-20 horse-power. 94-inch wheel-base. Five passengers. Detachable tonneau. Two speeds and reverse. REO multiple-disc clutch. 40 miles an hour. Full lamp equipment. $1250 f.o.b. Lansing

More so than ever

Abler, handsomer, quieter, stronger, roomier, easier-riding

Here are some of the improvements that make it so—

Increased motor-power in the touring-car; perfected and noiseless transmission; noiseless chain; adjustable motion-saving, wear-resisting steering gear; longer wheel-base; a lower setting body with no lower clearance; curved dash, and shapelier hood.

These are features that bring the 1907 REO right up to *now.*

They give a new style, a new finish, a new attractiveness and "go" to the car that was always right, and needed no change; the car that has captured more trophies at real motoring—in and over its class; and that gives more and does more in proportion to price and operating cost than any other motor-car ever built.

Send for the catalogue which describes in detail the 1907 Touring car. 2 to 4 passenger runabout at $675; 10 passenger Bus; and smart 4-passenger coupe.

Will exhibit in New York, December 1st to 8th, at Automobile Show, Grand Central Palace.

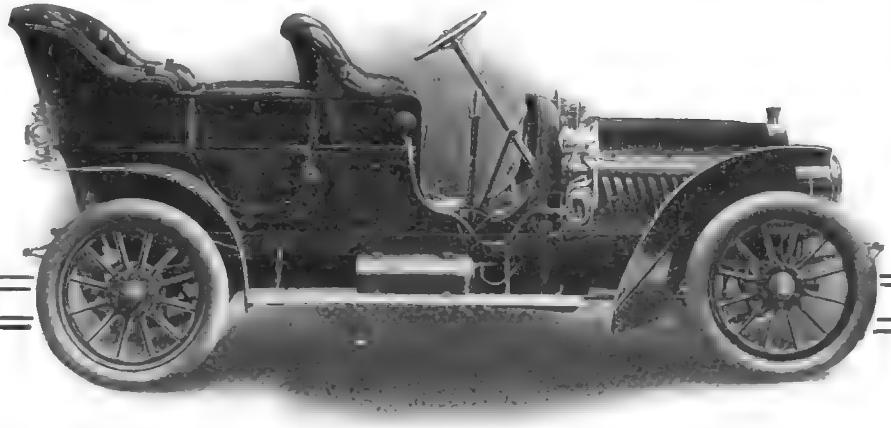
R. M. Owen & Co.

Exclusive Sales Agents

Lansing, Mich.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

"THE QUALITY CAR"



$2250

Five Passenger Touring-Car. Four-cylinders. Shaft-drive. 24-28 Horse-Power. 107-inch wheelbase. Full-elliptic springs with special Premier shock-absorbing head.

1907 PREMIER

(Water-Cooled)

Majestic, powerful, substantial, and commodious, the Premier stands out a patrician among motor-cars

The engine is a high type of power-creating mechanism—does big work with surprising ease and economy.

The new and highly effective water-cooling system with honey-comb radiator is one of the features that give this motor an actual ability far in excess of its nominal rating; while the full elliptic springs with the Premier slow-recoil shock-absorbing heads make this ability enjoyable by genuine easy-riding under the most trying conditions.

Every part of Premier construction has the solidness and strength due to expert direction and careful workmanship. The upholstery and fittings are of the most modern and luxurious type. The lines are noticeably graceful, sweeping, and suggestive of strength and power. And the entire design gives evidence of the most thorough and scientific pre-arrangement.

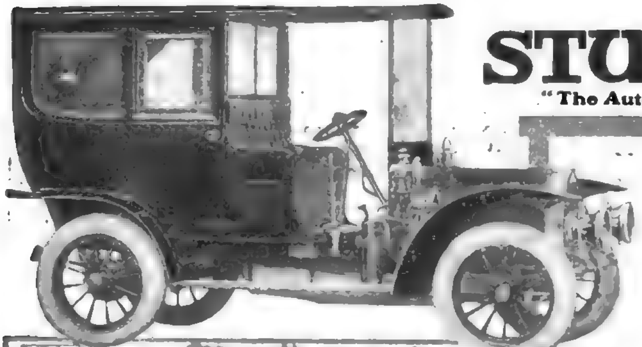
Write for catalogue and full particulars of this big, stylish and completely satisfying car.

Will exhibit in New York, December 1st to 8th, at Automobile Club Show, Grand Central Palace.

R. M. OWEN & CO., 36-40 West 60th St., New York

STUDEBAKER

"The Automobile with a reputation behind it"



RESORT to pyrotechnic methods for the sale of Studebaker automobiles could hardly be consistent with Studebaker history. Interesting as are the struggles of road racing machines for supremacy, they do not help in the choice of a touring car, any more than a cup yacht's performance relates to the qualities of a cruising craft. That man will be in sympathy with the Studebaker viewpoint who asks "What am I going to get out of this car?"

Model "L" has a record which will furnish an interesting answer. Ask us about it.

This car, as is true with every Studebaker production was a "known quantity" before we offered it to the public. No guesswork, no experiment about it—but a car well built, on well proved principles, for the rational motorist. It is a successful attempt to achieve lightness and efficiency through simplicity.

Model "L." 28-32 H. P.

Price $3000 to $4000 According to Body

Storage battery, jump spark ignition with La Coste coil. Vertical motor, 4 cylinders. Three speeds forward and one reverse. Weight 2600 pounds.

Each car thoroughly equipped with headlights, generator, taillight, sidelights and horn, also the best tried out type of shock absorber, a conveniently placed tool box and irons for carrying extra tires.

Write for our catalog.

STUDEBAKER AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

South Bend, Ind.

Members Ass'n of Licensed Automobile Mfrs.

Studebaker Branch Houses

NEW YORK CITY	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHICAGO, ILL.	SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
KANSAS CITY, MO.	DENVER, COLO.
PORTLAND, ORE.	DALLAS, TEXAS

THE Studebaker Electric Stanhope has earned a wide and honorable reputation. It is extensively used in cities on account of its convenience, graceful proportions and simplicity of control. It admirably serves the purposes of physicians, and provides a conveyance which women can operate with ease. A Studebaker electric car can be driven by a novice through crowded streets without difficulty or danger.

The Stanhope, like our other electric cars, has the distinctive Studebaker feature of location of both battery and motor above the springs. Its delightful riding qualities is partly due to this arrangement.

Model 22b Stanhope

Price $1250

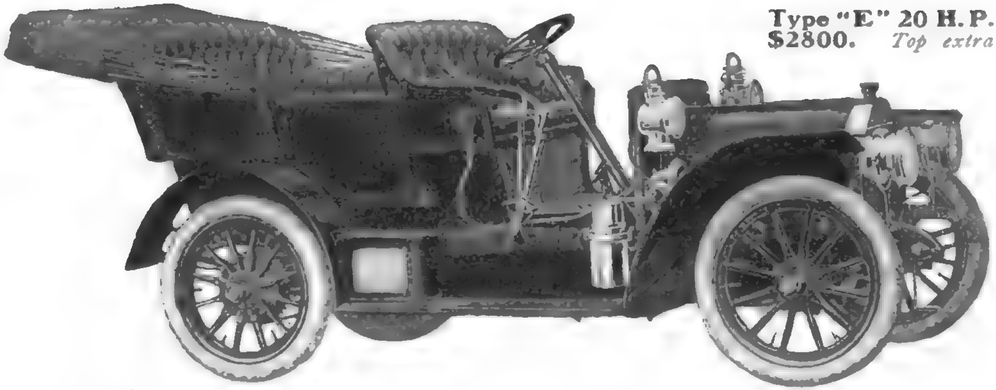
Four speeds from 3 to 14 miles per hour. Forward and backward speeds equally divided. Will carry two passengers over average streets, 40 miles on one charge. Steered by side lever; speed regulated by controller handle on the left. Has cut out switch, permitting leaving the car unattended. Meter indicates energy in battery. Each car equipped with special close top; also set of necessary tools, tire pump, repair outfit and charging plug with 15 feet of cable.

See our exhibit at Madison Square Garden, New York, January 12th to 19th

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG

Locomobile

THE GREATEST AMERICAN CAR



Type "E" 20 H. P.
$2800. *Top extra*

Our Type "E" 20 H. P. Touring Car is splendidly adapted to general service. Solid construction, convenient size, freedom from tire trouble. Exceedingly stylish and graceful in appearance. Thoroughly satisfactory for touring and able to keep up with the largest touring cars in a hard day's run. The quality of this car is, in every detail, the best that we can produce. Its principal features are the following:

4-Cylinder Motor; Make-and-break Ignition; 3-Speed Transmission, Progressive System; Alloy Steel Gears; Hess Bright Ball-Bearings throughout with exception of Motor; 96" Wheel Base; seats five (5) persons comfortably; Tires, 32 x 4, all wheels. Details.—Low-tension magneto, with working parts enclosed and protected. Igniter anvil made in solid unit. Mechanical Lubricator warmed by exhaust, out of the way, yet accessible for filling. Emergency brakes enclosed and protected. Body ironed for top and provided with brass coat-rail, adjustable foot-rest and other conveniences. The price of $2800 includes best quality head lights, generator, side lamps and rear lamp; also tools and spare parts, storm covers, horn, etc. Top extra. Painted as desired.

Our Type "H" 35 H. P. contains many features which will appeal to those interested in the powerful touring car De Luxe.

4-Cylinder Motor; Make-and-break Ignition; 4-Speed Transmission, Selective System; Hess Bright Ball-Bearings throughout with the exception of Motor; 120" Wheel Base; seats seven (7) persons comfortably; Tires—Front, 34 x 4; Rear, 34 x 4½. Price includes complete equipment with the exception of Top.

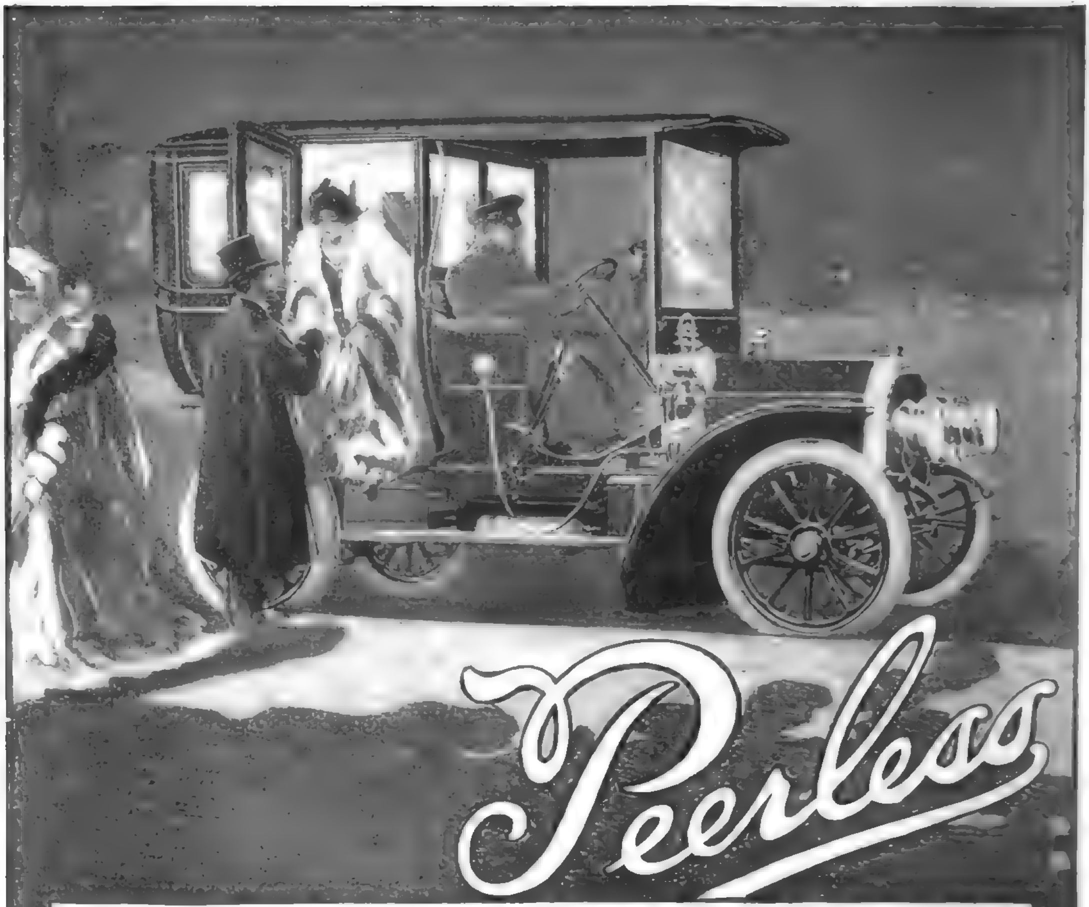
Requests for illustrated descriptive matter of the two 1907 models may be addressed to the factory or to any branch office. This also applies to agency applications

The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Branches
NEW YORK, Broadway and 76th St.
PHILADELPHIA, 249 N. Broad St.
BOSTON, 15 Berkeley St.
CHICAGO, 1354 Michigan Ave.

We shall exhibit only at the 7th National Automobile Show at Madison Square Garden, January 12-19, 1907.



Based on a photograph of the Peerless at Monte Carlo.

Attained Excellence

Built to satisfy the requirements of the tourist, the Peerless Limousine adapts itself to all conditions. Featured in the Limousine are all the improvements of our 1907 product. Several new features have been added to make the Peerless car still higher in quality and even more thoroughly reliable.

1. Drop frame, eliminating side sway.
2. Perfect balance.
3. Larger cylinders, more power.
4. Simple speed control.
5. Imported springs, three springs rear.

The most refined and exacting taste finds in this car every requirement perfectly filled. Luxurious comfort and adequate protection; richness of finish and appointments; ease of entrance and egress; safety and responsiveness of control; reliability, stability, durability.

1907 Limousine

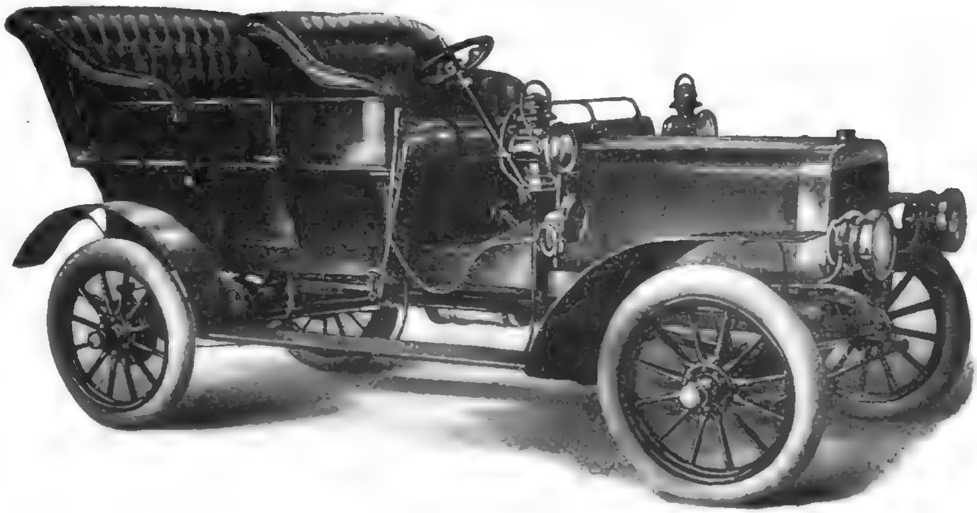
Model 16, $5,000 Model 15, $6,000

A booklet describing the new Limousine, and general catalogue M. of 1907 Models will be sent on request

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 2441 Oakdale Street, Cleveland, Ohio

We shall exhibit only at the 7th National Automobile Show at Madison Square Garden, January 12th-19th, 1907

Member A.L.A.M.



1907 TYPE "B"

4 Cylinder 25-30 H. P. 5 Passenger Price $2500

DEERE

MANY HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

Our Mr. W. C. Clark is an expert on Motor Cars and their parts, having manufactured Automobiles for the past ten years. Yet with all of his knowledge to draw upon we did not pretend to know it all.

We have watched the improvements of the Motor Car from its very infancy—noting each new feature and trying its efficiency.

In the manufacture of the Deere we avoided all features that proved to be unsuccessful or doubtful in other makes, both foreign and domestic, but perfected and improved upon such as with them proved to be essential or desirable.

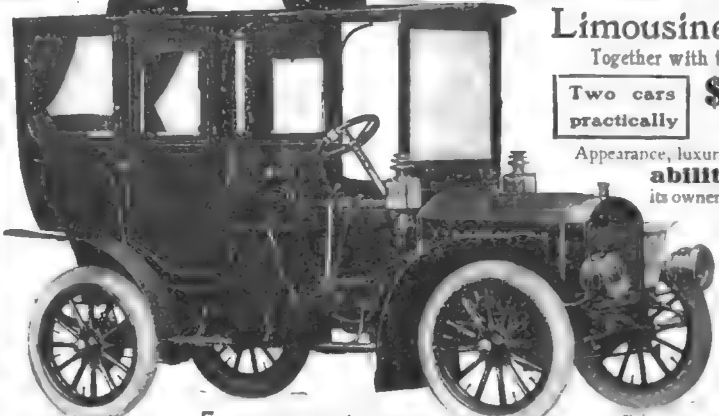
The Deere is a modern car built upon principles strictly "up to the very minute"—the combined results of others and our experiments.

At the New York Auto Show, Grand Central Palace, Dec. 1st to 8th, we are in the Gallery right at the head of the stairs in Section A. Call at our booth and compare the features of the Deere with the strong talking points of every other make.

Our 1907 Catalogue tells you all about it

DEERE-CLARK MOTOR CAR COMPANY
101 Blackhawk Ave., Moline, Ill.

The Autocar



Limousine; or Landaulet

Together with the regular open touring body

Two cars practically **$3500** Immediate delivery

Appearance, luxury, power—and **Autocar Reliability.** The ideal winter car,—in which its owner has absolute confidence; on which he can depend for *reliability* of performance in the roughest weather and over the worst roads.

Extra long and heavy rear springs, and large wheels and tires. Prest-O-Lite tank. Speedistometer. Large gas lamps. Every refinement for the comfort of passengers: Electric dome light, toilet articles, card cases, cigar holders and other luxurious accessories.

5 passengers

24 horse-power
Sliding-gear transmission
4 vertical cylinders
Direct drive
3 speeds and reverse

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa.
Member: Association of Licensed Automobile Mfgrs.

Write for 1907 literature. Autocars sold with standard warranty of the N. A. A. M.

Reliability

THE COMING YEAR

MORE MOTORISTS THAN EVER WILL KEEP THEIR TIRE EXPENSES AT MINIMUM BY USING

PENNSYLVANIA CLINCHERS RACING TYPE

1907
TIRE
ECONOMY
RECORDS
1906

FASTEST-SAFEST
-STRONGEST-
3 INCH FLAT TREAD

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO.
JEANNETTE, PA.

NEW YORK: 1665 BROADWAY
PHILADELPHIA: 615 N. BROAD ST.
BOSTON: 167 OLIVER ST.
CHICAGO: 1241 MICHIGAN AV.
BUFFALO, N.Y. MAIN & TUPPER ST.
ATLANTA, GA. 102 PRIOR ST.
LONDON 4 SNOW HILL

XMAS

The Season for giving

THE

PAUL E. WIRT

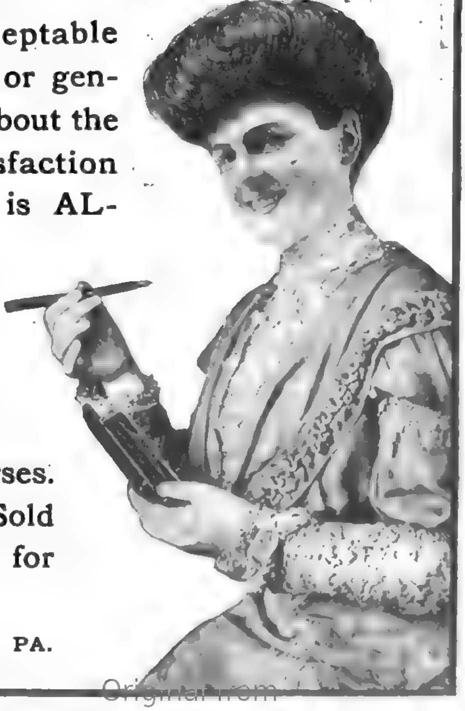
FOUNTAIN PEN

and nothing would be more acceptable and lastingly appreciated by a lady or gentleman. There is no uncertainty about the recipient getting unending satisfaction from a Wirt Fountain Pen as it is ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS WRITES. Best by test of a quarter of a century.

BEAUTIFUL PENS IN SILVER AND GOLD

as well as plainer ones for all purses. Made in 100 styles to suit all. Sold by best dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue and price list.

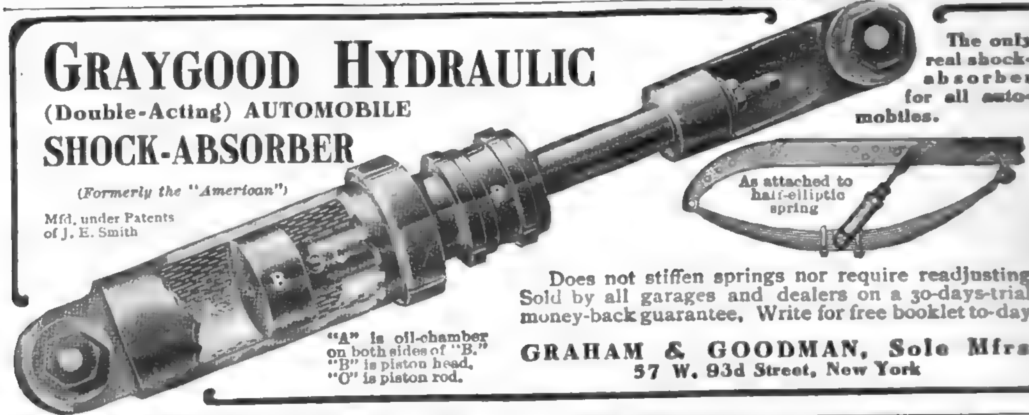
Box G 4 BLOOMSBURG, PA.



GRAYGOOD HYDRAULIC
(Double-Acting) AUTOMOBILE
SHOCK-ABSORBER

(Formerly the "American")

Mfd. under Patents
of J. E. Smith

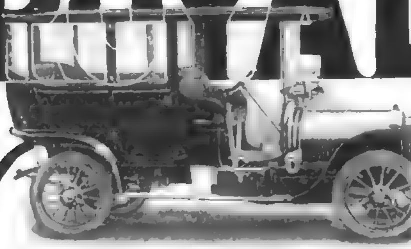

"A" is oil-chamber on both sides of "B." "B" is piston head. "O" is piston rod.
As attached to half-elliptic spring

The only real shock-absorber for all automobiles.

Does not stiffen springs nor require readjusting. Sold by all garages and dealers on a 30-days-trial-money-back guarantee. Write for free booklet to-day.

GRAHAM & GOODMAN, Sole Mfrs.
57 W. 93d Street, New York

ROYAL



THE QUIET
ROYAL LIMOUSINE
45 H. P. - - - 7 Passenger

Write for advance information about 1907
Royal Tourist
The Royal is now conceded to be the best
car built in America

ASK AN OWNER

THE ROYAL MOTOR CAR CO.
CLEVELAND - - Member A. L. A. M.

We shall exhibit in New York only at the 7th Annual Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden, January 12–19, 1907

Save money
on gas

**for lighting
your motor-car or boat**

Don't pay exorbitant prices for compressed gas under dangerously high pressure when you can easily make your own gas for less than ½ cent per hour with

The Neverout
TRADE MARK
Patent Invertible
Safety Gas Producer

No danger of explosion, no waiting, no after-generation, no odor, no trouble, no waste.

Money back if not satisfactory

At all first-class dealers'. Write for free illustrated booklet.

Rose Mfg. Co., 908 Arch Street
PHILADELPHIA

Makers of the famous *Neverout* Lamps and Searchlights

Bull Dog **SUSPENDERS**

50¢

Superior in material, workmanship and worth, containing more and better rubber than any other suspender made, with soft, pliable indestructible leather ends and metal parts that cannot rust or soil the clothes. Strong.

THEY OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

Made for man and youth in LIGHT or HEAVY weights, or extra long at no extra cost

ATTRACTIVELY BOXED IN SINGLE PAIRS, BULL DOG SUSPENDERS MAKE HOLIDAY GIFTS EVERY MAN AND BOY WILL GLADLY RECEIVE

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

or by mail, postpaid, for Fifty Cents. Money back if they don't satisfy

HEWES & POTTER, Dept. 11, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.
Largest Suspender Makers in the World

Our handsome, refreshing BULL DOG SUSPENDER COMB AND CASE sent for Ten Cents postage. Instructive Booklet, "Style, or How to Dress Correctly," free if you mention this magazine.

COPYRIGHT 1908
ED. V. PRICE & CO.
CHICAGO

Who's Your Tailor?

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED 1908

When you crowd yourself into any part of a garment, the lines on which it was made are destroyed and you force the original shape out of it.

Only when cut and tailored to fit the form of the intended wearer will clothes hold their shape permanently.

We employ the kind of tailors found in large city tailor shops and for $25 to $35 for suit or overcoat we enable the men in little towns and cities to dress as fashionably and individually and at as reasonable cost as the men of large cities.

Ask your haberdasher or clothier to show you samples of our woolens, and wear clothes made expressly for you.

Ed. V. Price & Co.

Merchant Tailors

Price Building **Chicago**

This Gift Gives Comfort
You Give Comfort with the Gift

"GEM"
JUNIOR
SAFETY RAZOR

WITH A KEEN BLADE FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK $1.00

The most welcome Christmas or New Year's Gift a man can receive, and a daily reminder of the Giver. Lasts a lifetime. Has no superior among the high priced "safeties." Shaves close, clean, and cannot cut the skin.

For One Dollar we mail you, postpaid the "GEM" JUNIOR Safety Razor, nickel-plated frame, combination handle, and seven keen, steel blades, in handsome morocco covered, plush-lined case. Guaranteed. "Gem" Junior blades remain sharp longer than those advertised as requiring no honing or stropping. When dull we will send you 7 keen blades in exchange for the 7 dull ones and 25 cents. Handle free so that you can do your own sharpening.

We are the Pioneer safety razor makers—
30 years in business

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
Makers of the celebrated
"Zinn" and "Gem" Safety Razors
34 Reade St. New York

The

Present "Nufangl" Trousers

No wrinkles in the back—no folds or unsightly bagging. The vents at the side seams adjust the waistband so that it always fits snug and smooth. "NUFANGL" trousers are perfect in fit—dressy in appearance and unusually comfortable.

Leading clothiers have "NUFANGL" Trousers in all seasonable weights and weaves at the same price as ordinary trousers. Remember the name—"NUFANGL."

PRESENT & COMPANY, 595 Broadway, New York City

Carbo Magnetic
Carbo Magnetic

Hollow Ground as illustrated $2.50

Set of Two in Leather Case $5.50

THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

No Honing No Grinding

Double Concave for extra heavy beards $3.00

Carbo Magnetic Strop $1.00

Strop-Aide 25c

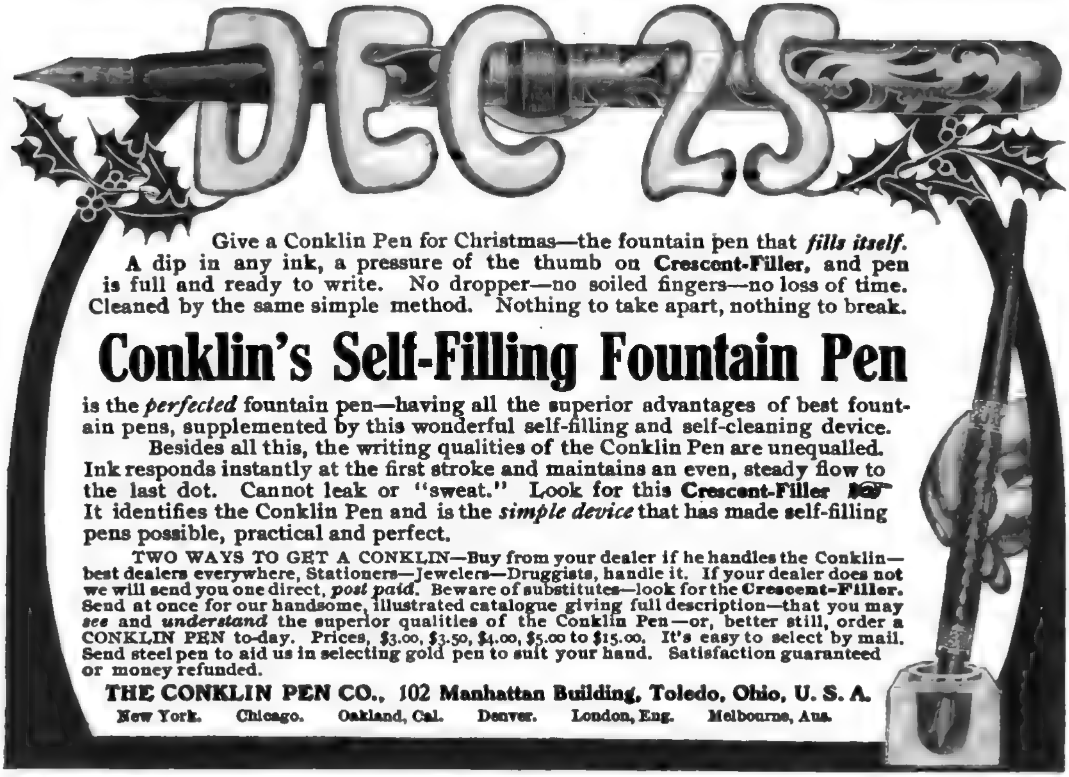
An Everlasting Christmas Remembrance

A "CARBO MAGNETIC" RAZOR

No Pulling while shaving; No Smarting after shaving; "Carbo Magnetic" Razors **are not** made of what is termed good English steel,—they are made of the FINEST STEEL THAT IS PRODUCED IN ENGLAND. The skilled labor employed to make them commands the highest possible price. **"Carbo Magnetic"** Razors **are not** tempered **by fire** as others are,—they are tempered by OUR EXCLUSIVE SECRET PROCESS OF ELECTRICITY, every blade being tempered EVENLY and ALIKE. **Perfect steel, perfectly tempered,** combined with **perfect workmanship,** must produce a **perfect Razor.** "CARBO MAGNETICS" ARE PERFECT.

Send us your dealer's name, tell us if he handles the "Carbo Magnetic" Razor, and we will send you our booklet entitled "Hints on Shaving," and make you a proposition whereby you can test this razor. The booklet is very valuable to self-shavers; it illustrates the correct razor position for every part of the face and tells you all about REAL SHAVING COMFORT.

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN
469 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Give a Conklin Pen for Christmas—the fountain pen that *fills itself.* A dip in any ink, a pressure of the thumb on **Crescent-Filler,** and pen is full and ready to write. No dropper—no soiled fingers—no loss of time. Cleaned by the same simple method. Nothing to take apart, nothing to break.

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

is the *perfected* fountain pen—having all the superior advantages of best fountain pens, supplemented by this wonderful self-filling and self-cleaning device.

Besides all this, the writing qualities of the Conklin Pen are unequalled. Ink responds instantly at the first stroke and maintains an even, steady flow to the last dot. Cannot leak or "sweat." Look for this **Crescent-Filler** ☞ It identifies the Conklin Pen and is the *simple device* that has made self-filling pens possible, practical and perfect.

TWO WAYS TO GET A CONKLIN—Buy from your dealer if he handles the Conklin—best dealers everywhere, Stationers—Jewelers—Druggists, handle it. If your dealer does not we will send you one direct, *post paid.* Beware of substitutes—look for the **Crescent-Filler.** Send at once for our handsome, illustrated catalogue giving full description—that you may *see* and *understand* the superior qualities of the Conklin Pen—or, better still, order a CONKLIN PEN to-day. Prices, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 to $15.00. It's easy to select by mail. Send steel pen to aid us in selecting gold pen to suit your hand. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO., 102 Manhattan Building, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.
New York. Chicago. Oakland, Cal. Denver. London, Eng. Melbourne, Aus.

BY MAIL

THE BANK—THAT PAYS 4%

BY MAIL

A BANK BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS

The plan adopted by many people of giving Savings Bank Pass-books as Christmas Gifts to relatives and friends, has become

A DELIGHTFUL CUSTOM

Such a gift is always acceptable and will form the foundation of a bank account whereby provision for future needs is assured.

ONE DOLLAR OR MORE

may be deposited by mail in favor of each recipient. We issue Pass-books according to directions, place them in specially designed envelopes and mail them with the card of the giver so that they will reach their destination on Christmas morning.

Send for booklet "E"—free on request.

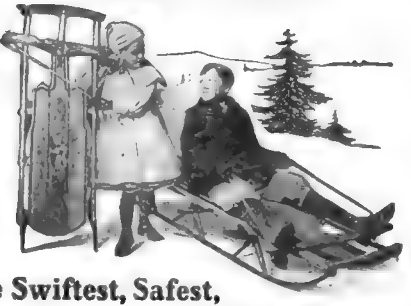
PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CAPITAL & SURPLUS
TWO MILLION DOLLARS

FLEXIBLE FLYER

The Sled that Steers



The Swiftest, Safest, Strongest Sled Ever Invented.

SWIFTEST—That suits the boys. The feet are not dragged in steering. It does not "plow" in turning. Draws easiest when not coasting.

SAFEST—It steers like a bicycle, the steering bar curving the spring-steel runners. The only sled a girl can properly control.

STRONGEST—Made of second-growth white ash and steel. Practically indestructible. Prevents wet feet and doctor's bills.

$500 Prize Contest for Boys and Girls Now On.

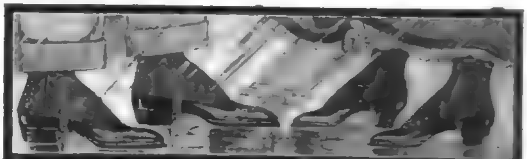
All who enter get a reward. Write for particulars.

MODEL SLED FREE

Our cardboard model sled will show you just how it works and give you lots of fun. Sent free by mail with illustrated booklet giving full information regarding sizes and prices.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1101T, Philadelphia, Pa.

Patentees and Manufacturers.



THE "STANDARD"

Cravenette OVERGAITERS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Will protect the ankles and bring warmth to the whole body. With them low-shoe comfort may be enjoyed the year 'round.

"Rain will neither wet nor spot them."

Cravenette is the name of a process, not a material, and we control absolutely this process as far as overgaiters are concerned. Cravenette Overgaiters can be obtained only in the "Standard" make.

Women's, black 6 buttons $1.00,—10 buttons $1.50.
Men's, black 5 buttons $1.00, 8 buttons $1.50.

For sale by all retail shoe and department stores.

If your home dealer has none, you can buy of us by mail. Send price, your dealer's name, and state size and width of shoe worn.

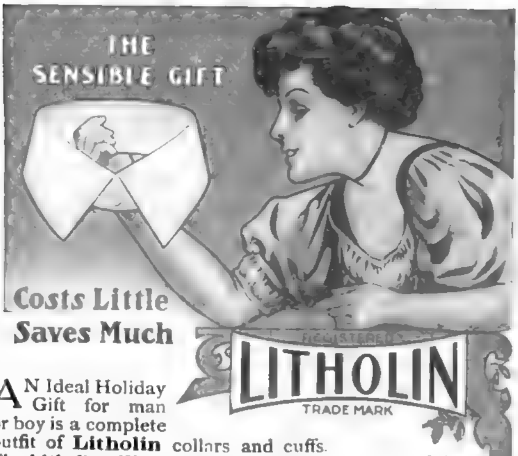
S. RAUH & CO.

310 Sixth Avenue, New York

Perfect Fitting Rainproof Dustproof

STANDARD
Cravenette
TRADE MARK
OVERGAITERS
LEGGINS

Look for This Label on Every Pair



REGISTERED

LITHOLIN

TRADE MARK

AN Ideal Holiday Gift for man or boy is a complete outfit of **Litholin** collars and cuffs.

The Litholin (Waterproofed) Collars in all the latest styles cost 25c each ; Cuffs 50c per pair.

Look just like linen because they ARE linen—not celluloid or rubber. **Waterproof**—soil is wiped off instantly with damp cloth—laundry bills cut in half. Never wilt, fray or crack.

There is style, comfort and economy in **Litholin** collars and cuffs—hence they appeal to the careful dresser.

If not in stock at your shirt store send us style, size and remittance and we will mail post paid to any address. Catalogue with photographic reproductions of styles sent free on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
16 WAVERLY PLACE NEW YORK

This Company would not pay

5%

interest on deposits if it could not do so with absolute safety to depositors—and at the same time, at a profit to itself.

The Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co. has been in business 12 years, and it has not only paid 5 per cent interest regularly to depositors, but has built up a substantial surplus to safeguard future deposits.

Money deposited here may be withdrawn at any time without notice, and earns interest for every day it is on deposit.

6 per cent on Certificates of Deposit running for two years.

Write for the book

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.

1041 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

The Finest Razor Ever Made

PAT. APLD. FOR
See that coiled spring

COSTS $3.00 WITH 12 BLADES

INSTEAD OF FIVE DOLLARS

Woods' Multiblade Safety

BETTER than any other razor ever made *at any price.*

BETTER *in method* because the **coiled spring guard** gives a diagonal gliding stroke, the real easy shaving barber's stroke. No other razor has this diagonal stroke because no other razor has the **coiled spring guard** which deflects the stroke of the blade.

BETTER *in material*—Every blade is of imported Sheffield Steel individually hardened, tempered ground and honed, hand made and hand tested.

BETTER *in construction*—The blade goes into place naturally **back first** without endangering or damaging the edge as in all other razors in which the blades are set **edge first.** The whole length of blade is exposed and is used. It shaves edges and angles no other razor can reach because in other razors the blade is inside comb at both ends.

BETTER *to Operate.* The "cut" can be instantly raised or lowered and the blade adjusted for a rough beard or a smooth shave.

300 SHAVES WITHOUT STROPPING or HONING

Extra Sheffield Blades 50c a dozen

Read the Coupon Mail it Now!

PERFECTION RAZOR COMPANY
783 Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—Inclosed herewith find $3, for which please send me one WOODS MULTIBLADE SAFETY RAZOR, with the understanding and agreement on your part that if it is not satisfactory to me I may return it to you and you will refund to me the full amount paid for it.

Name..........................

St. and No...........................

Town..........................

State..........................

Best Fifty Years Ago—Best To-Day

When you buy a pair of skates—ice or roller—be sure that they are Winslow's. No other make of skate has behind it the reputation for quality of material and finish, or the immense manufacturing facilities. That's why

WINSLOW'S Skates

have been the standard of America for fifty years.

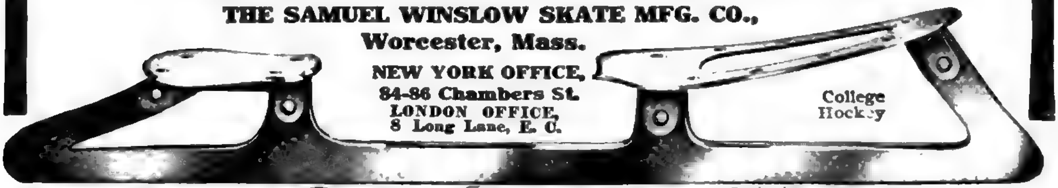
The *Winslow College Hockey Skate* is without an equal. Runners are hand-forged, selected welded iron and steel, especially hardened and tempered—nickeled and buffed. Endorsed by experts throughout the United States and Canada.

Winslow Roller Skates are known wherever roller skates are used—they have been the most popular skates since the sport was first introduced. Thousands of rinks use Winslow's roller skates exclusively. Our new models combine the latest and best ideas. Made in many styles and sizes. *For sale by all dealers.*

Send for new catalogues containing illustrations and descriptions of the different styles and models of ice and roller skates—they are free.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.,
Worcester, Mass.

NEW YORK OFFICE,
84-86 Chambers St.
LONDON OFFICE,
8 Long Lane, E. C.



A Penny Gets This Razor for You

Your Blades Will Be Kept Sharp Forever Without Charge

JUST send me your name, occupation, home and business address and a bank or trade reference on a postal card—and say whether you want my Sterling safety razor with 24 blades or my Sterling regular (old style) razor, with 12 interchangeable blades.

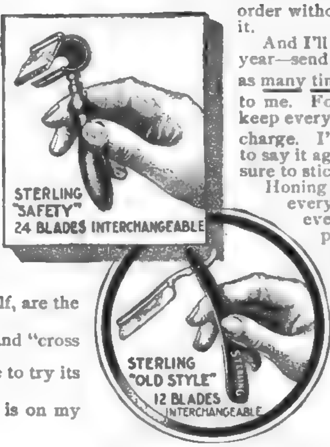
Tell me, too, on this card, whether you want the razor to cut medium or close, and whether your beard is wiry or fine or tough and harsh, so I can adjust the razor to your special needs.

That's all if you are responsible.

No deposit—no anything—only just the card.

And the razor will be sent to you right away.

When the razor arrives, use it "on suspicion" for 7 days—a whole week without a pledge or a promise to me—without putting yourself under the slightest obligation to buy.



* * *

When the razor comes, it's on trial. You, yourself, are the judge, the jury and the prosecuting attorney.

You can put my razor through the "sweat box" and "cross examine" it as much as you please.

My razor will have no witnesses, and it will have to try its own case.

And the "burden of proof," as the lawyers say, is on my razor.

—It must plead for itself.

—It must beat down every objection.

—It must overcome every suspicion.

—It must banish every prejudice which you have or may have had against any kind of a razor, or against shaving yourself.

After the trial—7 long days' trial—you, the jury, and you the judge, must decide, basing your judgment on the evidence of your own senses.

If you find my razor is innocent of all razor-faults, and is worthy to be the daily associate and companion of an honest man—then I'll fix it up so that my razor will pay for itself—so that it will become your willing and faithful servant for life and not really cost you a red cent. (I'll tell you how in a minute.)

But if you, the judge and jury, decide against my razor—if my razor has not won its case—then just send it back to me.

* * *

The entire cost of the trial is mine, and you have had a week's free shaving for your trouble.

Now, honest—isn't that a square deal?

Could any man show a greater confidence in the product of his brain?

And just think for a minute what I am "up against."

Your beard may be as tough as wire, and your skin as tender as a baby's.

Or your beard may be uneven—part wiry and part as soft as silk. Or your face may be so sensitive and tender that the mere thought of a barber gives you a cold chill.

But I'm game, if you are.

All you've got to do is to say the word and the trial begins.

I'm not in the least doubtful, or afraid of the result, although I know the risk is all mine. I know my razor—I make it. And it's taken me all my life, so far, to learn how to do it.

* * *

Before we go on, there is one thing I want to impress so firmly on your mind that you will never forget it.

Because it's going to save you time, trouble and bother, and in addition to this a good many big round dollars before you stop using a razor. And that is—

If you buy one of my razors I bind myself to keep the blades stropped and honed forever without charge.

I think you will admit that "Forever" is a good long time.

You know how you are bothered now. Your razor has to be put in order once every two or three months, and it costs about 50 cents a blade every time.

That's from $2.00 to $3.00 a year for each blade. And in between whiles you have to work away yourself with a strop. Most generally you don't do a very good job at it.

I'll leave it to your face if you do.

Now I charge you nothing—not a red cent. So you never have to strop your razor, and never have to have it honed. That's "up to me."

* * *

You just go on and use one blade after another until you have, say, a dozen safety blades or a half dozen old style blades that are dull. This will take several months. Then send the dozen or half dozen dull blades to me with 10 cents for mailing expenses and I'll put them in perfect order without charging you a cent for doing it.

And I'll keep right on doing this year after year—send the blades as often as you wish, or as many times as you wish. It's all the same to me. For it's a part of my agreement to keep every blade I sell, sharp forever without charge. I've said this before, and I'm going to say it again in different places, so it will be sure to stick in your memory.

Honing and stropping are the bugbear of every shaver. I banish this bugbear forever by taking all this burden and expense off your shoulders—by keeping your razor blades sharp and keen forever without charge.

* * *

When the trial week is up, then your barber must pay for the Sterling—the cost of my razor must come out of his pocket.

So it will really cost you nothing.

This is what I mean:

The average man ought to get shaved at least three times a week. That's 45 cents—15 cents a shave. You pay it to the barber. Now pay me this 45 cents a week for a few weeks (if you decide to keep my razor) and the razor is yours.

And the barber has really paid for it—hasn't he?

There'll never be any expense to you after that, not even for stropping and honing. For any time you have dull blades, just mail them to me, and I'll sharpen them up "as keen as a razor" and not charge you a cent for doing it.

Send the blades as many times or as often as you wish.

* * *

I find a lot of people prefer to discount their barber bills, pay cash and have done with it. They say it's less trouble.

Now I'll be honest about it and say that I have no objection to this plan—although it's for you to say and not for me to suggest. Because it means less bookkeepers to make entries, less stenographers to write acknowledgments of payments, and less stamps to carry these letters. I have made a cash price that is no greater than that of any other multiblade razor. But you needn't pay cash unless you want to. I'm perfectly willing to send the razor to you and let the barber pay for it. But if you'd rather pay cash, after you've proved the razor for a week, you can do so.

Make your own choice—either way is satisfactory to me.

* * *

Remember you don't have to do any doubting about quality—don't have to be anxious at all about getting your money's worth. For, you know, you're not going to give me any money in advance—not a penny until you are satisfied.

I can't make it any handier for you to ask me to send you one of my razors "on suspicion." Just study, a little bit, the illustrations of the two styles I make and settle on the one you want.

It will only take a minute to fill out the postal card and then it is ready to mail. I think to-day would be a pretty good time to mail it—don't you?

P. C. SHERMAN, President.

SHERMAN & CO., Inc.
Dept. 71
283 Water St., New York City

P. C. SHERMAN

Mark you, I don't say, "Send me the price of the razor, and if you find it unsatisfactory, I will refund your money." Not me.

On a "money back" proposition you feel there is a chance of not getting your money back—I won't let you feel that way. For if you send my razor back you're out nothing, for you've paid me nothing and you owe me nothing.

No other razor makers in the world sell razors my way—they can't—their razors won't stand it. Mine will—it's the way it's made.

ANNIE LAURIE

THE wonderful thing about the Edison Phonograph as an entertainer is that it gives you your kind of amusement—your kind of music. That's because it gives any kind. The man who likes old-fashioned ballads is apt to think, because he has never heard the Edison sing a ballad, that it is a rag-time instrument.

You must hear the Edison Phonograph sing or play the kind of music you like. Then you will know. It is very easy to hear the Edison. There is at least one store in every town where you can hear it free, or where they will gladly show it to you. If you cannot find that store in this town, write to us and let us tell you.

National Phonograph Company
18 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

VERTEGRAND
PRICE $500

Piano-Craft

The Steinway embodies the original, creative thought and the hoarded piano-craft of a long line of born piano-builders who have devoted their lives to its perfection. This, in a word, explains the mystery of its supremacy. The Steinway is greater than others because greater skill and genius and more concentrated effort have been put into its making than in that of all other pianos taken together.

STEINWAY

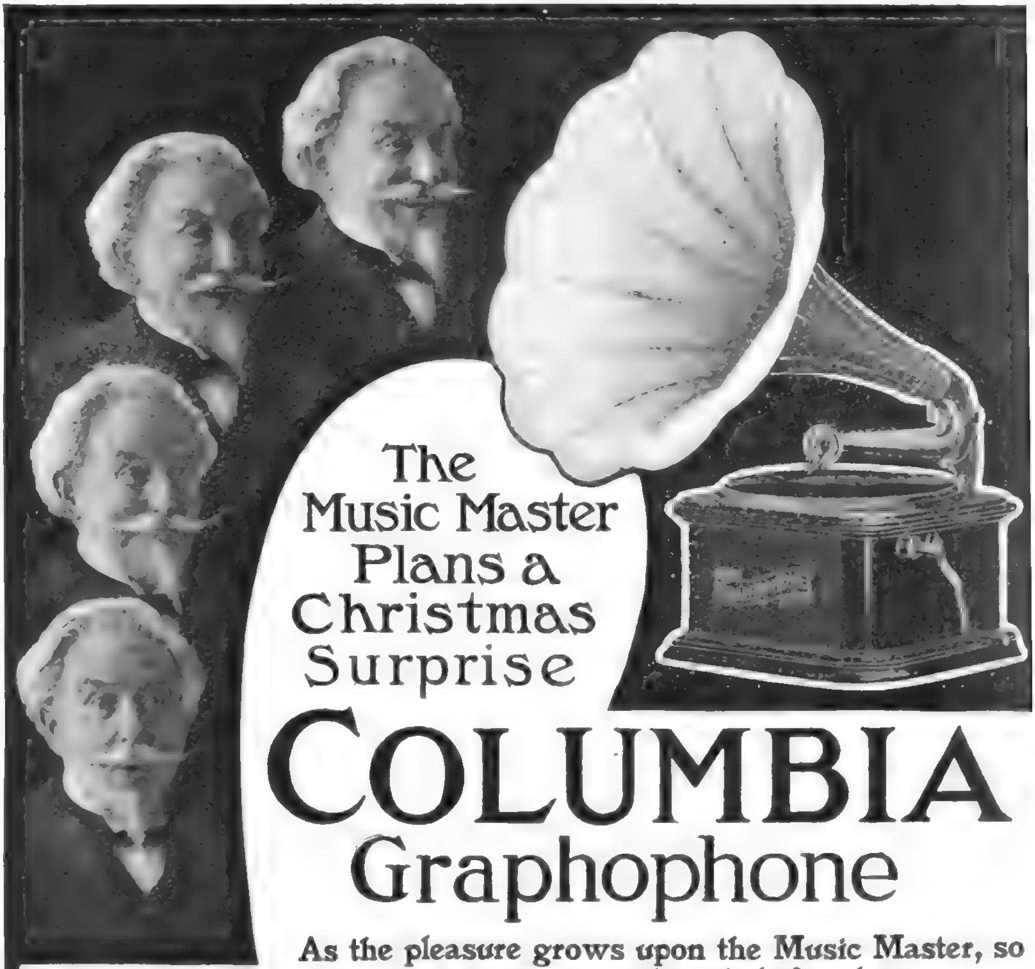
upon the fall-board is more than a mere name; it is an absolute guarantee that not only are Steinway inventions and methods employed in its manufacture, but that it is really built by the Steinways, eight of whom are at present actively engaged in the business.

When you purchase a Steinway, whether it be a Vertegrand at $500, or a Louis XIV at several times that amount, *it is a Steinway* from beautiful tone to artistic finish—a Steinway pure and simple, requiring no mechanical devices or adventitious aids to recommend it.

The latest, and in many respects the greatest, triumph of Steinway piano-craft is the Vertegrand. It can be bought from any authorized Steinway dealer, with cost of freight and handling added.

Illustrated catalogue and booklet "The Triumph of the Vertegrand" sent upon request, and mention of this Magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
Steinway Hall
107 and 109 East 14th St.
New York



The Music Master Plans a Christmas Surprise

COLUMBIA Graphophone

As the pleasure grows upon the Music Master, so it grows upon the whole family

CHRISTMAS! It is in the air. My friends, they demand of me, "What shall I give to the children for the fete of Christmas?"

On the instant there comes to me the great idea, "Attend! We are all children at the Christmas. You will make one gift for them all, the big ones and the little."

"One gift for all! Impossible. How then?"

"I tell you. It is this way: One gift, **A Columbia Graphophone,** with those **Columbia Records** which make the so perfect music,—songs of Christmas, of the Opera, of the Vaudeville,—music of all instruments. Stories that make the entertainment, the drollery. Me! I laugh with pleasure at the thought. It is an idea of the greatest—One gift for the whole family—**The Columbia Graphophone.**"

If you have no talking machine buy a **Columbia**, if you have another make, buy **Columbia Records.** We don't ask you to pay cash for your Holiday purchases. Buy your **Columbia** outfit from any dealer or at our stores in all the large cities and pay when the burdens of your Christmas expenses are past.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Gen'l

353 West Broadway, New York

Grand Prix Paris 1900 Double Grand Prize St. Louis 1904 Grand Prize Milan 1906

"*Mérode*" *(Hand-Finished)* *Underwear*

Ten Reasons Why You Should Purchase It:—

"*Mérode*" is perfect in fit, especially adapted for the close fitting gowns of the Princess and Empire models.

"*Mérode*" is procurable in broadest variety of shapes and weights, for slender, medium or stout forms.

"*Mérode*" is woven of the highest quality of yarns in Cotton, Lisle, Silk-Lisle, Silk and Wool, Merino and A.1 Wool.

"*Mérode*" is procurable in Vests, Drawers, Tights, Corset Covers and Union Suits for Women and Children.

"*Mérode*" is carefully finished in every detail, buttons carefully sewn, no objectionable seams, perfect width, sleeve lengths, roomy arm holes.

"*Mérode*" pleases on first sight. Every garment finished by hand crocheting in Silk.

"*Mérode*" is sensible, seasonable, comfortable and durable Underwear.

"*Mérode*" is worth buying; gives unbounded satisfaction.

"*Mérode*" exceeds the claims made for it and more than meets your expectations.

"*Mérode*" in every quality represents the best value possible at the price.

"*Mérode*" is procurable at all the leading shops. If you cannot find at your dealers, write to us for our new and beautifully illustrated catalogue to Dept. J.

Lord & Taylor.

Wholesale Distributors - - - - - - - NEW YORK

MASPERO'S

EXTRA Fine Lucca Olive Oil is the first dripping before the pressing, of the choicest selected ripe olives. For forty years C. Maspero has been a recognized food expert and his name has stood for absolute purity and unexcelled quality in food products.

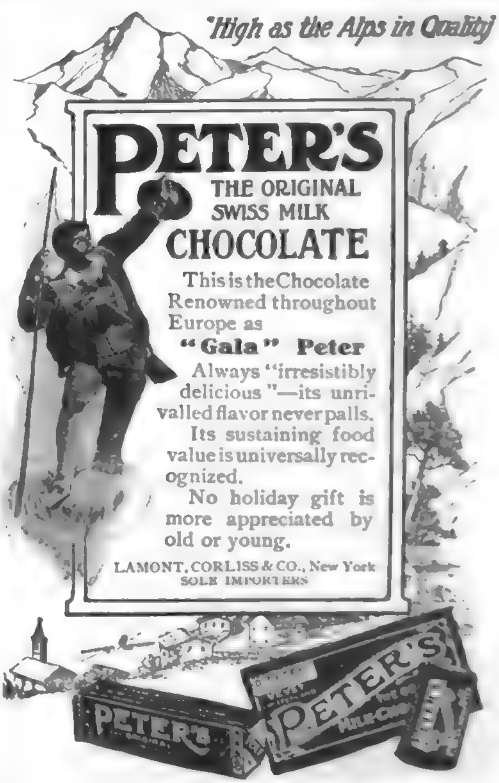
Pure Olive Oil

is nature's food and Maspero's Olive Oil is guaranteed absolutely pure and imported direct from the grower.

Tested at the United States Department of Agriculture, and by the Italian Government.

For sale by nearly all high class grocers. If your provisioner does not have it, send his name and address and I will send you a sample bottle free.

C. MASPERO, Importer
Dept. E, 333 Greenwich Street, New York
(Pure Food Specialist and Government Expert


"High as the Alps in Quality"
PETER'S
PETER'S

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK

CHOCOLATE

This is the Chocolate Renowned throughout Europe as **"Gala" Peter**

Always "irresistibly delicious"—its unrivalled flavor never palls.

Its sustaining food value is universally recognized.

No holiday gift is more appreciated by old or young.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., New York
SOLE IMPORTERS

⅜ K. WHITE AND PERFECT
4321 — $ 50
K. WHITE AND PERFECT
⅝ K. WHITE AND PERFECT
4949 — $ 137
¾ K. WHITE AND PERFECT
4943 - $ 149.50
1 K. WHITE AND PERFECT
1636 — $ 180

BRODNAX

Give Diamonds as Christmas Presents

Our Partial Payment Plans Permit a Handsome Gift

YOU cannot possibly make a better selection for a Christmas gift than a diamond. They suit everybody—men and women, old and young. It is the kind of a gift that is acceptable even if the recipient already has one, for nobody ever has enough diamonds. Then, too, diamonds make a gift that does not wear out, but on the contrary are worth more every year—the rate of increase being 11 per cent each season, at least.

Partial Payments We suggest that you buy a diamond on time rather than to purchase a comparatively worthless present for all cash. For instance: you can purchase Stud No. 1636 for a cash payment of only $36.00 and 10 notes of $15.85 each.

If you don't want to take as long as 10 months, it is very easy to figure out the contract. Our plan is as follows: One-fifth of the purchase price in cash—then add 1 per cent for each month that you want your payments to run. If you want 4 months, add 4 per cent to the amount left after deducting the cash payment; 6 per cent for 6 months, and so on. This charge for the accommodation just reimburses us for the cost of selling the goods on time and it is immaterial to us whether you choose the spot cash plan, or take partial payments. Our profit is just the same.

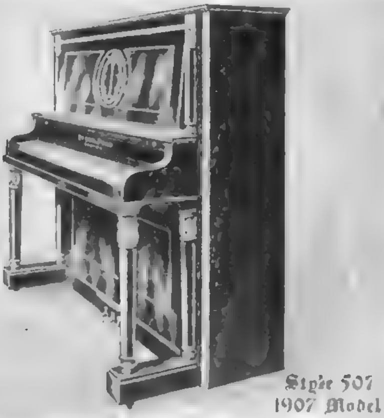
You know exactly what the cost for the time is, as our prices are quoted in plain figures and you can decide which is the most advantageous for you.

Samples Submitted If our illustrations do not show the size or kind of diamond that you want, write us about the price that you wish to pay and we will send you two or three stones—express prepaid, for examination. This will go direct to you and you can take them from the express office and examine them at your leisure and satisfy yourself that our prices and our goods are right. When you have made up your mind which stone suits you, you can return those not wanted—express collect—and settle for the one retained by one of our partial payment contracts, or in cash at its invoice price.

Write for Booklet Our booklet, "About Diamonds," No. 23, will aid you materially in asking for a selection shipment. It illustrates, full size, practically everything that is known in diamond settings and you can tell just how a stone will look and how large a diamond a given sum of money will purchase. We also explain in detail our deferred payment plans, weights are quoted and net cash prices given. The book is interesting and you will find a copy invaluable. May we not hear from you?

GEO. T. BRODNAX, Inc. *Wholesale and Manufacturing Jewelers*
23 South Main St., MEMPHIS, TENN.

Style 335
1907 Model


Style 507
1907 Model

IVERS & POND PIANOS

OUR Catalogue and piano literature—of great importance to any buyer—mailed free. We are one of the largest makers of first-class pianos in the world. We have a proposition that we know will interest cautious and intelligent buyers. May we submit it to you? Where we have no dealer we sell direct from our Boston establishment, shipping piano for trial in your home.

We can arrange for **easy monthly payments**—practically rent a piano till paid for. Your name on a Postal Card may save you $50 or $100 and the humiliation and money loss of buying an unsatisfactory piano. Write us

IVERS & POND PIANO COMPANY, 163 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

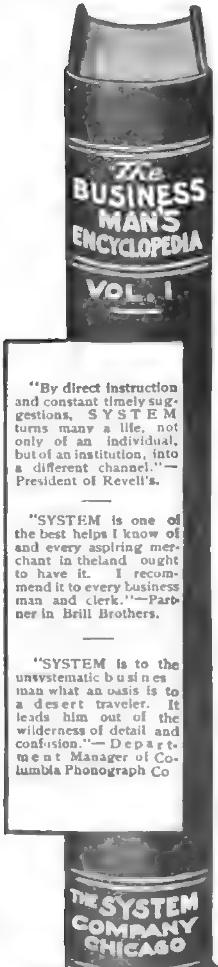
Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.

Business Encyclopedia Free

Two volumes—handsomely bound—printing in big, bold type, the secrets of business success. Pointing out facts and figures to guard you against mistakes. Misnamed, perhaps, an encyclopedia. Really the condensed experience of twenty years, classified, indexed, and free with

SYSTEM

THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS



"By direct instruction and constant timely suggestions, SYSTEM turns many a life, not only of an individual, but of an institution, into a different channel."—President of Revell's.

"SYSTEM is one of the best helps I know of and every aspiring merchant in the land ought to have it. I recommend it to every business man and clerk."—Partner in Brill Brothers.

"SYSTEM is to the unsystematic business man what an oasis is to a desert traveler. It leads him out of the wilderness of detail and confusion."—Department Manager of Columbia Phonograph Co

Free, simply to induce you today to get SYSTEM. For you and your business need that magazine. Its information you cannot get in any other way save by experience. And experience takes time. And time you can least afford to spend.

To the man with too little business, even a failing one, SYSTEM will show how to get more business and how to save expense in handling the present business; how to gain the bank's confidence and assistance; and how to "ginger up" help.

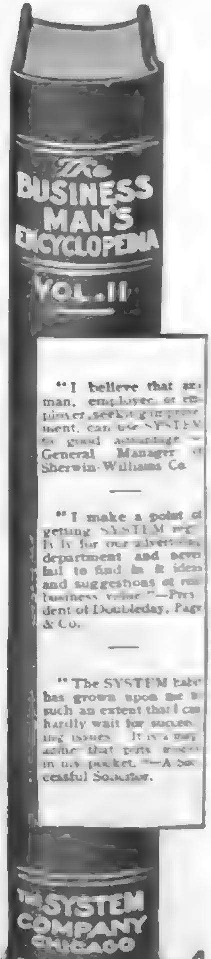
To the man with too much business, SYSTEM will show how to transact that business with little friction and few mistakes; how to keep customers even though shipments are delayed; and how to get the capital to handle the bigger business.

To the ambitious employe, SYSTEM supplies the keen judgment, the experience to qualify for a better position, at a better salary.

There are other magazines for recreation. Take them if you can afford it. But SYSTEM you *must* read if you would increase your present earnings, and be a bigger, broader, better business man.

SYSTEM is a big magazine, 260 to 348 pages every month. Illustrated even in the most minute detail. Read by 300,000. The men that write for it are successful men, each in his own business or position. For the big man, the proprietor, there are articles by men even bigger. Articles of actual experience, not theories. For the employe, there are articles by other employes, successful, *high-salaried* employes, that will soon be proprietors.

SYSTEM costs but two dollars for a full year. And some day you, perhaps, intend to send for it. But to get you to do so *now*—for it wrongs your future to delay—we will send you a full cloth bound set of the Business Man's Encyclopedia—five books in two volumes—absolutely free with the magazine and fully prepay all transportation charges. Better still, enclose $1.00 extra ($3.00 in all) and we will bind the books for you in the finest flexible morocco and gild the edges.



"I believe that any man, employee or employer, seeking improvement, can use SYSTEM to good advantage."—General Manager of Sherwin-Williams Co.

"I make a point of getting SYSTEM regularly. It is for our advertising department and never fail to find in it ideas and suggestions of real business value."—President of Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The SYSTEM habit has grown upon me to such an extent that I can hardly wait for succeeding issues. It is a magazine that puts money in my pocket."—A Successful Solicitor.

THE SYSTEM COMPANY
151-153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Money making positions are open for special representatives and agents in many towns and cities. Write for proposition.

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An hour with SYSTEM is an hour of inspiration, of sound, hard headed business advice; of plans learned and schemes acquired.

If you want to know all that is to be known about system and business method—all that is new and good and profitable in business—a copy of SYSTEM should be on your desk today.

At all newstands, 20c a copy.

I enclose

$ ____

for which please enter my name for one year's subscription to SYSTEM, beginning with the current number and send me without extra charge, all transportation charges prepaid, a set of the Business Man's Encyclopedia bound as per your offer

Name ____

Address ____

You to return my money if I am not perfectly satisfied

J. E. Caldwell & Co.

Jewelers and Silversmiths—Philadelphia

Suggestions for gifts

It is impossible in an advertisement to convey an adequate idea of the immensity and variety of our stock. For that reason we have prepared loose leaf portfolios of photographic selections from our various departments, which we shall be pleased to forward on receipt of information as to the articles in which you are interested.

Below are a few suggestions of gifts combining intrinsic value with artistic merit—all at moderate prices:

Solid Gold Belt Buckles

Plain finish, $22 to $68, according to weight. Old English engraved, $25 to $70. Jeweled, solid gold with diamonds, $50 to $150. Combination of diamonds and sapphires, $160.

Gold Stock or Belt Pins

Polo Mallets, $5.75 to $8.50. Coaching Horn, $4.50 to $8.50. Crop with lash, $15. Crop, Bit, and Stirrup, $37. Fox head on bar, with diamond eyes, $15. Diamond-handle Crop, $25 to $43; bar with pearl on blade, $11. English Crystals with fox, horse or dog head, in natural colors, $21.50, $25 and $29. Semi-precious stone settings, $8, $10, $12, $15, up to $21.

Gold Beads and Bead Collarettes

Strings of gold beads, $7, $9, $10, up to $20. Egg and bead pattern, $11, $15 and $20. New green-gold finish, $11, $13 and $15. Collarettes of gold beads, 4 to 12 strands, $45, $50, $72 and $85.

Men's Watch Fobs

Solid gold buckle and ring, to attach old charms, $4.75, $5.75, up to $11. Solid gold seals, $12, $14, $15, $18 and $21. Semi-precious stone settings—amethyst, topaz, carnelian, jade, sard, bloodstone, $12 to $75. Gold chains to take place of ribbon, $18 to $60.

Sterling Silver 925/1000 fine Toilet Articles

An infinite variety of finishes and decorations. Hair brushes, $3.50 to $16. Mirrors, $10 to $26. Cloth brushes, $3 to $12. Velvet or bonnet brushes, $1.50 to $8.00. Combs, $1.00 to $5.60. Military brushes, $6.50 to $23 per pair.

Men's and Women's Watches

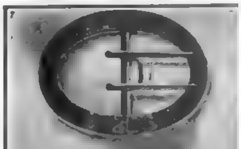
For Men: Thin model, solid gold, with gold cap, at $35, $45, $50 and $65. Repeaters from $115 up to $700.

For Women: Solid gold cases, gold inside cap, fine movements, for chain or chatelaine, $25, $30, $35, $40, $50, up to $160. Enameled and jeweled cases, from $80 to $900.

No matter where you reside

we can serve you satisfactorily by mail. Assortments of goods forwarded anywhere on receipt of customary business references.

Chestnut above Ninth St., Philadelphia

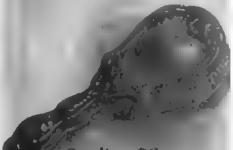


Solid Gold Belt Buckle

14-karat, chaste engine-turned decoration, $32.

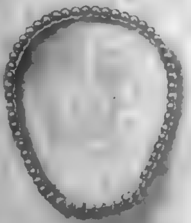
Stock or Belt Pin

Riding crop design; carved 14-karat gold handle; windings of platinum, $7.



Sterling Silver

Chased flower decorations, $6.50. Clothes Brush, $5.50; Hat Brush, $3; Mirror, $14; Comb, $2; Military Brushes, $10 per pair.

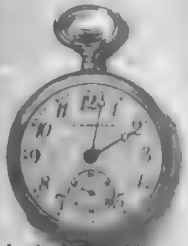


Gold Beads

String of 57 14-karat gold beads, $10.

Colonial Seal Fob

14-karat gold with topaz setting, $12.



Ladies' Gold Watch

Diameter 1½ in., gold inside cap, Geneva movement, full jeweled, $25.

Not Something Cheaper—But Something Better

Sectional Steel

FILING CABINETS

OUR ONE IDEA in bringing out a New Line of Filing Cabinets at this time was to build for **Quality** in every particular—to meet the demand for "Something Better." Our Sectional Steel Filing Cabinets provide absolute security for your papers and occupy a minimum floor space.

How We Build Them

Built of Steel. Steel frames, steel backs, steel tops, steel side panels, drawers and drawer fronts—steel throughout and not a sliver of wood anywhere. They cannot burn, shrink or swell.

Absolute Security. Stronger than any other filing cabinets, the security of the contents is made complete by every cabinet being equipped with our special improved lock which fastens every drawer with one turn of the key.

Unequaled Capacity. From 25 to 50 per cent greater capacity than wooden files; 25 per cent greater in a single file; 50 per cent when you use them in combination.

Expansion is provided for at a minimum cost and saves floor space because the metal sectional idea includes *removable* side panels and interlocking frames. There are no fillers or extra panels to pay for.

Easy of Operation. The steel drawers run on roller bearings. No exasperating sticking, like wooden cabinets. No binding. Instant adjustment of drawer followers at any point.

Handsome Finish. In olive green enamel, striped with the finest French gold. Solid brass drawer handles and label holders, both large. No "dipped" work, but coat after coat of the finest *enamels brushed* on, *baked* at high temperature and *rubbed down by hand.*

Our Offer is to show you the cabinets and prove to you that they are the most desirable, the most economical in practical ways, and the best made. We will go anywhere to do this and satisfy you by any reasonable demonstration or trial.

Inquiries are solicited and will receive prompt attention. SEND FOR BOOKLET.

Sales Department

The Metal Sectional Furniture Company

18 Willow Drive

Benton Harbor, Michigan

All Your Clerks can take Inventory *Simultaneously* if you use

Our Ideal Inventory System

No more alternating books—No more waiting for totals—No excuse for infrequent inventories.

The B-V Loose Leaf Method

A Time Saver—Everybody can list items on leaves, returning sheets as filled—Extensions made and totals secured immediately.

Compact—All sheets assembled in one binder.

Accurate—Its form facilitates checking and verification of extensions.

Departmentizes—Permits assembling of sheets by Departments and Commodities.

Analyzes—Furnishes comparative record of stock (by Department and Commodity) with former periods—Don't overlook this point.

It is conducive to frequent Inventories, an absolute necessity now-a-days. Once a year is *not* enough.

We Furnish This Outfit

100 Large Inventory Blanks
2 Canvas Spring Holders
1 Half Bound Sectional Post Binder
6 Special Division Leaves with names of Departments

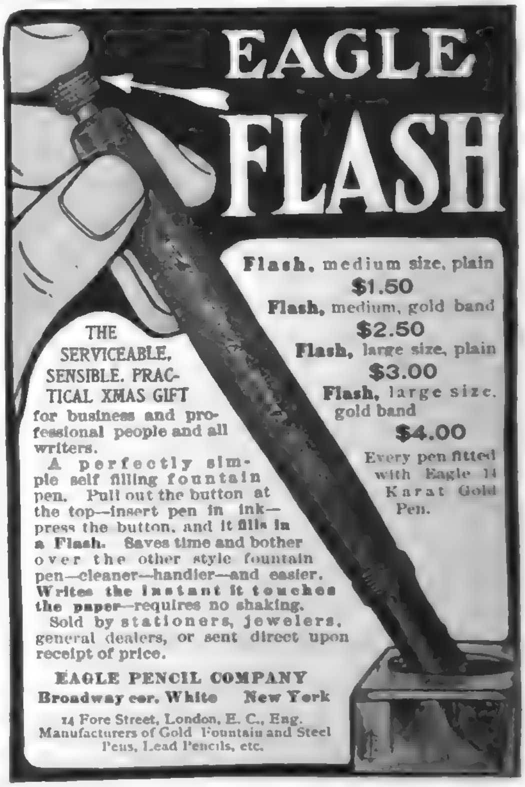
Complete for $16.90

If Quantities are not as desired, write us

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
Department R

Tribune Building
Chicago

850 Broadway
New York



EAGLE FLASH

Flash, medium size, plain
$1.50
Flash, medium, gold band
$2.50
Flash, large size, plain
$3.00
Flash, large size, gold band
$4.00

Every pen fitted with Eagle 14 Karat Gold Pen.

THE SERVICEABLE, SENSIBLE, PRACTICAL XMAS GIFT for business and professional people and all writers.

A perfectly simple self filling fountain pen. Pull out the button at the top—insert pen in ink—press the button, and it fills in a Flash. Saves time and bother over the other style fountain pen—cleaner—handier—and easier. **Writes the instant it touches the paper**—requires no shaking. Sold by stationers, jewelers, general dealers, or sent direct upon receipt of price.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY
Broadway cor. White New York

14 Fore Street, London, E. C., Eng.
Manufacturers of Gold Fountain and Steel Pens, Lead Pencils, etc.

An Ideal Xmas Gift

The Swift Sanitary Safety Razor

Is the result of many years practical experience in the manufacture of high-grade cutlery. It embodies all the requirements of a *safety* razor without any of the many common faults, insuring a quick, easy and satisfactory shave by anyone, anywhere, whether on a rocking train or in their home. *It is ready for use in a moment.* The blades are regular razor blades of finest steel, carefully and thoroughly tempered, requiring no more care than a pocket knife.

It is *perfectly sanitary.* The simplicity of its construction is a marvel. *There are no hinges or screws*, thus being readily and thoroughly cleansed. The holder is a single piece of metal, triple plated, with an oval handle fitting the hand preventing turning and twisting and affording comfort and perfect safety.

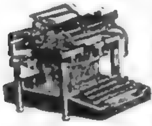
Upon receipt of $2.50 we will send the complete set, consisting of two blades, holder and blade holder for stropping, in a neat serviceable box. *If after 30 days use it is not entirely satisfactory send us the outfit and we will refund the money without question.*

We not only guarantee this razor to be the equal of any on the market but that it surpasses any
It is no less a boon to the man at home than to the traveler—a most appropriate gift.
Illustrated booklet on shaving sent on application.

THE JACKSON KNIFE & SHEAR CO. Manufacturers of The Swift Sanitary Safety Razor **Fremont, Ohio**

REFERENCES: R. G. Dun & Company or Bradstreets

Special Christmas Offer: We will send Free with all orders for the Swift Sanitary Safety Razor received prior to December 25th, a high-grade razor strop which sells usually for $1.00.



Clearing Sale
Slightly Used Typewriters

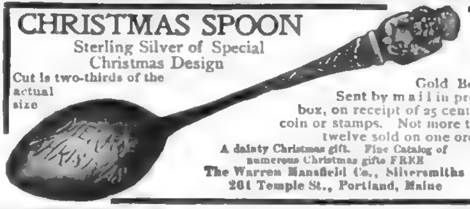
We own and offer as wonderful bargains, 1500 typewriters which have been used just enough to put them in perfect adjustment. **Better than new.** Shipped on approval, free examination. 1000 new *Visible Sholes* machines, built to sell for **$95**—our price while they last, **$45**.

FREE catalogue containing unparalleled list of splendid typewriter bargains. Send for it **today**.

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 1653 Baldwin Building, Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTMAS SPOON

Sterling Silver of Special Christmas Design

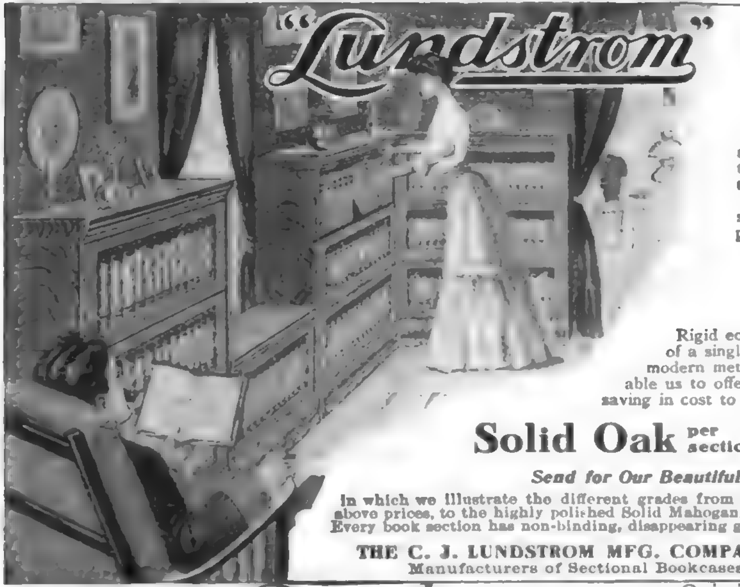


Cut is two-thirds of the actual size

Gold Bowl. Sent by mail in pretty box, on receipt of 25 cents in coin or stamps. Not more than twelve sold on one order.

A dainty Christmas gift. Fine Catalog of numerous Christmas gifts FREE

The Warren Mansfield Co., Silversmiths
201 Temple St., Portland, Maine



"Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcases

The Lundstrom Sectional Bookcases are made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country.

They combine artistic appearance, solidity of construction and latest practical mprovements. Sent

On Approval Freight Paid

Rigid economy, acquired by the manufacture of a single product in large quantities and our modern methods of selling direct to the user, enable us to offer a superior article at a considerable saving in cost to the purchaser.

Solid Oak per section **$1.00** without door; **$1.75** with door

Send for Our Beautiful New Catalogue No. 44

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The World's Work for 1907

THE WORLD'S WORK

Regular Cover

"The Marvels of Communication"—for January

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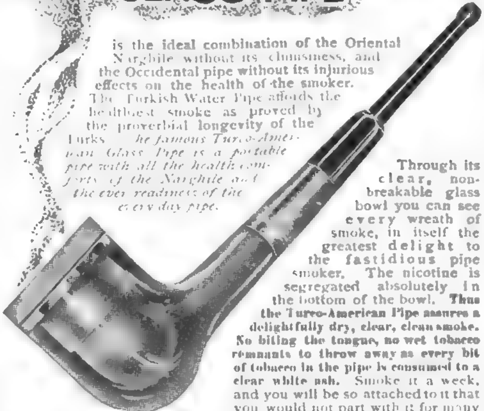

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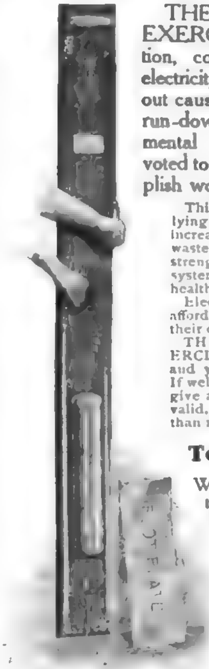

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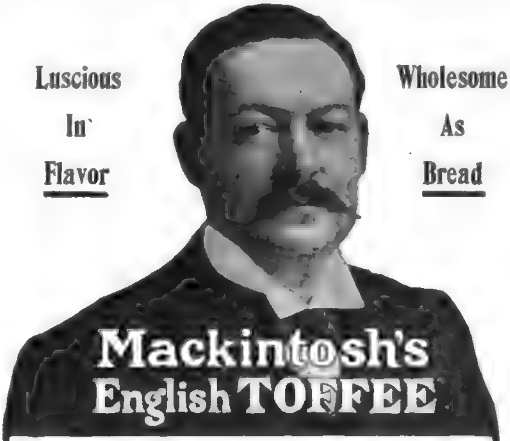

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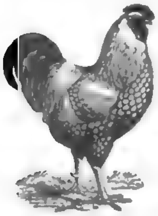

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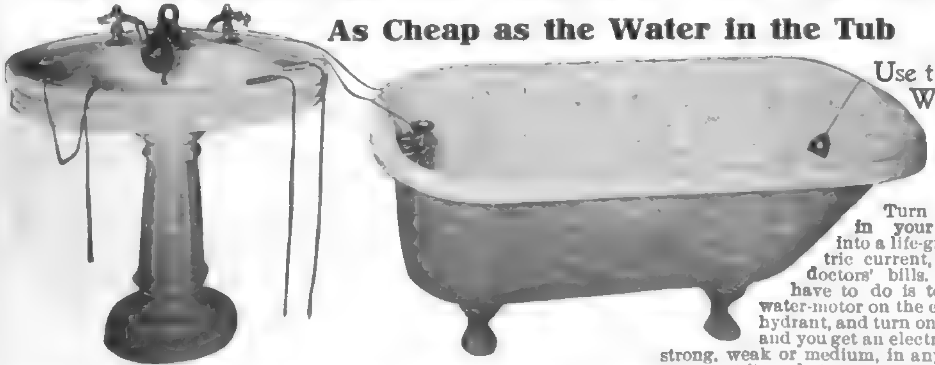

Use the Free Water-Power in the Faucet

Turn the water in your bath-tub into a life-giving electric current, and save doctors' bills. All you have to do is to put our water-motor on the end of the hydrant, and turn on the water and you get an electric current strong, weak or medium, in any strength you want it, and at no expense whatever.

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Electric Baths. All the water in the tub is charged with electricity, weak or strong, as you like it, and is delightfully refreshing and invigorating, and induces a good night's sleep. They are a permanent cure for all forms of Rheumatism, Paralytic Afflictions, Lumbago, Nervousness, Constipation, Insomnia, Headache, or any local trouble.

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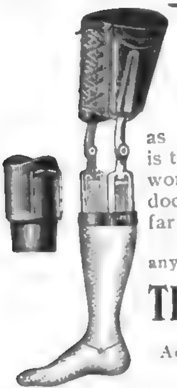

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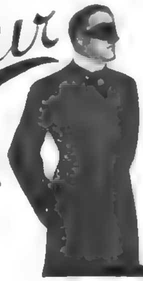

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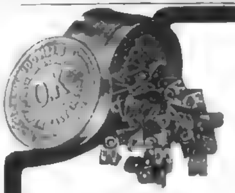

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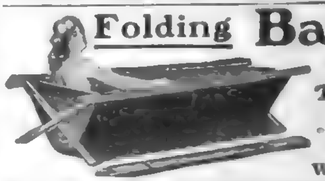

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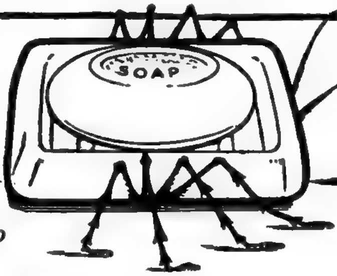

A Little Sermon on Soap

LO, the Microbe travels by Stealth, and *Soap* is his favorite Vehicle.

For *Soap* is but *Fat* saponified.

And Fat is like "Mother's Milk" to the Microbe, on which he thrives and multiplies and grows lusty for attack.

So that Soap is a most prolific source of Skin-Disease, as transmitted from one person to the other.

Thus saith the Eminent Physicians.

Now, *Pure* Soap is not excepted from this danger.

Because, Pure *Soap* is but pure *Fat* saponified, while impure Soap is but decaying Fat embalmed and masked by cheap perfumes.

Such are the Microbe Vehicles applied daily to the Skins of millions who *would* be clean if they *understood*.

* * *

But Soap *can* be made *Safe* and *Healing*, as well as Pure.

Resinol Soap, for instance, is pure Soap plus a little something fatal to the Disease Germ, that makes him hate his home and leave it.

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"Resinol" is so soothing, healing, and germ destroying, that it kills the sting of a wasp in two minutes, when applied.

It stops itching from any cause instantly. It dispels redness or irritation of the Skin like magic, while healing old sores that have not responded to any other treatment.

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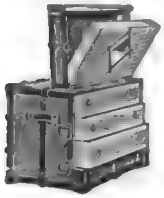

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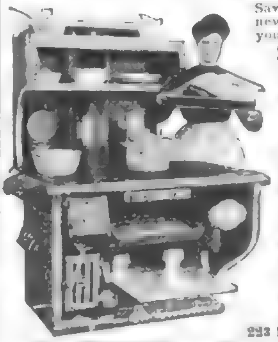

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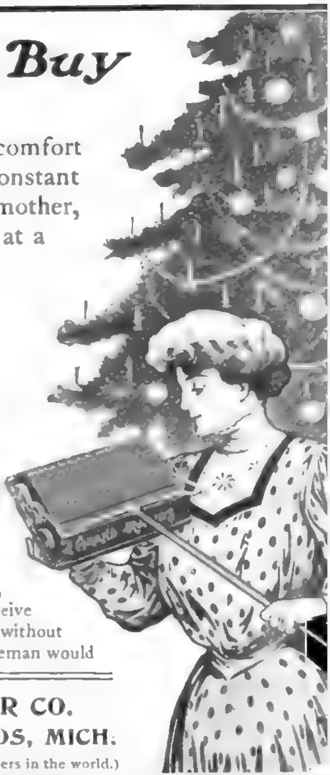
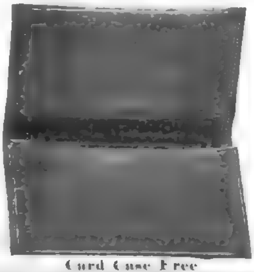
marks the genuine sweeper that for over a quarter of a century has been the recognized leader throughout the world.

Prices: $2.50, $3.00, $3.25, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00, $5.50





Card Case Free

A Free Christmas Gift

Buy a Bissell between now and Jan. 1st, 1907, from any dealer, send us the purchase slip and receive free a good quality morocco leather card case, without any printing on it. Something any lady or gentleman would appreciate.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

DEPT. M **GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.**

(Largest and only exclusive manufacturers of carpet sweepers in the world.)

Consider a piano of recognized quality selling at a moderate price on easy payments.

In the Ludwig this rare combination is found, for nothing is charged for the "name" despite its high reputation covering many years of success.

Ask any honest musician who knows the Ludwig Piano and he is certain to compliment its exceptionally sweet tone which is always full and clear.

Our Illustrated Catalogue

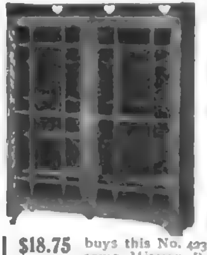
is sent free and shows all the styles of the Ludwig, and tells what famous musicians think of Ludwig instruments. May we send it to you?

LUDWIG & CO., 971 Southern Boulevard, New York

—CHRISTMAS GIFTS—

FROM BISHOP FURNITURE CO. Grand Rapid MICHIGAN

are especially appropriate, because they are practical and beautiful an particularly acceptable to those of discriminating taste, always pleasant daily reminder of the Giver.



We ship anywhere "On Approval," FREIGHT PREPAID, to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee line, and allow freight that far toward all points beyond.

Order Presents Early

We prepare and ship when and where you instruct us.

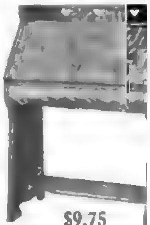
$11.50 buys this No. 3410 Mission Morris Chair (wort $[illegible]0.00). Made with Imported Ve lour Cushions (any color). Ba adjusts to four positions. Spanis Leather cushions extra.

$18.75 buys this No. 423 Handsome Mission Bookcase (worth $30.00). You save $11.25 because we ship Direct on Approval. Made of Quartered Oak, any finish. Has Adjustable shelves and heavy glass doors with artistic lattice design. Height, 55 in. Width, 44 in.

Our Free Catalog

shows over 1,000 pieces of high-grade fashionable Furniture. It posts you on styles and prices. Write for it today.

$12.10 buys this convenient "Den" or Library Table, worth $20.00. You save $8.00 by ordering Direct. Made of Quartered Oak, any finish. Size, 38 x 24 in. Has large drawer and five book shelves.



$9.75 buys this large, beautiful and co venient Mission Writing Desk (N 235), worth $15.00. Made of Qua tered Oak, any finish. Height, in. Width, 60 in. You save $5. by ordering Direct.

Bishop Furniture Co., **24-36 Ionia Street Grand Rapids, Michiga**

Holiday Gifts

Silver above all and above all other silver

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

"Silver Plate that Wears"

makes the gift that makes the day and occasion best remembered.
Send for catalogue "Z-20" to aid in selection.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor.)

"The Glove of Fashion"

REYNIER DEPOSE *Kid Gloves*

possess every desirable feature demanded by the most exacting taste. They represent perfection in glove making not only in quality of skins, but in fit and style as well.

The best gloves for street and evening wear

Lord & Taylor

Broadway and Twentieth Street
Fifth Avenue, Nineteenth Street
New York

SEND FOR MY
FREE BOOK

"How to Remember"

Stop Forgetting
"The Key to Success"
FREE TO READERS OF THIS PUBLICATION

YOUR SUCCESS IN LIFE DEPENDS UPON YOUR MEMORY. I have reduced the Art of Memory to a science, so that the ordinary brain is capable of retaining facts as easily as the more gifted. You are no greater intellectually than your memory.

¶ You can stop forgetting by a little practice and a few simple rules. You can study my course anywhere, any time, in spare moments.

¶ Inexpensive, increases business capacity, doubles income and social standing by giving an alert memory for names, faces, business details and study. Develops will, concentration, conversation, public speaking, writing, etc.

¶ Write today for FREE copy of my interesting booklet, "How to Remember," also trial copyrighted lesson.

DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY
758 KIMBALL HALL CHICAGO

THE "BEST" LIGHT

THE BEST LIGHT IN INDIA
B

Is used all over the world!
IT PRODUCES
Maximum Light at Minimum Cost
VASTLY SUPERIOR TO
Electricity, Acetylene or Gas,
and cheaper than Kerosene.
A Large Variety of Lamps and Fixtures
FOR LIGHTING
Homes, Offices, Stores, Churches, Halls, Cafes, etc.
Write for Catalog. Agents wanted Everywhere.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.,
86 E. 5th St., CANTON, O.

THE BEST LIGHT IN CHINA
B
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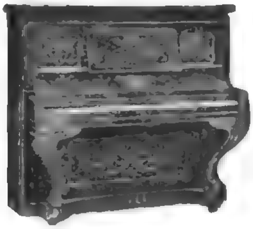

Musically and mechanically the Behr Piano ranks as the master-piece of piano construction.

CONNOISSEURS of music are astonished at the volume of tone which responds to its lightness of touch. The tone quality is exquisitely musical, the action smooth and even.

Like other pianos, the Behr Piano is a piano with a past record.

Unlike other pianos, the Behr does not live in the past. It is pre-eminently the piano of progress, THE PIANO OF THE PRESENT.

Our booklet, upon request, tells where you may hear and examine the instrument. We are satisfied that if you see and hear it—you will want it.

BEHR BROS. & CO.

297 11th Ave. (Established 1881) **New York**

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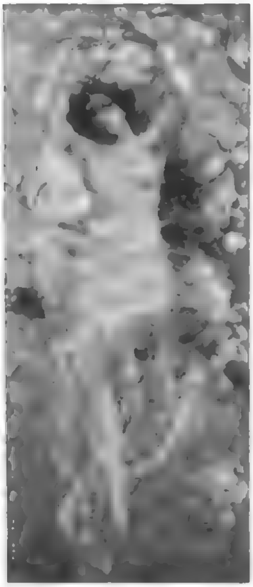
12 Art Panels 50c



By the foremost of the world's greatest artists. Reproduced on finest stippled art paper, full India tint, size 7 x 10. **Skillfully Hand-Proofed** in beautiful Sepia color duplicating exactly the rich, warm beauty of the original paintings.

These entrancing

Studies of the Human Form Divine

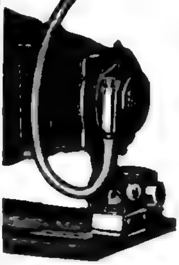
are *real gems*—the

Most Exquisite Portrayals of "Woman Beautiful"

ever shown in one collection. We send the full set of 12 complete, **prepaid**, together with 25 life-like miniatures of other beautiful art pictures for only 50c, U. S. stamps, M. O. or currency. Send at once, today to

Gordon Gray Co., B11, 1209 Foster Avenue, Chicago

Free Order at once and we will include absolutely free and complimentary an **extra** picture in colors, entitled **"The Dream Maiden."**



AN ANSWER TO THE CHRISTMAS QUESTION.

Give a

Film Premo No. 1

which will serve to perpetuate the fondest memories of the day, in the delightful form of pictures.

It is smaller than any other camera taking pictures of equal size.

It is equipped with as fine a lens and shutter as cameras listed at twice the price.

It loads in daylight with the twelve exposure Premo Film Pack.

It permits the removal of one or more films for development at any time.

It produces fine pictures—pleasant reminders throughout the year both of the day and the donor.

3¼ x 4¼, $10.00; 3¼ x 5½, $12.50;
4 x 5, $12.50.

Catalog at the dealers' or mailed on request.

Rochester Optical Co.,
58 South Street,
Rochester,
New York.

INVEST

Almost any piece of land near a thriving city would be made more valuable if it were brought nearer by surface or elevated railway lines. It would be made still more valuable if a reputable development company were to grade it, put in sidewalks, shade trees, etc., and bring it to the attention of the public by getting people to see its advantages for residential and business purposes. Hardly anyone would deny this simple, straightforward statement.

Now let us try to show you how many times magnified are these invaluable advantages to VANDERVEER CROSSINGS, SENATOR WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS' latest and greatest real estate project. VANDERVEER CROSSINGS is practically a part of BROWNSVILLE, and BROWNSVILLE lots have increased in value from an average of $100 each, less than six years ago to an average of over $4000 each, at present, as we can demonstrate to you or as we should be pleased to have you ascertain for yourself, as you can, easily.

WHERE

VANDERVEER CROSSINGS was a big field of 220 acres less than one year ago; we bought it because we had advance information of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co.'s plan to turn the old Canarsie steam railway running through it into an electric feeder to the two Brooklyn "L" systems, one of which runs over the old Brooklyn Bridge and the other to the new Williamsburg Bridge and the Broadway Ferries. We began selling with a top price last spring of $750 each for choice corner lots, since when the price of choice corner lots, because of the actual operation of rapid elevated railway line transit through the property every few minutes since the 30th of July, has gone to $1440 each, which anyone will admit is a pretty good advance for a few months.

VANDERVEER CROSSINGS is today the best real estate investment, which means the best possible investment, and we know you will think so too.

YOU MUST MAKE

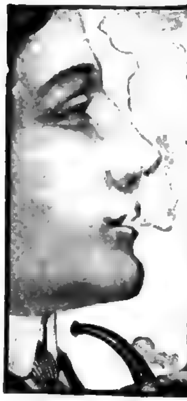
We offer **The return of his money and railway and hotel expenses to any purchaser who, having made the trip to inspect his holding, shall find misrepresentation in our advertising or printed matter in any particular, provided the claim be made within thirty days from date of purchase.**

Lots as low as $660; Terms, 10 per cent down and 2 per cent monthly. Liberal discounts for cash. We allow railway fares up to 3000 miles, as a discount off purchase price, which allowance we charge to advertising account, and only wish we could get more customers to inspect as every one becomes at once a walking advertisement. Come and see us and we will show you the phenomenal developments of our other properties. Cash sales have been made on Westminster Heights Park, our last previous development, at over 100 per cent advance in 26 months. We have recently offered, on behalf of a building firm, to 16 holders of Borough Park 37½ x 100 ft. lots, $2500, each (25 per cent above our list prices) for lots they purchased of us during the past three and a half years at from $950 to $1650 each. Some of them have accepted and some, we think wisely, have refused, for Borough Park which has grown during the past few years from 23 houses to over 2500 houses, is now growing twice to three times as fast as ever. Lots on Borough Park originally sold for prices like $400 to $650 have since sold in the open market at prices like from $1650 to $2500 each.

AND CANNOT LOSE

Look into this thing; investigate. We cannot sell to you if you cannot see for yourself the widsom of purchasing. Wiser still, send $10 each, and we will select best possible lots, you to remit balance to 10 per cent of purchase price upon signing contracts. Prices are going up again right away.

VANDERVEER CROSSINGS
(Incorporated)
Borough Park Co. Bensonhurst Co.
The Westminster Heights Co.
Combined Capital $1,500,000 Combined Surplus $1,000,000
WM. H. REYNOLDS, President R. TURNBULL, General Manager
277 Broadway, New York City



A NEW DELIGHT

awaits the smoker who has not discovered the exquisite aroma of

French's Mixture

The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco

It pleases instantly and satisfies continuously. Only the choicest grades of ripe and mellow North Carolina Red and Golden Leaf are used. Blended by hand with a care that shames ordinary machine methods. Pure, fresh, clean, and always in perfect condition, because it is sold only

Direct from Factory to Smoker

Send 10c. (silver or stamps) for large sample pouch and booklet.

FRENCH TOBACCO CO.
Dept. F, Statesville, N. C.

How Deaf People Are Made to Hear

A Device That is Scientific, Simple, Direct, and Restores Hearing in Even the Oldest Person—Comfortable, Invisible, and Perfect Fitting.

Ever see a pair of Sound Magnifiers?

They are so soft in the ears, one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because they are sound magnifiers, just as glasses are sight magnifiers.

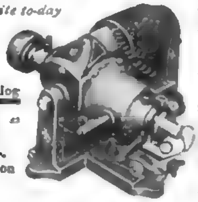
They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They protect raw inner parts of the ear from wind or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

THE PROOF is in our Book, which tells how these tiny sound magnifiers are made, and contains *four hundred letters* from people whose hearing was brought back by their use. BOOK FREE. Send postal for it today—get it by return mail.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 53 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Write to-day



Catalog free with full information

Motsinger Auto-Sparker

Starts and Runs
Gas Engines Without Batteries

No other machine can do it successfully for lack of original patents owned by us. No twist motion in our drive. No belt or switch necessary. No batteries whatever for make and break or jump-spark. Water and dust proof. Fully guaranteed.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
25 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U. S. A.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

STEREOPTICONS

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. Sent Free.**

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. 1 Chicago.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

A SAFE 7% INVESTMENT IN A BUSINESS ESTABLISHED IN 1821

"How can I safely invest my money so it will earn more than 3 per cent?" is the question most of us ask ourselves when we have funds lying idle.

I have just published a booklet, which I will send free to "Everybody's" readers, which decribes an investment guaranteed to pay 7 per cent, the greatest recommendation for which, is the excellent character of its security.

It is an investment in a business which was established 85 years ago, and has been going successfully ever since; gaining in earnings, stability, popularity and influence each succeeding year.

A reliable industrial company located in a thriving, hustling city of 18,000 population in New York State, which besides owning and conducting three prosperous newspapers, has a large paper-box and paper-goods manufacturing business.

Its customers are all known and successful concerns who have been doing business with the company for years, many of whom have placed large orders for as much as five years in advance.

Numbered among these customers are such concerns as the Larkin Co., of Buffalo, The H-O Company, Natural Food Co. (Shredded Wheat), Force Company, together with many others of equal prominence, all of whom purchase the company's product in car-load lots.

The business has been growing so fast that the company simply cannot keep pace with it, and this year **REFUSED ABOUT $150,000. WORTH OF ORDERS,** which it could not execute because of insufficient equipment. Two weeks ago an order amounting to $30,000. was turned down. The same thing occurred on a $32,000. order in July, and dozens of others, ranging from $1,000. to $10,000. have been refused since last January.

The company, in order to take care of this increase in business, has been obliged to enlarge the buildings and now requires new machinery and equipment. This will necessitate an outlay of a large amount of money, and I am offering part of $150,000. worth of 7 per cent, guaranteed, cumulative preferred stock at par value—$10. per share—which will make it possible to install the new machinery this winter, and judging from the orders now in sight, should increase the net earnings more than $50,000. per year.

The preferred shares are participating, and after 7 per cent is paid on the common shares, the remaining profits each year are divided between the preferred and common share-holders.

The present assets of the company, valued at $150,000., with the property now to be acquired, and also

A SURPLUS OF $100,000.

which the company agrees to create before paying any dividends upon the common stock, will all be used to safeguard the holders of preferred shares. The charter of the company prohibits it from placing any bonds or mortgages on the assets. Nothing will go ahead of the holders of the preferred shares who are given a prior lien on all the assets in liquidation.

CONDITION OF BUSINESS

Annual business - - - - - -	$250,000.
Expenses - - - - - - - - -	210,000.
Profits - - - - - - - - - -	$ 40,000.
Necessary to pay 7 per cent on preferred stock - - - - - -	10,500.
Balance - - - -	$ 29,500.

When the new equipment is in operation, the net yearly profits should amount to about $100,000.

I unhesitatingly recommend this investment because I know it to be perfectly safe and reliable. I made a most searching investigation of the business before I became personally interested in it, and found it to be in a clean, healthy condition, with a fine plant, lots of friends, and a very promising future.

There are but 83 competitors in the entire United States, and each is from three weeks to four months behind in orders. The product is something that can't be dispensed with, and for which there is a universal and ever growing demand.

Russell Sage used to say, "If you want a successful investment, put your money into something the people must have."

In the booklet you will find full detailed particulars, bank references, endorsements from prominent business men, talks with customers, illustrations of the plant, and much other matter valuable to either the small or large investor.

As the stock is rapidly being taken up, I would suggest that you cut out the coupon, write on it the amount you might like to invest, if satisfied after reading the booklet that the investment is all I claim it to be, together with your name and address, and mail it to me at your earliest convenience. Address

WM. B. CURTIS
74 Broadway
NEW YORK

Please send Booklet on Investment

Name............

Address............

WM. B. CURTIS, 74 Broadway, New York City

6% Bonds

Based on the Ownership of New York Real Estate

CITY REAL ESTATE carried as an investment, not dabbled in as a short-time speculation, affords the surest protection and the most liberal returns of any investment in the world. The business of this Company is restricted by its Charter to investment in real estate, and its fixed policy still further confines its operations to New York real estate in the direct line of the City's greatest growth—the safest and most profitable investment in which money can be engaged. In the enlargement of this business in a field affording almost unlimited opportunities for further investment, we are offering our 6 per cent. Bonds in either of the following forms:

6% Coupon Bonds — for income investment—purchasable at par in multiples of $100; interest payable semi-annually by coupons attached; maturing in ten years and meanwhile subject to withdrawal on interest payment dates after two years.

6% Accumulative Bonds — for income funding—purchasable on installments during 10, 15 or 20 years and enabling the person without capital available for income investment to accumulate a definite capital in a given time by simply investing each year the equivalent of an ordinary interest on the amount desired. This form also carries cash values after two years. The yearly payment rates per $1,000 Bond are: 10-year term, $71.57; 15-year term, $40.53; 20-year term, $25.65.

OUR Bond issue enables small investors to share to the extent of 6 per cent. in the certain profit-earning power of New York real estate, without the risk and expenses incident to the individual buying and handling of property, and to obtain steady and fixed returns without waiting to sell or lease. By investing in our Bonds you are not only enabled to secure the full 6 per cent. return your money earns, without division with a middleman, but you enjoy the added advantage of knowing where and how your money is invested. A-R-E Six's are secured by Assets of $8,364,909.97, including Capital and Surplus of $1,285,047.03, accumulated during more than eighteen years of uninterrupted success.

IF you are interested in saving money or in investing money already saved, you owe it to yourself to thoroughly investigate these Bonds and the business upon which they are based. Write for our literature giving full information regarding A-R-E Six's, including map of New York City showing location of the properties upon which they are based, and giving other facts of interest.

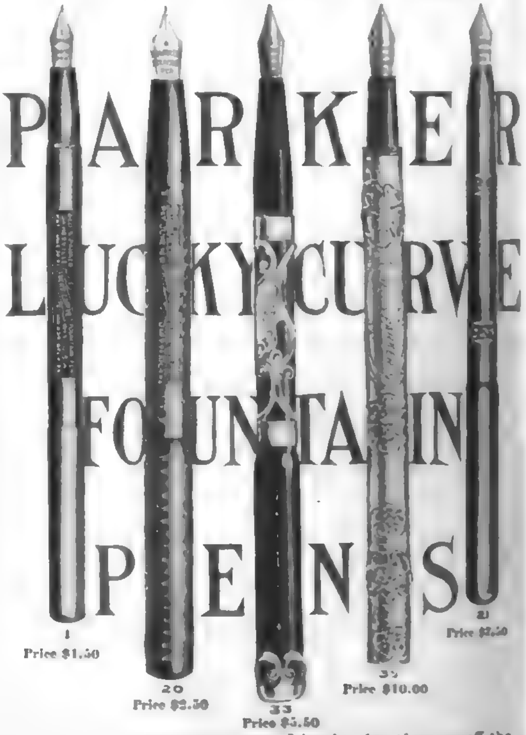
American Real Estate Company
711 Dun Building, 290 Broadway, New York

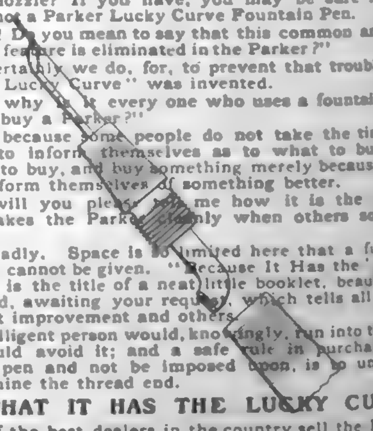
A CHARMING PRESENT FOR YOUNG AND OLD

PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN

LUCKY CURVE

A SENSIBLE, PRACTICAL AND USEFUL GIFT





DID you ever see some friend take the cap off the pen point end of a fountain pen and then look dark and finally take a piece of paper and wipe off the nozzle? If you have, you may be sure it was not a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

"What! Do you mean to say that this common and disagreeable feature is eliminated in the Parker?"

Most certainly we do, for, to prevent that trouble, the famous "Lucky Curve" was invented.

"Then why is it every one who uses a fountain pen does not buy a Parker?"

Simply because some people do not take the time, as you do, to inform themselves as to what to buy and what not to buy, and buy something merely because they do not inform themselves of something better.

"But will you please tell me how it is the Lucky Curve makes the Parker cleanly when others soil the fingers?"

Very gladly. Space is so limited here that a full explanation cannot be given. "Because It Has the 'Lucky Curve'" is the title of a neat little booklet, beautifully illustrated, awaiting your request, which tells all about this great improvement and others.

No intelligent person would, knowingly, run into trouble if he could avoid it; and a safe rule in purchasing a fountain pen and not be imposed upon, is to unscrew and examine the thread end.

SEE THAT IT HAS THE LUCKY CURVE

Most of the best dealers in the country sell the Parker Pen. If yours does not, send direct to us, and your order will have prompt attention.

Catalogue upon request.

PARKER PEN COMPANY
38 Mill Street, JANESVILLE, WIS.

COMMERCIAL ADVANTAGES

WOOD WORKING FACTORIES

Making cheap and medium grade furniture, tables, chairs, beds, wagons and buggies, ice-chests, show-cases, spokes, handles, hubs and rims, pails, wood measures, bread-trays, step-ladders, and similar wood products, will prosper in the fullest degree, if

Located at MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Because:—Two electric companies make low competitive rates for furnishing power, or coal can be bought for $2.25 per ton, delivered.

Because:—There is an abundance of hard and soft woods surrounding Montgomery, accessible by rail and river alike.

Because:—The entire output of the factory can be readily sold in the immense consuming territory, immediately adjacent to this growing city.

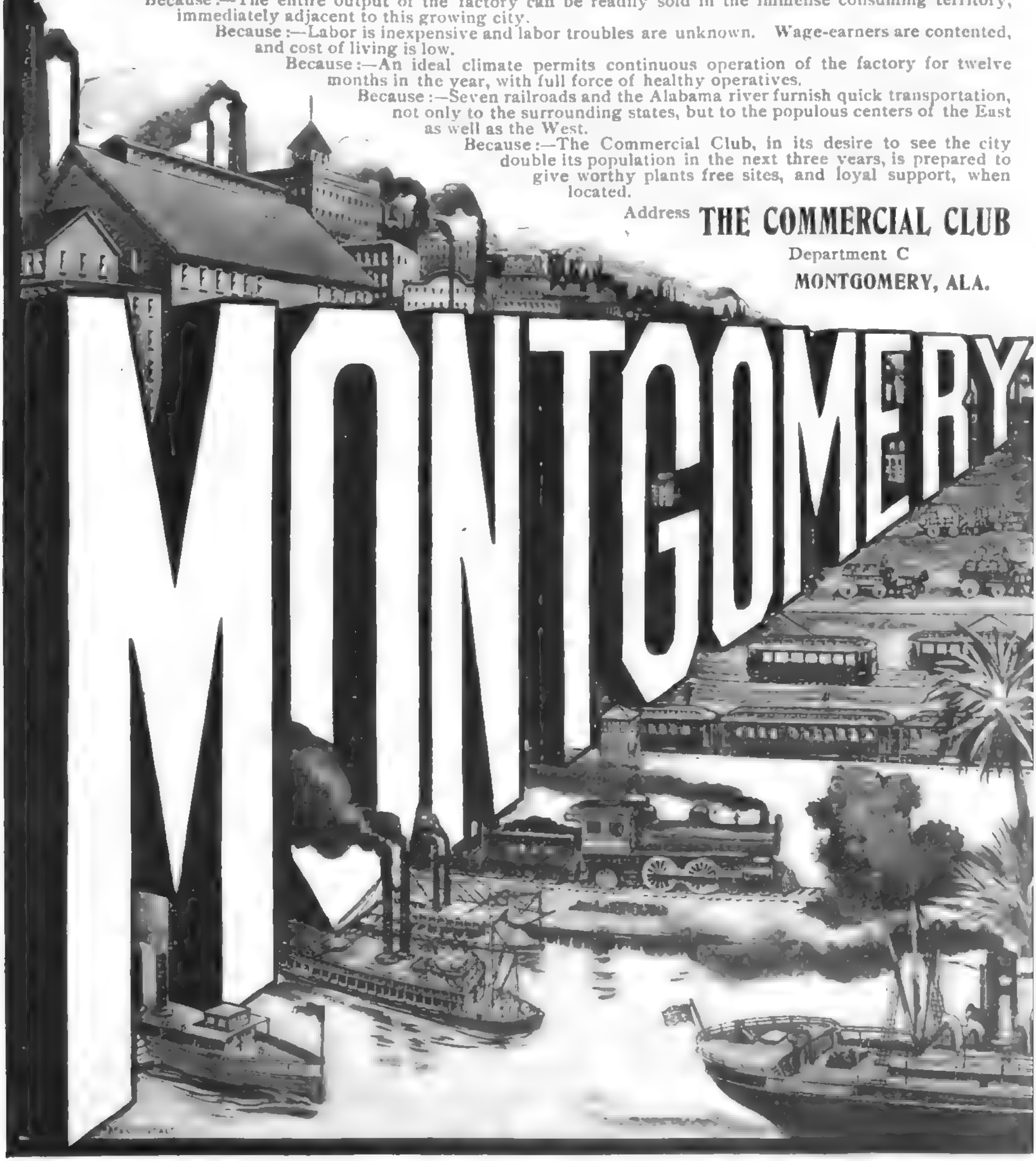
Because:—Labor is inexpensive and labor troubles are unknown. Wage-earners are contented, and cost of living is low.

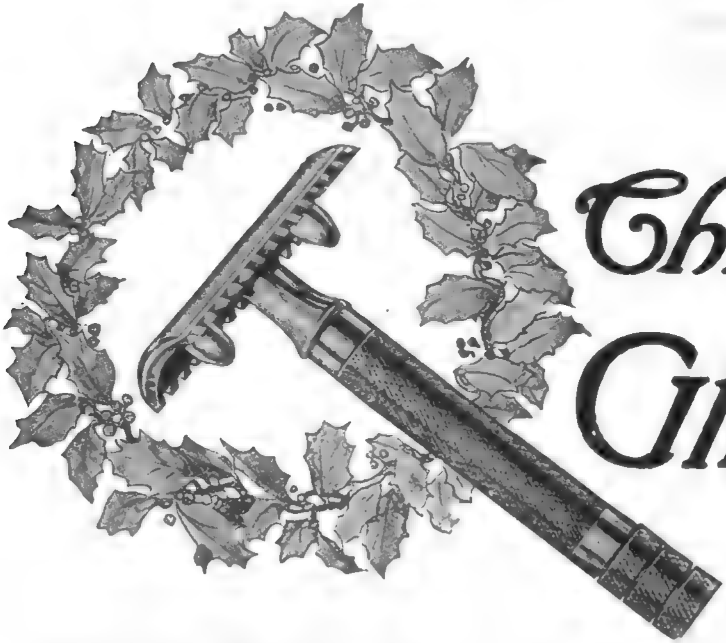
Because:—An ideal climate permits continuous operation of the factory for twelve months in the year, with full force of healthy operatives.

Because:—Seven railroads and the Alabama river furnish quick transportation, not only to the surrounding states, but to the populous centers of the East as well as the West.

Because:—The Commercial Club, in its desire to see the city double its population in the next three years, is prepared to give worthy plants free sites, and loyal support, when located.

Address **THE COMMERCIAL CLUB**
Department C
MONTGOMERY, ALA.





This Year Gillette

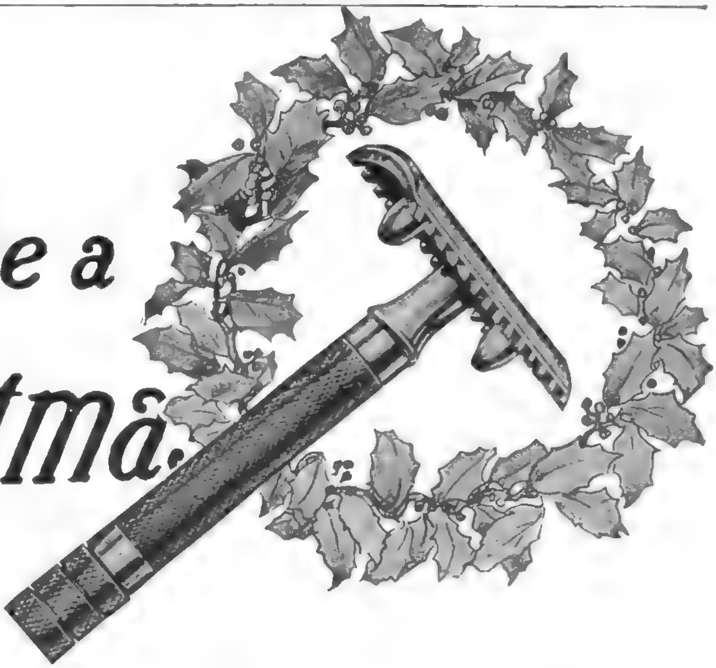
THE old razor wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the daily bother of stropping—except that it doesn't shave so smoothly, or so quickly, or so easily, or so safely. If you could see a razor edge through a microscope (and it's the only way you could see it) you would realize how impossible it is for the human hand, even though it is the hand of a skilled barber, to hold the razor blade in stropping at just the correct angle throughout the whole operation. And yet if this is not done the razor blade is not sharp as we define sharpness. This means practically that every shave you ever had with a strop-razor was a shave with a dull razor.

And then if you could also see through a microscope your face after a close shave with a strop-razor, you would find that it was a mass of cuts and scratches, infinitesimal in themselves, but calling for the usual healing witch-hazel treatment which has come to be a matter of course to the man who shaves himself, as well as to the man who lets the barber operate on him. The edge is the great secret of the universal success of the Gillette Safety Razor. No barber can sharpen a razor to the "edge invisible" which we put on Gillette blades. No barber can sharpen a razor twice the same, while Gillette blades do not vary. A million satisfied users will tell you.

The result is that using the same microscope again after shaving "once over" with a Gillette you find that you are absolutely clean shaven, smooth shaven, soft shaven, and the most delicate skin is free even from irritation, with no cuts or scratches to mar its surface and render it a harboring place for the world of bacteria which on the most fastidiously clean exists in infinity.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY,

it will be a Christma



THE Gillette Safety Razor and the twelve double-edged blades that come with it will solve your shaving problem for months to come. Each blade will give from 15 to 20 clean shaves of comfort. When at last it commences to "pull" a little, throw away the blade, like an old pen, and slip in a new one. The razor itself will last a life-time—extra blades cost about 2 cents a week—50 cents for package of ten. If your dealer doesn't keep them, send us $5 for standard "triple-silver" plated set in handsome velvet-lined, leather-covered case. If after 30 days' trial you are not satisfied we will refund your money.

We have bought the entire edition of "Science of Shaving," a new work, the first text-book ever written, we believe, on the care of the face in its relation to shaving. It is worth a good deal to every man who shaves or lets others shave him—no matter how much he thinks he knows about it already. Fully illustrated with photographs and drawings.

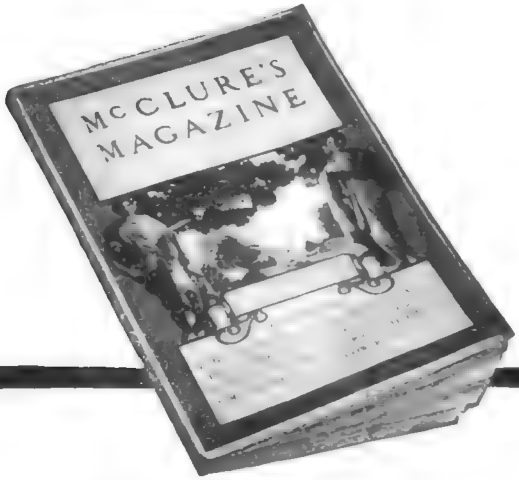
In the first thousand copies of the edition we have added some pages about the Gillette Safety Razor with pictures and prices of the different styles. While these copies last, a postal card will bring you one free, with our compliments.

Send for this Book To-day!

SCIENCE
of
SHAVING

A copy will be mailed free to any man who cares for his face or his feelings, or to any woman who cares for the face or the feelings of any man.

202 TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK



The Best Home Magazine

If you are a woman—if you are a mother of boys, boys growing up who look to you for guidance, whose reading matter it is your privilege to select, and your greatest pleasure is to read with them and watch them grow and develop into fine, strong, steadfast men;

If you are the wife of a husband who thinks he is too busy to stop and look around him to see what his country is doing, and you feel there are things which he should know and matter which he should read in order to be a better citizen, a better worker and a better man;

If you yourself want to know what all these questions mean—how Carl Schurz became the friend of the great; what Roosevelt does and how he does it; what happened in Montana and who Heinze, Clark and Daly are—if you wish to have in your home a magazine which is an

inspiration for the best sort of citizenship for every boy old enough to read—then you want McClure's Magazine.

McClure's in 1907

The reporting of the nation, past and present, will be in such capable and well-tried hands as

Carl Schurz the second portion of whose reminiscences deal with the American period and bristle with admirable full-length living portraits of such giants as Lincoln, Douglas, Sherman, Grant, Chase, Seward, Sumner, Conkling and Blaine, whom he knew intimately and whom he describes admirably, and who have never before been presented to the world by one in a position to speak from such close knowledge;

Burton J. Hendrick "The only articles out of the mass of stuff written about Life-Insurance which have made the subject plain and interesting," writes a subscriber of the McClure series of articles by Burton J. Hendrick. This writer, who combines the historical faculty with an interesting style, will continue his studies of American life for McClure's of 1907.

George Kibbe Turner who begins his new work for McClure's with a remarkable study of civic organization, to be called "Galveston; a Business Corporation"—one of the real McClure kind;

Ray Stannard Baker who has carried the story of railway ownership home to the whole United States, and whose work will have a new significance in 1907 when the railroad question may be a political issue;

William Allen White who has already shown his ability to present a fresh, unhackneyed, realistic, living picture of a public man, and whose next contribution to McClure's will be upon President Roosevelt and his work.

The work of amusing the readers of McClure's with that rarest of rare literary products—a good short story—has been happily assigned to such already-loved entertainers as

Ellen Terry the great English actress, "An Elizabethan in the Nineteenth Century," will tell the woman readers of McClure's the story of her stage career—nearly fifty years with the men and women who made the modern English drama.

Myra Kelly who again shows us Miss Bailey's schoolroom with a new comer, a little cousin "Come out of Russia," who brings into this pathetically funny circle the dark tragedy of a race;

Rex Beach whose remarkably expressive use of the language of the outdoor men of the Northwest makes his stories tremendously effective even without the exciting incidents which they describe;

Mary Stewart Cutting who will contribute a series of subtle studies in domestic life. The first of these, "On the Ridge,"—full of warmth and color and abounding in tactful irony—will be a prominent feature of the Christmas number;

Joseph Conrad the greatest living writer of stories of the sea, and whose new story in 1907, called "The Brute," will be also of the sea;

O. Henry equally at home upon the streets of New York and in South American republics, whose humor is particularly and vitally American in quality.

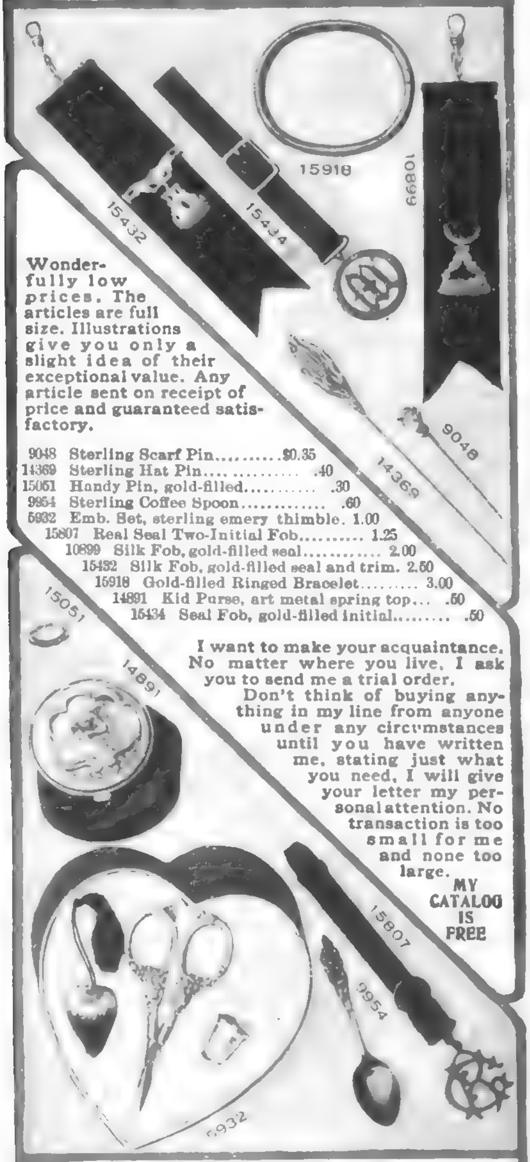
These are selections, and perhaps invidious selections, from the great wealth of really good, human, humorous, vital and helpful reading which McClure's offers in 1907.

When you realize that all this will cost you but one dollar for an entire year, can you possibly find any use for that dollar which will bring so much to you? Send your subscription direct to us, or leave it with any newsdealer. In any case, you will get the magazine promptly and regularly.

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY, 52 East 23d St., New York

Solid Sterling Silver Brooch or Hat Pin

Send 25c. stamps will do. State if you wish brooch or hat pin, and which flower, rose, poppy or daisy. I will send your choice prepaid. Examine it, compare it with any similar article sold elsewhere for $1.00 or more. If you like it, send balance, 25c. If you don't, send it back. I will refund your money.



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Sterling Silver (cut full size). In rich Mezzo-relief is shown the Horse Shoe, Four Leaf Clover, Wishbone and the lucky Pig with the kinky tail. French Gray finish. A charming and useful remembrance for Men or Women.

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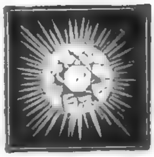

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– are inexpensive, yet contain every element of refined taste and are always appreciated. Send $1, with name (one line only) for 50 finest grade calling cards, hand engraved from plate in script, and neatly packed in dainty box. Or let us submit sample, with other styles.

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Red Santa Claus Lantern, 15c each. Red Santa Claus Figure (box), 10c. Santa Claus Surprise Stockings, filled with toys, $1.00, 50c, 25c and 10c each. Paper Christmas Stocking containing 12 toys, 5c each. Red Cloth Stocking, trimmed with Holly, suitable to put presents in, 25c each. Folding Red Paper Christmas Bells, 20c, 10c and 5c each. Folding Red Paper Christmas Stars, 20c, 10c and 5c each. Holly Sprays, 50c, 25c and 15c dozen. Mistletoe Sprays, 5c each. Paper Folding Santa Claus, 5c each. Tinsel Garlands, 12 yards for 25c. Red Holly Sled Box, 1c. Red Christmas Bell (box), 25c. Holly Basket, 10c. Santa Claus Ice Cream Cases, 80c dozen. Holly Jack Horner Pie, 12 ribbons, $1. Holly Dinner Cards, 60c dozen. Holly Tally Cards, 25c dozen. Snapping Mottoes, $1.00, 50c, 25c and 10c dozen. Beautiful Catalogue free on request. We positively do not pay mail charges.

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They stand acid test and expert examination. See them first, then pay. At 1-30th the cost of the genuine. Catalog free Pat. ring measure included for 10c

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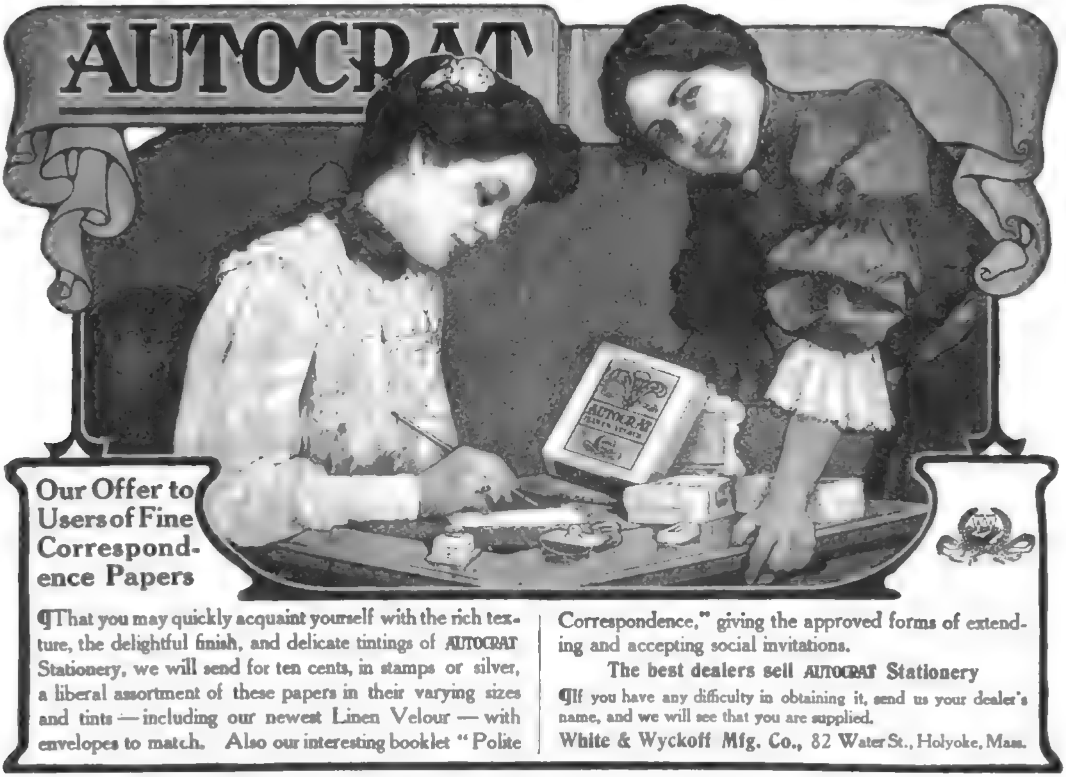

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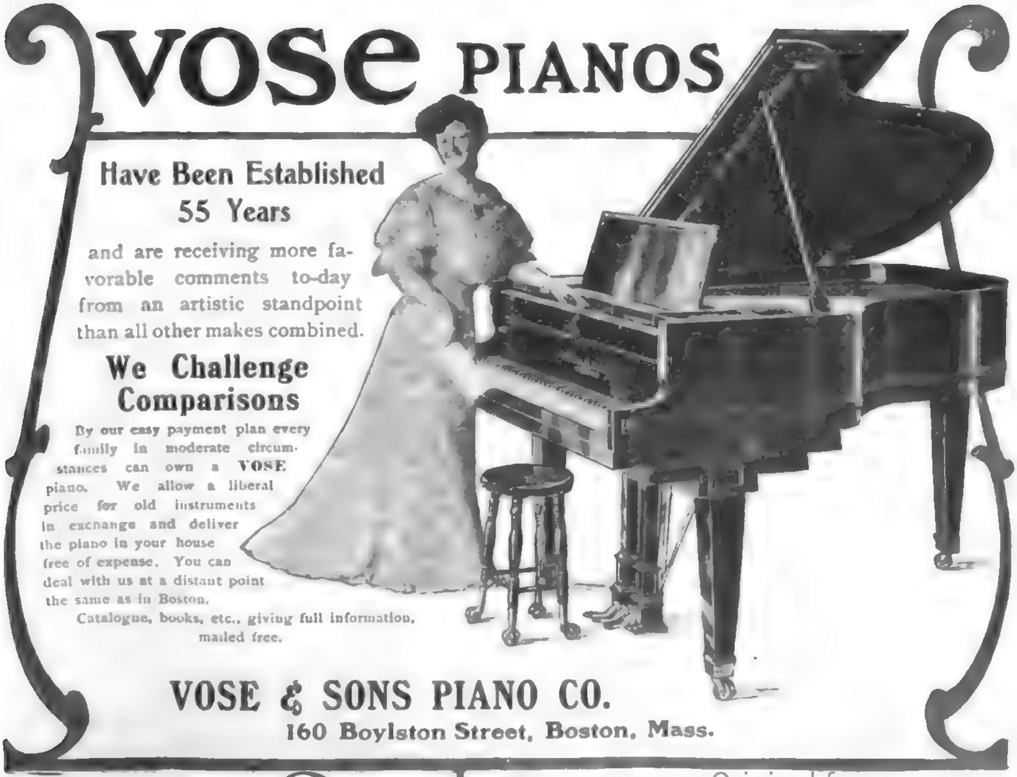

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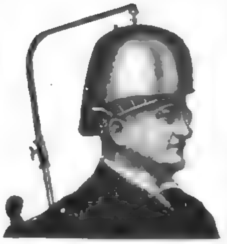

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We have published a book which contains all practical knowledge with reference to the improvement and CULTURE OF THE HAIR.

This book explains fully the merits and possibilities of our invention, the EVANS VACUUM CAP.

It contains the experience of a Banker and Member of the Stock Exchange, who obtained such remarkable results from the use of the Cap that it has led to several other orders among his friends and associates.

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It contains a most convincing letter from a Methodist Episcopal Minister, who concludes his letter with the statement that "however pessimistic others may be he now has a growth of hair, from the use of the Cap, that shows for itself."

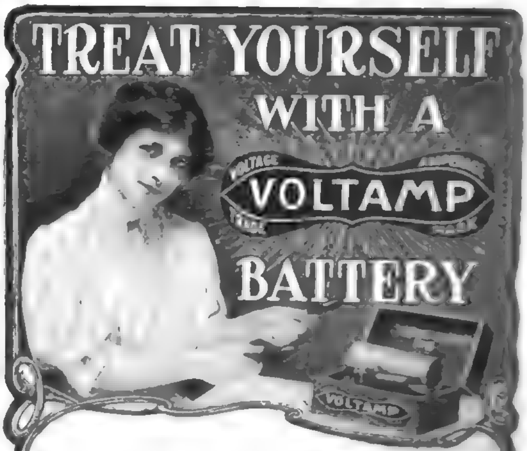
It contains the experience of an Editor of a high-class Illustrated Weekly, who proved the virtue of the Cap in his individual case before accepting our advertisements for his publication.

Among the numerous experiences published in our book is a very interesting account of a Dry Goods Merchant who was bald for twenty years, and who, by reason of his faith in our Process, used the Cap regularly and persistently, with the result that he now has a good growth of hair.

We should like to send the book to everyone who would be interested in a practical and effective means of developing a growth of hair. ***The Book is sent free, with postage prepaid in full.***

EVANS VACUUM CAP COMPANY

52 Evans Cap Building St. Louis, Missouri



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THE VOLTAMP ELECTRIC BATTERY

leads all others in efficacy, in perfect construction and in design. For home treatment and self-application there is no better Battery made. Sold by Dealers Everywhere. We issue an entertaining **Booklet—"FARADIC HINTS"**—which is a complete education in **ELECTRICAL VIBRATION TREATMENT** as a curative. It is deeply interesting, highly instructive and **FREE for the asking.** Write for it to-day. Dept. E.

VOLTAMP ELECTRIC MFG. CO., Baltimore, Md.

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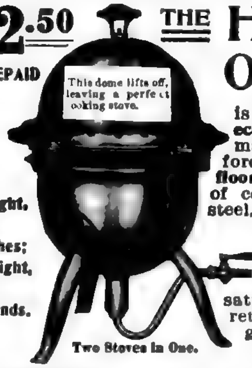
This dome lifts off, leaving a perfect cooking stove.
Two Stoves in One.

Height, 16 inches; Weight, 4½ pounds.

THE Humphrey Oval GAS STOVE

is guaranteed to be the **most economical** gas heating stove made, and the only one that forces the heat out **along the floor** where most needed. Made of copper plated, die-pressed steel, all heavily nickeled.

10 Days Trial

Order a stove to-day. If for any reason you are dissatisfied with your purchase, return it **at our expense** and get your **money back.** Catalogs free. **Write today.**

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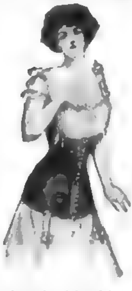

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without effort by wearing the famous

Dissolvene Rubber Garments

(Patented)

The only harmless and effective method to

REDUCE SUPERFLUOUS FLESH

No dieting, no unusual exercise, no change in the mode of living.

Made of the finest pure Para Rubber fitting snugly to the body; worn under the clothing at any and all times without the slightest inconvenience or annoyance.

Society Has Adopted Them

Made in a variety of styles to fit any part of the body. They reduce the flesh only where desired. RESULTS POSITIVE. **CHIN BANDS** for reducing double chin, by mail, $2.00.

Daintily illustrated booklet of Rubber Garments and Toilet Specialties on request.

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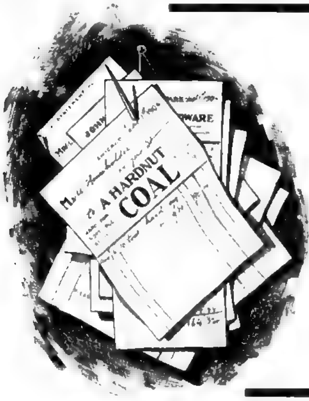

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Reduced 25 *per cent*

BY USING

The Powers Heat Regulator

on your heating plant, whether steam, hot water or hot air. It is easily applied and to prove its worth we will send you one on trial.

Send for our book, it is FREE

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The Floor That Retains Its Beauty

Don't you know that your own hardwood floors can be made more beautiful and durable—with a firm, smooth surface that will wear for years?

It's mainly a question of the proper finish! Seventy-nine years devoted exclusively to fine varnish making by *unusually* good varnish makers, has produced

I.X.L. Floor Finish

Has no equal for high lustre, smoothness, toughness, wear. Absolutely the finest finish known. Costs little more than ordinary products but vastly more economical and durable, still retaining its brilliancy after long service. Dries hard over night—will not scratch white.

Artistic finishing of general interior woodwork requires the use of

I.X.L. Preservative Coatings

For your own satisfaction, insist on I.X.L. Products every time. Send for "Rules for the Preservation of Hardwood Floors," *free* if you name your dealer.

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NEW-SKIN
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LIQUID COURT PLASTER

immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, waterproof coating. "New-Skin" **heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.**

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes. **MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS,** in fact all of us, are liable to bruise, scratch or scrape our skin. **"NEW-SKIN"** will heal these injuries, **will not wash off,** and after it is applied the injury is forgotten as **"NEW-SKIN"** makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it. **"Paint it with "New-Skin" and forget it"** is literally true.

CAUTION: WE GUARANTEE our claims for "NEW-SKIN". No one guarantees substitutes or imitations trading on our reputation, and the guarantee of an imitator would be worthless any way.

ALWAYS INSIST ON GETTING "NEW-SKIN".

Sample size, **10c.** Family size (like illustration), **25c.** Two ounce bottles (for surgeons and hospitals), **50c.**

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ELECTRO SILICON

to Clean and Polish SILVERWARE

Send address for a FREE SAMPLE, or 15c. in stamps for a full box. **Electro-Silicon Soap** has equal merits.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 Cliff St., New York.

Grocers and Druggists sell it.

IMPERIAL Smyrna Rugs

A PRACTICAL XMAS GIFT.

To one who appreciates choice furnishings in the home, you can present nothing more acceptable on Christmas than an "IMPERIAL" Smyrna Rug.

Here's a gift that will give pleasure for years,—handsome enough for any home,—within the means of all.

A gift of an "IMPERIAL" is practically a gift of two rugs. It will twice outwear a carpet of equal cost because it is a thick, heavy, pure wool rug, with both sides exactly alike and seamless.

You can choose from fifty patterns in Oriental, Two-tone and Delft effects and can get any size from 18 in. x 36 in. to 12 ft. x 18 ft.

If your dealer hasn't them, write for booklet, "Art and Utility", showing "IMPERIALS" in exact colors. CAUTION. Every genuine "IMPERIAL" has I. S. R. woven in the selvage.

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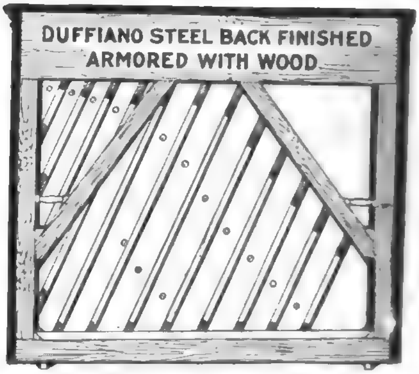
THE STEEL BACK
(PATENTED)
IS USED ONLY ON
SCHUBERT PIANOS



Acts as a GREAT TUNING FORK; brings out every note clear and sustained. A Giant in tone as well as construction. Not an experiment, but a demonstrated success.

Replaces the Grand Piano, the duration of each note lasting just as long, by test under a stop watch.

The Schubert Steel Back Pianos cost no more than the old fashioned, old style wooden back instruments.

Write to-day for catalogue

THE SCHUBERT PIANO CO.
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ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE
FOR CLEANSING BEAUTIFYING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH & GUMS
PREPARED BY
JEWSBURY & BROWN
ARDWICK GREEN
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ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE
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JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
ORIENTAL
TOOTH PASTE

Will Make Your Teeth Pearly White and Sound.
Removes Tartar, Preserves the Gums.

ENGLAND'S FAVORITE DENTIFRICE
100 Years in Use

Imparts a delicate fragrance to the breath. Contains the most valuable vegetable antiseptics for cleansing the mouth.

At all good stores—Sold in Pots and Tubes.

F. R. ARNOLD & CO., New York.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago. } SOLE IMPORTING AGENTS

Let down the back by unhooking a gate. All you have to do to change luxurious Streit Davenport into *comfortable double bed*. Full width head and foot boards keep pillows and bed clothes from sliding off. The

Dust-proof box under seat: made up as a bed, *looks* like

Streit Davenport Bed

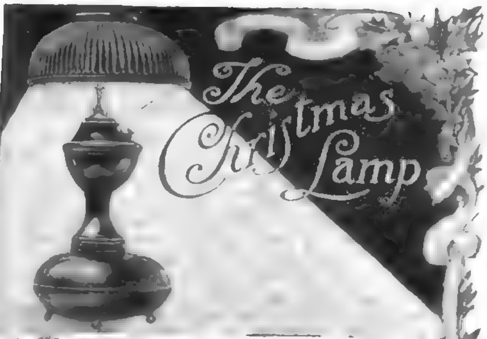
a bed, *is* a bed—the most restful one on which you ever slept. *Don't confuse* the *Streit* with complicated kinds. The *Streit* is perfectly simple.

Streit Morris Chairs *relax every muscle*. Head-rest really rests the head and back. Foot-rest exactly the right height. Foot-rest easily slipped back—forming tufted front. Upholstered in Streit genuine leather or soft goods. This mark on every piece. If your dealer can't supply you, we will ship on approval. Write for free catalog—new designs.

Streit

THE C. F. STREIT MFG. CO.
10[illegible] Kenner St.
Cincinnati, O.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



The Christmas Lamp

Compliments of the Season

No gift lamp, however costly or ornate, will be so thoroughly appreciated as the Beck-Iden. A lamp that generates within itself the finest quality of illuminating gas, giving two to five times *more* light than any other fuel and the *only* light that can be used for hours without trying the eyes. There are no wicks, chimneys or mantles, there is no odor, no dirt, no smoke.

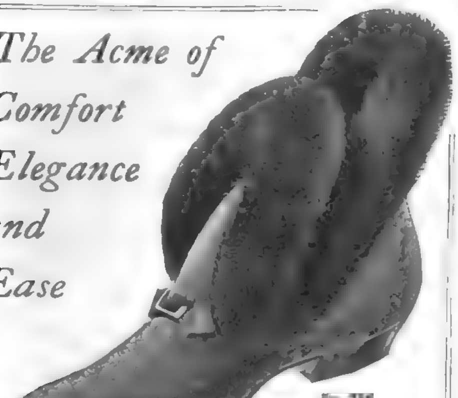
A PERFECT LAMP

The Beck-Iden Lamp stands 16 inches high from base to burner. It is solidly made of brass, finely burnished and finished in bronze—an object of real beauty and incomparable value.

To insure the timely placing of holiday orders, write *early* for Booklet No. 4.

ACETYLENE LAMP COMPANY
50 UNIVERSITY PLACE, NEW YORK

The Acme of
Comfort
Elegance
and
Ease



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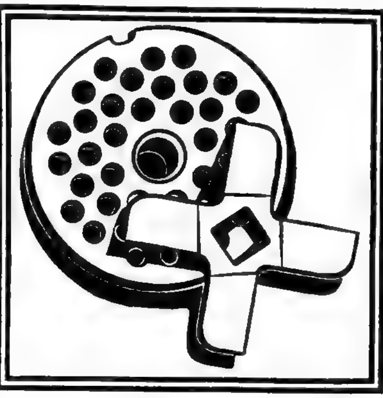
Felt Romeos

FOR WOMEN

ade of fine, pure "Comfy Felt," richly fur bound. ›les of noiseless belting leather. Colors: Black, Red, ›own, Drab, Dark Green, Navy Blue, Gray and Wine. *nd for catalogue No. 35, showing many new styles.*

Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.
119 West 23d Street, New York.



Makes Tough Meat Tender

No meat or food can pass the four bladed revolving knife and cutting plate of the Enterprise Meat and Food Chopper without being *cut*—not ground or crushed. No other chopper has these cutting parts that so easily, surely and rapidly make tough meat tender; make all meat more palatable.

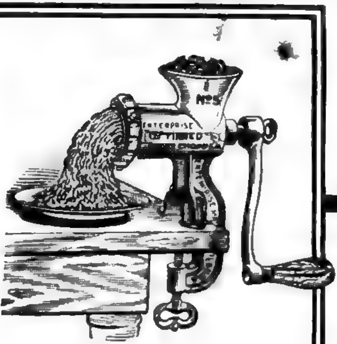
ENTERPRISE Meat and Food Chopper

Made everlasting by the wonderful knife and plate which may be sharpened when dull, or replaced at little cost if they ever wear out.

The No. 5 Enterprise Meat and Food Chopper is specially recommended for family use. Price $2.00. Sent direct to you if not at your dealers. 45 sizes and styles for Hand, Steam or Electricity.

FREE *"The Enterprising Housekeeper,"* a valuable booklet, containing hundreds of recipes for the preparation of novel and delicious dishes from chopped meats, and food of every kind, sent free on application.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. of PA.,
2231 N. American St, Philadelphia, U. S. A.



Alvord's
OLD VIRGINIA
Corn Relish

"The Taste That Tempts"

Your Palate Will Be Surprised

no matter how much it has been indulged, for no other condiment tastes like this relish. **It is made different and it tells in the taste.** Adjectives cannot convey the zest and deliciousness of this delightful combination of the famous "Ye Country Gentleman" Sugar Corn and other piquant ingredients equally as choice.

For Meats, hot or cold, Fish, Game, Oysters, Salads, Sandwiches, and with Lettuce or Cucumbers it is unequaled in its blended flavor

This old family recipe is one of the choicest secrets of "Southern cooking," and is prepared under the personal, exacting supervision of Mrs. E. I. Alvord, who has made it famous by her secret and care. On private tables and in the best hotels it has proved wonderfully acceptable. Will you test it?

Valuable Recipe Book Sent Free

"The History of a Famous Recipe" tells how this incomparable Relish originated, when generous Southern hospitality kept open house. Contains many novel and valuable recipes together with suggestions for serving the relish. We will mail the booklet on request without charge, and give you the name of a dealer in your city who sells Alvord's Old Virginia Corn Relish.

THE IROQUOIS CANNING COMPANY, ONARGA, ILLINOIS
Largest Canners of High Grade Corn in the World

The Pure Food for Children

Wheat Hearts for Little Sweethearts

IN RALSTON HEALTH FOOD are the *hearts* of wheat—made into the richest, daintiest, the most delicious of foods, rich in gluten—absolutely pure. A chemist's certificate of purity on every package.

No other food so perfectly meets the needs of growing children. Not pre-digested, but easily digested—gives the stomach something to do, but not too much.

Not a food fad or fancy—but a staple breakfast food with body to it. When ready to serve, 14 lbs. for 15 cents—50 plates.

Ralston Health Food, sterilized by our new patent process, is always fresh and good.

Ralston retains the natural, nut-brown color of the grain.

Ask for RALSTON this time, and *insist on getting it.* Your grocer is instructed to give you back your money if you don't like the first package.

Try Purina Whole Wheat Flour —for sale by all Good Grocers.

Ask for the **checkerboard** sack and *get the best.*

Ralston Purina Mills
"Where Purity is Paramount"
St. Louis, Mo. Portland, Ore. Tillsonburg, Ont.

CHEW...
Beeman's
THE ORIGINAL
Pepsin Gum

A delightful confection and good for digestion

All Others are Imitations.

Blooker's cocoa

Made no purer than some others, perhaps, but certainly with far more care to flavor and food value. It's concentrated; one pound makes 150 cups. At your grocer's. If not, write for trial tin, enough for 20 cups, and sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c. Dept. E.

46 Hudson Street, New York.

FLORIDA ORANGES, GRAPEFRUIT

Ordered by Mail—Sent by Express

Fancy Indian River Fruit, straight from our grove to your table, retaining freshness, sweetness and exquisite flavor. The most delicious fruit that grows. Grapefruit, Oranges or Tangerines. Write for a box. Price, express paid, $5.00 a box for Oranges, $6.00 a box for Grapefruit, $6.00 a box for Tangerines, and $6.00 for box of assorted fruit, cash with order.

SOUTHERN FRUIT COMPANY

Main Office: JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

REFERENCES: Any bank in Jacksonville

Our capital stock is $50,000

A Splendid Light

THIS lamp, although it burns common kerosene (or coal-oil), is being used by thousands of such particular people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, etc., for lighting their homes and estates in preference to gas, electricity, gasoline, acetyline, or any other system.

For being constructed on *new* and *scientific* principles, The Angle Lamp is as clean and convenient to operate as gas or electricity, and at the same time gives a far better, more brilliant light, while actually more economical to burn than even the troublesome old-fashioned lamp.

THE ANGLE LAMP

is lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal.

Yet The Angle Lamp *pays for itself.* For while the ordinary round-wick lamp, usually considered the cheapest of all lighting methods, burns but about five hours on a quart of oil, The Angle Lamp burns a full 16 hours on the same quantity. But send for our catalog "17," explaining fully the principles employed in this lamp, and for our proposition for selling on

30 Days' Trial

Here is a Christmas present for those of your friends who appreciate useful gifts which will give them good reason to remember you pleasantly for years to come. Write for catalog "17," listing 32 varieties from $1.80 up at once.

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 78-80 Murray St., NEW YORK

The Art of Giving

Is not only to select an article that pleases, but something that always remains a source of satisfaction and delight. The

"UNIVERSAL"
COFFEE PERCOLATOR

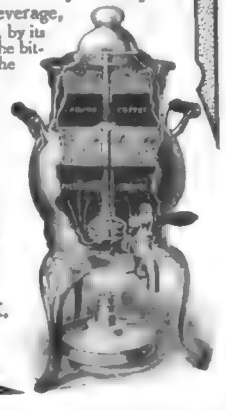
brings to the table every day in the year, a pure, wholesome and invigorating beverage, easily distinguished by its fine flavor, by its delicious aroma, by the absence of the bitter taste caused by boiling, and by the perfect freedom with which those can drink it who cannot drink boiled coffee.

What could be more useful or appropriate for the Christmas gift?

Hardware dealers and house-furnishing stores sell the "Universal" in different sizes and styles, either for making coffee on the range or table.

May we send you our free booklet? it is worth the cost of a postal to know how to get the best out of coffee.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK,
96 Commercial Street,
New Britain, Conn.



Christmas Dinner

By Charles B. Knox

DON'T use a Gelatine dessert for Christmas. Stick to the old-fashioned Plum Pudding. It will be heavy and soggy and you may have indigestion from eating it, but it will make you so glad to get back to the Gelatine desserts that I will be more than paid for giving the above advice. But you can use Gelatine and have one of the prettiest ornaments, as well as one of the tastiest, by making a Tomato Jelly for your salad course. I will be very glad to furnish the recipe free, so that you can use Knox's Gelatine—the purest Gelatine made—for this salad.

If you insist on having Gelatine for dessert instead of Plum Pudding, I would like to suggest a nice Coffee Jelly with whipped cream. This will give you your dessert and after-dinner coffee all in one with no ill effects from the coffee, even to the most finicky person.

For those, however, who *must* keep to the traditions of the day, but who know that the usual plum pudding is too rich and heavy a dish, there is this new and delicious Fruit Pudding to be substituted:

FRUIT PUDDING

½ a box of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine.
½ a cup of cold water.
⅔ a cup of sugar.
⅔ a cup of raisins.
1 tablespoonful of brandy.
3 tablespoonfuls of blanched almonds.
Yolks of five eggs.
2½ cups of milk.
Whites of five eggs.
¼ a pound of macaroons.
2 teaspoonfuls of vanilla.

Soften the gelatine in the cold water five minutes and dissolve in a boiled custard made of the milk, sugar and yolks of eggs; add also the raisins, stoned and chopped, the macaroons and almonds pounded fine, the vanilla and brandy, and lastly, the whites of the eggs beaten stiff; stir over ice water until the mixture begins to thicken, then turn into a mold and set aside in a cool place. Serve with whipped cream. Cocoanut may be used instead of macaroons. This pudding is better if made the day before using.

Free For the name and address of your grocer I will send my illustrated recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." If he doesn't sell KNOX'S GELATINE, send me **2c.** in stamps and I will send you a full pint package, or for **15c.** a two-quart package, two for **25c.** (stamps taken). **If you would like a copy of the handsome painting, "The First Lesson," drop me a postal card for full information how to get it.**

CHARLES B. KNOX
4 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

Also manufacturer of the celebrated SPIM Soap (25c.) and SPIM Ointment Cream (50c.). Send for my Free "Watch the Baby" booklet. It gives full information regarding the SPIM GOODS.

Bringing in the Christmas

JELL-O

No matter what else you decide to omit do not fail to serve **Jell-O** with your Christmas dinner.

Prepared Instantly by dissolving contents of one package in a pint of boiling water. When cool it will jellify and may be served immediately

Jell-O will add greatly to the enjoyment of any dinner, and your guests will thank you for serving it.

Jell-O comes in seven flavors. The tart, snappy Cherry flavor is particularly adapted for serving with roast turkey, fowls or meats.

Approved by Pure Food Commissioners

and so stamped

Different and better than any dessert you have ever eaten. At grocers everywhere **10 cts.** per package.

Illustrated Recipe Book Free

showing many ways of preparing dainty desserts easily and economically from **Jell-O.**

Highest Award, Gold Medal, Portland, 1905

Leaflet in each package [illegible] Aluminum Jelly Moulds at cost of postage and packing.

The Genesee
Pure Food Co.
Le Roy, N.Y.

JELL-O.
RASPBERRY
10¢

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Any Child

who has enjoyed the benefit of Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder daily since birth is free from the painful chapping and chafing which comes with winter weather.

Mennen's

soothes and heals, and if used daily, enables the most tender skin to resist the ill effects of changing conditions of weather.

Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine, that's a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. **Sample Free.**

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Violets.

JONES' DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

Good, pure old-fashioned sausage made right on this farm from dairy-fed little pig pork, pure spices and salt only—absolutely nothing else. It's the kind of sausage every one wants, and but comparatively few have known where to get heretofore. Where dealers cannot supply I'll make you this special trial offer:

4 Pounds, $1.00, Express Paid
Money Back If You Want It

I will send you, upon receipt of $1.00, 4 lbs. of my famous Dairy Farm Sausage, express paid east of Colorado, and with the privilege of having your money back if you are not satisfied. Or send for my circular and price list. It tells the story of my business—how it started, why it has grown—tells how to *cook* Jones Dairy Farm Sausages so that their *zest* and *flavor* are best preserved—tells about my Hams, Bacon, Lard, etc., all prepared at

JONES' DAIRY FARM, Box 601, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Beauty Is Skin Deep

A YOUNG lady went golfing the other day—arrived on the field with a brilliant complexion, *noticeably brilliant.*

Played around the links a couple of times, wiped a good deal of perspiration from her face—And lo—our brilliant complexioned young friend became sallow and yellow—altogether a different looking creature.

Do you know what was the matter? Well our young friend was simply a victim of the Paint and Powder Habit—the curse of many a fair satiny skin—the *ruination* of many a young girl's beauty.

You see, most of us have a wrong idea about our skin. We think it is simply a covering for the body.

Well, our skin does act in that manner. But its most important function is to act as sanitary drainage for the Body.

There are 28 miles of sanitary drainage system in the skin—the glands or pores—and every 24 hours this drainage system should discharge at least 2 pounds of waste matter. When Miss Brilliant Complexion covers her face and sometimes her body with a fine, dusty, pore-choking powder, she simply clogs up the skin pores altogether. Then the trouble starts.

Now, it's the easiest thing in the world to preserve that great gift of beauty—all you need is simply pure, high-grade soap and water.

But, for mercy's sake, don't use any old soap.

The best soap is not merely a "pure" soap, for soap can be pure and yet made of cheap and injurious materials. It must be made from the *highest grade* of the purest materials.

There is only one such soap and that is Fairy Soap.

Fairy Soap is made of the same kind of sweet and fresh beef fat that you get from your butcher on your roast of beef, together with the purest of vegetable oils properly balanced.

It will dissolve out all impurities in your pores—so that they can readily perform their daily function. Its use keeps the complexion fresh, clear, bright and healthful—almost indefinitely.

Fairy Soap is sold everywhere.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

A National Daily Newspaper for Women

If there is an intelligent oman in America who has ot longed for a great daily ewspaper of her own, full the things WOMEN want know, clean, fearless, inependent, ready to fight omankind's battles and andle without gloves the ings busy money-seeking en are afraid of for "busiess" reasons, we have not und her yet.

This great publishing plant, built expressly for The Woman's National Daily, covers a city block and will print, fold, address and mail ONE MILLION EIGHT-PAGE PAPERS IN 200 MINUTES, sending them whirling to all parts of America by the fast night mails. It is owned by nearly thirty thousand small stockholders and has three and a half million dollars capital.

After a year of vast preparation, the building especially for it of the largest and finest ublishing plant in America and the largest and fastest printing press in the world at a ost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, a great national daily newspaper to circulate from oast to coast by fast mail each day has become an accomplished fact. By special faciliies this great daily paper, already having more subscribers than any newspaper in America, an be delivered in homes even on rural routes a thousand miles from St. Louis the day of ate of issue. Published by a corporation with three and a half million dollars capital, but wned by the people, **fearless, clean, independent and powerful,** it will give the **RUTH** of each day's world events. The only woman's daily newspaper in America, very member of the family is provided for in its columns. If you want to know more bout what is really going on all over the world each day than the men do, the latest ews from Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, the best daily short stories, the latest advance aily fashion notes from Europe, the daily "doings" at Washington, what men and omen are doing each day throughout the world, with **INSIDE** information about them, ll beautifully illustrated, if you are interested in some of the greatest battles for better hings for womankind that have ever been fought, you want The Woman's National Daily.

Simply Send Us a Postal Card

The women of this country have never been united as a force in public life because he daily papers are published for men. The Woman's National Daily will make them a orce that will be felt. We want you to see and read this great daily woman's newspaper, o know what it is doing for women, to be better posted, better read. You need not send s any money in advance. The subscription price is one dollar per year (313 issues, every ay but Sundays). Simply send us a postal card as follows: **"Enter my subscription to he Woman's National Daily for one year, and if at the end of three months, thireen weeks, I do not want it longer I will send you 25c for the 78 issues I will ave received and you are to stop the paper."** Sign your name and full address and e will send the great daily to you by fast mail each night, delivered to you every mornng but Sunday. If after three months you do not want it longer, simply send the 25c nd it will be stopped. We know that once you have read it you will always wonder how ou got along each day without it before.

IF THE MEN OF YOUR FAMILY CAN TAKE A DOZEN DAILY NEWSPAPERS, AN YOU NOT HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN? After looking over the "news" in your usband's daily paper you will find the FACTS in THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL AILY and can tell him some things.

The Woman's National Daily

are of LEWIS PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 23, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Germaine Schnitzer

the brilliant young pianist of Paris, is coming to America this season under the direction of Loudon Charlton, Carnegie Hall, New York. In her concerts she will use exclusively

The Baldwin Piano

Illustrated catalogue sent upon application.

D. H. BALDWIN & Co., 142 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI.

Pabst Extract Calendar for 1907

This charming panel shows in richest coloring the vivacious health and beauty of the women who achieve and maintain physical perfection by the aid of

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

For those who are run down, fagged-out, over-worked, nervous, anæmic and languid, Pabst Extract, rich in the food extractives of malt and the tonic properties of hops, is not only The "Best" Tonic, but a healthy, wholesome food, giving strength and vitality to the entire system.

This handsome art calendar, size 7½x36 inches, is exquisitely printed in seventeen colors and is a striking example of Bryson's best style in portraying the American Girl. It is free from advertising and makes a most charming decoration for the library, den or office.

The calendar will be sent, postpaid, to any address upon receipt of 10c in coin or stamps. Address

Pabst Extract, Dept. J, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Mention this magazine when ordering.

A Snowy **"Standard"** Lavatory of Porcelain Enamel completes the comfort of your bedroom, and by eliminating the unsightly washstand adds a finished note of charm to its intimate beauty. It is pure white and sanitary — an aid to cleanliness — a preserver of health, and a source of unlimited satisfaction to the possessor.

Our Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," shows many beautiful Lavatory designs suitable for bedrooms with prices in detail. It also tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

The ABOVE "*Copley*" Lavatory, *Plate P503-B* can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating $34.00 — not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes — they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all our nickeled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

Address Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. G, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C. New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Strs.
Pittsburgh Showroom: 949 Penn Avenue.
Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street. Cleveland: 208-210 Huron Street.

Van Camp's

BOSTON
BAKED
WITH TOMATO
SAUCE

PORK
AND
BEANS

Trifles Make Perfection—

But, Perfection is no trifle.

It's so easy to make a bluff at perfection; "pretty near" and "good enough" are such easy taskmasters.

But that's just where We don't allow ourselves to be fooled.

And for a very good reason, too; for We know just as well as you do that You won't allow yourselves to be fooled, either.

Now when We Know that Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce are Perfection, We are taking no chances with You.

For we know that You are the final judge and court of decision combined, and We can't afford to tamper with the evidence.

But We Know, too, that You are no different from thousands of other housewives who have realized the sterling, nourishing and appetizing food-value of Van Camp's for years.

We had to convince Them, too, in the first place.

But we never had to worry after the first can had gone into the hands of the discriminating housewife.

For Van Camp's carry their own convincing argument.

They're so superlatively, perfectly, deliciously good that You just have to think of Van Camp's when You think of Pork and Beans.

It's the attention Van Camp gives to trifles that makes Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce the different kind, the kind of Extra Quality, the kind of Perfection.

We only want you but once to taste their piquant, dainty and smacking flavor, their full-bodied, nutritious goodness,—You'll never be satisfied with pretty-near or good-enough afterwards.

You'll know then what We mean by Van Camp Quality, Perfection, Best—and You'll Demand Van Camp's.

The Van Camp Packing Company
Indianapolis, Indiana.

For Those Who Love Music
The ANGELUS

When we say that with the ANGELUS only a *love* f music is necessary for *your* full enjoyment of all music, we mean ust that—all limitations to a complete indulgence of your love for usic end with possession of the Great ANGELUS.

To you, musician or non-musician, we say your limitations end— ecause your fingers, whether trained or untrained, are supplied ith every adequate means of rendering all music. The *PHRASING EVER* gives you complete mastery of every delicate shading of mpo; the *DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS* endow you with the "Human ouch" of the ANGELUS.

The *MELODY BUTTONS*, which with the Phrasing Lever are exclusive with the ANGELUS, ble you to accentuate the melody in bass or treble, the same as in hand-playing. These three features, ispensable to a musically correct performance, originated with us and are reserved by the patent s for exclusive installation in the ANGELUS.

ogically the ANGELUS is the piano-player entitled to receive first consideration by every intending purchaser.

The ANGELUS is made either in Cabinet form or installed within the case of a high grad o, making the Emerson-Angelus or the Knabe-Angelus.

Purchased by Royalty and the World's Greatest Musicians. Descriptive literature upon request.

blished 1876. **THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.,** MERIDEN, CONN.

Three Minds
With but a Single Thought

Cream of Wheat

tastes so good and is so wholesome that children, little and big, enjoy eating it and thrive upon it.

A Dainty Breakfast
A Delightful Luncheon *A Delicious Dessert*

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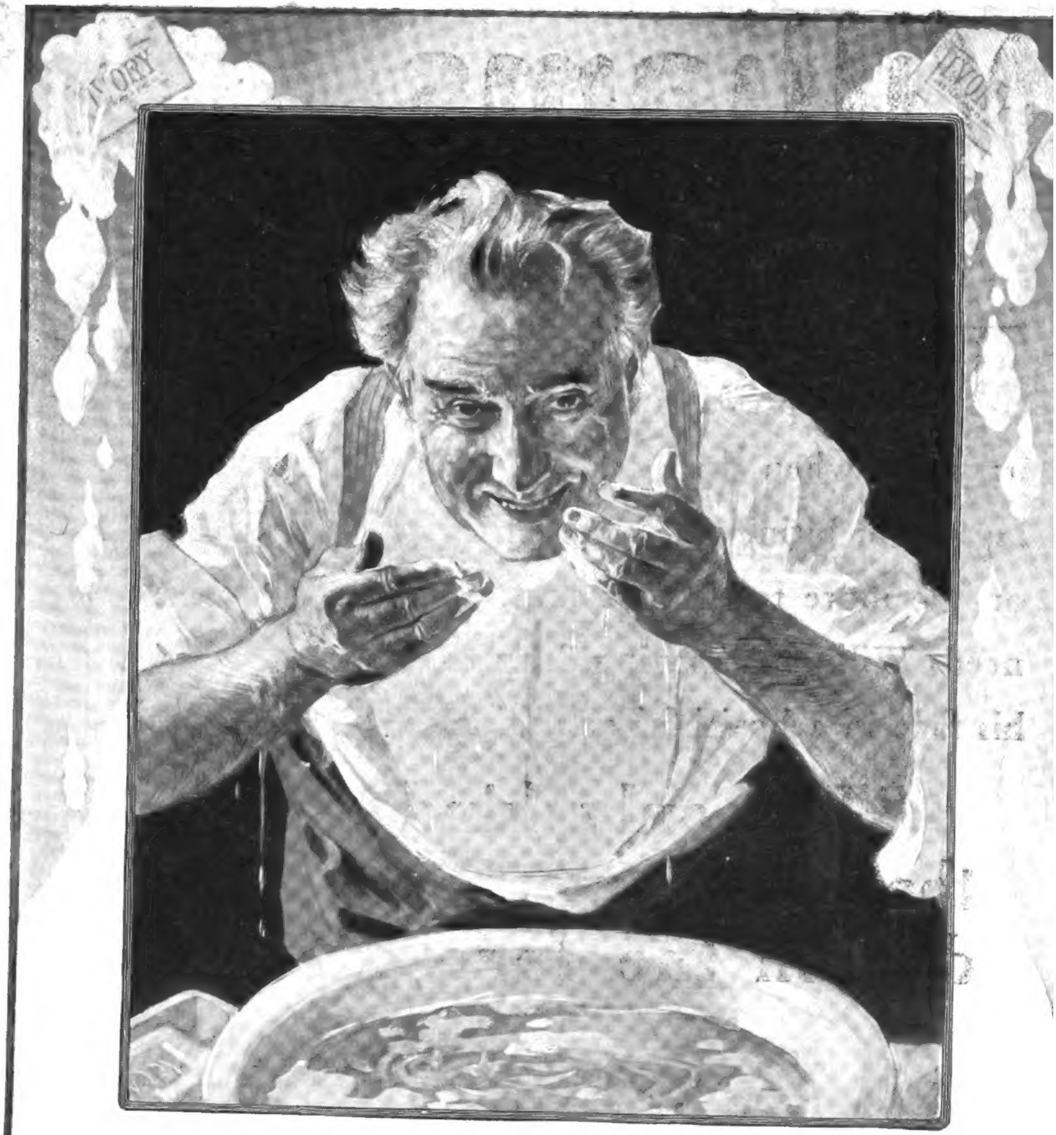


A CHRISTMAS MORNING SOLILOQUY.

TIME . . . . Present.
PLACE . . . Guest-room of residence of Mr. Thomas Williams, with whom Mr. Williams, Sr., is spending the holidays.

Hello! A cake of Ivory Soap? . . . That's good . . . Always thought Tom's wife was a sensible woman . . . Now I know it. *(Pours water in wash-basin and proceeds to make toilet.)* **Look at that lather! Isn't it fine? . . . Easy to rinse, too . . . Just dip your hands in the water and off it comes.**

Once more, just for luck! . . . Got some in my eye that time. No matter! 'Twon't do any harm,—it's Ivory. *(Rubs face with towel and glances at mirror.)* **Pretty good complexion for an old fellow, eh? . . . Wouldn't think I was 62, would you? Eh? . . . Am, though . . . Let me see . . . I've been using Ivory Soap since 1882 . . . Don't feel any older than I did, twenty-four years ago . . . Don't look much older, either . . . Wonderful what an easy conscience—and good soap—will do for one!** *(Puts on coat and goes down to breakfast.)*

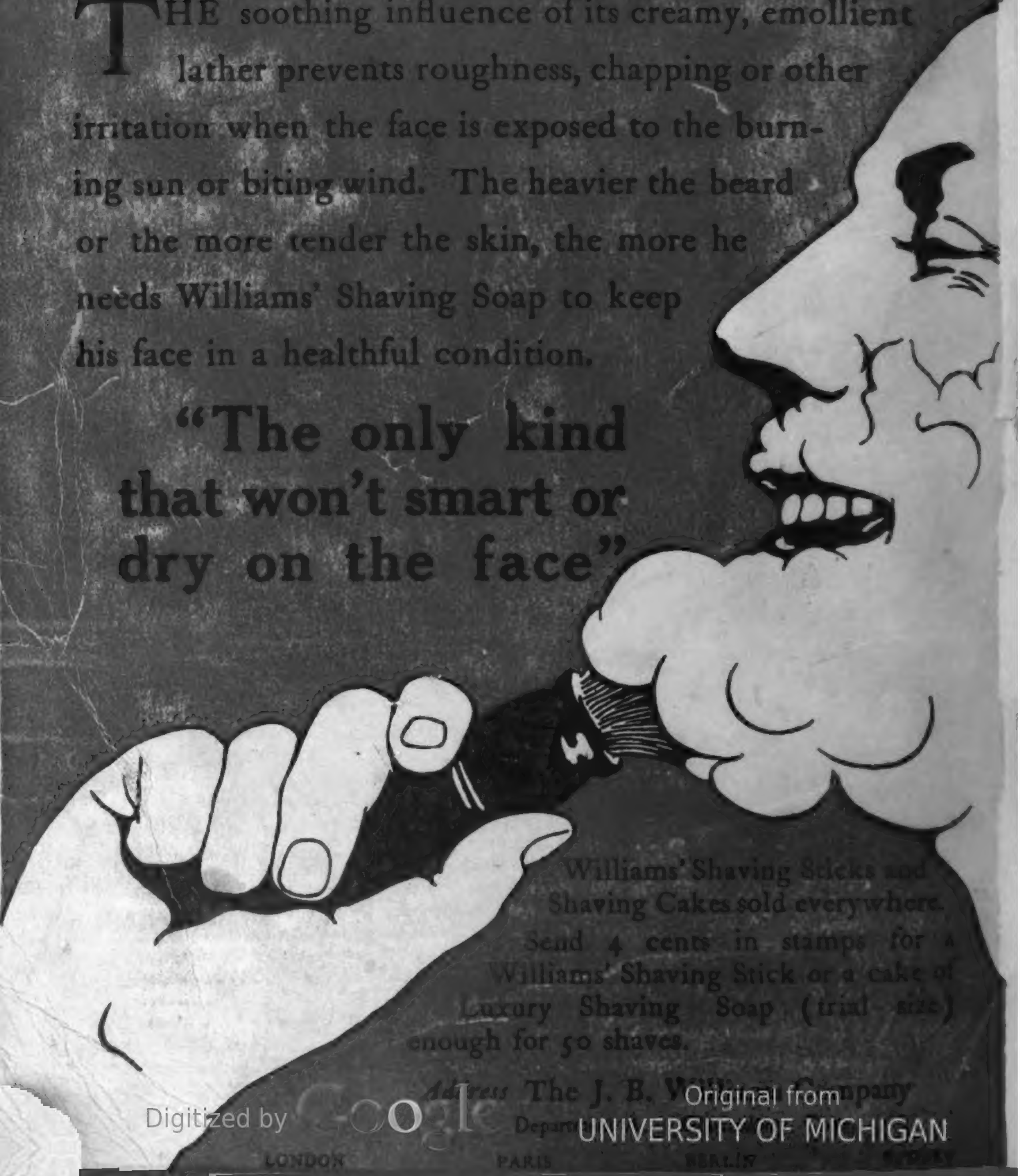
Trow Directory, Printing and Bookbinding Company

Williams' Shaving Stick

To the College Man, Athlete and to every man who is much "out of doors" Williams' Shaving Stick is indispensable

THE soothing influence of its creamy, emollient lather prevents roughness, chapping or other irritation when the face is exposed to the burning sun or biting wind. The heavier the beard or the more tender the skin, the more he needs Williams' Shaving Soap to keep his face in a healthful condition.

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere.

Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap (trial size) enough for 50 shaves.

Address The J. B. [illegible] Company
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LONDON PARIS BERLIN [illegible]